





T H E G I F T :
A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

PRESENT FOR

1839.

EDITED BY MISS LESLIE.

PHILADELPHIA :

E. L. CAREY & A. HART.

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PREFACE.

Among the various acts of ceremony which custom has hitherto considered indispensable, and which would, doubtless, be negatived if put to the vote in these utilitarian times, there is one that causes much unnecessary trouble to us of the periodicals—and our places are never sinecures. It is the concoction, “in good set terms,” of an annual preface, and above all of a preface to an annual—a species of book which it is now unfashionable to call by its primitive and affectionate title of *souvenir*. It is easy to write when you have any thing to say, but very hard when you have nothing; like school-children at their Saturday composition-letters—and this is precisely the predicament in which we now stand.

We have investigated the prefaces of more than twenty annuals, English and American, in the hope of finding some new ideas that, by the transposition of a few words, we might venture to pass off as our own; but the search has been in vain. We could light on nothing that was not worn thread-bare, and incapable of being turned to account, even with the disguise of new trimming; and, as this is but the third volume of the *Gift*, it is rather too early to borrow from ourselves.

PREFACE.

In ushering into the world the *first* volume of a new annual, the preface maker has something to go upon. He may allude to the difficulty of breaking ground, to the great expense of the undertaking, to the scarcity of disengaged engravers; he may gratefully acknowledge the kindness of numerous authors (authors are never scarce) in deigning to help a new beginner; and he may apologise for the unavoidable deficiencies of a first attempt and promise to do better next time. And yet, *entre nous* and the public, every one concerned in the book, from the printer's boy that runs with the proof-sheets, to the master-spirits, that as publishers and proprietors have called it into existence, believes it to be the best of all possible annuals, and that, in the regular course of events, it is destined to beat every competitor out of the field. We would take this opportunity of moralising very sensibly on the vanity and short-sightedness of human nature—but when one begins to moralise, one is apt to take no note of type and paper, and we are restricted to two pages, that our preface may fit in exactly to the place that was left for it; for, to tell another “secret of our prison-house,” the preface to a book is always the last thing that is written or printed, except the title page.

We will now endeavour to round off our concluding period by saying, (rather prettily we think,) that if, in our opinion, the present volume of the Gift is quite equal to its two predecessors, we sincerely hope that the same opinion may be adopted by its purchasers and readers.

E. L.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 11, 1838.

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THE PRISONER'S LAST DREAM.

BY JOHN INMAN.

LATE in the afternoon of a brilliant summer day, a small vessel, whose Neapolitan build was indicated by the shape and colour of the latteen sails that idly flapped in the subsiding breeze, might be seen resting, almost without motion, on the waters of a little bay which opened upon the Mediterranean, a few leagues distant from the harbour of Toulon. The shore was low and covered, almost to the water's edge, with a dense mass of trees and shrubbery; no human habitation was in sight, and as far as the eye could sweep on either hand along the shore, no trace of human presence was perceptible. The form of the bay was almost semicircular—an indentation of the line of coast, which stretched away in both directions from it, with an unbroken continuity, until the view was lost in the distant points, at which sea and sky were mingled. A narrow beach of sand skirted the margin of the bay, rising with a gentle elevation to the wood beyond, but there was nothing from which it could be gathered that it had ever been trodden by a human footstep. There was no landing-place, other than that afforded by the nature of the shore, no boat, or net hauled upon the beach to dry, no cultivated field be-

yond, or other token that the spot was ever visited, even by the fishermen who ply their easy trade in almost countless numbers along the Mediterranean coast of France.

As the sun disappeared below the horizon, a boat with a single pair of oars put off from the felucca, and rapidly approached the shore. Its sole occupant was a man of about thirty-five, whose sun-burnt features told of many a hardship frankly met and cheerfully endured, while his clear gray eye and the habitual expression of honesty and courage that smiled upon his lips, gave warrant of a trusty friend in any fortune. A few strokes of his sinewy and practised arms brought the skiff within half-a-dozen yards of the beach, where its keel grated upon the sand, and the oarsman, first casting out a stone to which was fastened a long cord, serving as anchor and cable for his little bark, betook himself unhesitatingly to the shallow water, and in a moment stood upon the beach, glancing quickly around in every direction as he advanced, while an air of disappointment and anxiety stole gradually across his open features. After standing for a few moments, he drew a whistle from the pocket of his rough seaman's jacket, and blew a long shrill blast—but no answer was given to the signal. He turned to the west, where the last rays of the departing sun were gilding the fantastic masses of cloud that were now gathering in that quarter of the heavens, and then, after a brief pause of seeming irresolution, loosed the kerchief from his neck, and waved it toward his vessel. The signal was quickly answered, by the appearance of another boat that put off from the felucca, and speedily landed another individual, of different appearance and seeming character.

The new comer was short and slender—at least so an observer would have judged of his person, although its outline could scarcely be traced among the loose folds of the

long and ample cloak in which it was enveloped, and which, in form and colour, as well as in the cowl or hood that rose above the shoulders and enshrouded the head of the wearer, bore a marked resemblance to the invariable outer garment of the monastic orders. He seemed to be regarded with much attention and respect by the captain of the little craft—him who had first visited the solitary beach—for on the approach of the second boat, the latter advanced to meet it, and apparently of his own accord, prevented the inconvenience to which the other would have been subject from the shallowness of the water, by lifting him in his sturdy arms, and carefully bringing him to the dry land. The boat then returned to the schooner, at a signal from the captain, and the two, advancing to the wood, and seating themselves upon the turf, entered into a long and animated conversation, often interrupted, however, by pauses in which they gazed around and seemed to listen intently, as if in expectation of some addition to their number.

The night wore on, and the intervals of silence became longer and more frequent. The little vessel still lay at anchor, but now slightly heaving upon the waves, that began to curl under the impulse of the evening breeze; the crimson, gold and purple hues of sunset faded from the western sky; the stars came forth in all the splendour of that southern clime, and at length the moon arose, pouring her silver flood of radiance over earth and sea. The mariner stretched himself at length upon the earth, and was soon buried in sleep, while his companion, drawing the cloak more tightly around his person, paced slowly along the beach, pausing at times in the attitude of listening, and again relapsing into deep and absorbing meditation.

Midnight was near at hand, and the sleeper started up. A change had come over the aspect of the heavens. Masses

of dark and heavy clouds were rising in the west, and the glory of the bright full moon was frequently obscured by the transit of thin fleecy vapours, whose rapid motion proved the existence of strong winds in the upper regions of the atmosphere, although as yet the branches of the trees were scarcely stirred. The seaman cast uneasy glances toward the bay, where his little vessel now began to rock and heave, while the rippling waves were dashed in foam against her sides; and even as he gazed, the shrill screaming of her tackle reached his ear, and the sails were taken in, leaving nothing visible save the dark hull and the white slender masts, barely perceptible against the rising clouds.

"We must be gone," he exclaimed; "there is too much mischief brewing yonder. They feel the wind strong on board already, or Pietro would not have taken in her sail. Before we can make our offing, there will be the devil's own storm upon us, and if it catch us within two leagues of this infernal coast, we may bid good-bye to the Seven Virgins. Not another minute will I stay for twenty times the gold they offer. Come."

A brief but earnest dialogue ensued, which was interrupted by a growl of distant thunder, and the seaman, taking a warm and affectionate leave of his companion, sprang hastily into his boat, and was soon on board the schooner, whose jib was quickly hoisted, and her prow turned from the dangerous coast.

Two days after the incidents we have attempted to describe, a wearied and exhausted stranger presented himself at the door of a lonely cottage, a few miles distant from the bay which was their scene. He was a man apparently of middle age, and though misery was stamped upon his aspect, his air was noble and his form majestic. His garments were torn and drenched with rain, his features haggard, and a

dark beard of three days' growth, contrasting with the pallor of his complexion, added not a little to the ghastliness of his appearance. His dress was the blue cloth cap and long gray surtout usually worn by French soldiers on the march. He seemed as one worn down with watching, and fatigue, and hunger, and his enfeebled limbs could scarcely bear him to the door of the humble mansion. Yet there was resolution in his eye, and wretched as was his present plight, no one could look on him and doubt that he had moved in scenes both of splendour and of high achievement, as one to whom they were familiar. He hesitated for a moment ere he sought entrance, but it seemed that he had prepared himself for whatever fortune might befall him, for without pausing even to listen or to look around, he raised the latch and boldly entered.

An old woman was the occupant of the single room that constituted the interior of the cabin, the furniture of which sufficiently attested the poverty of its inhabitant. But though poor she was charitable. The appearance of the stranger declared his wants, and she made haste to set before him such humble food as she possessed, to heap fuel on the coals that lay smouldering on the hearth, and to prepare for him a rude couch of straw covered with blankets, in one corner of the room, before which she hung the counterpane of her own bed, to serve as a partition. The wanderer framed a ready tale, to which she listened with unsuspecting sympathy. He was an inferior officer belonging to the garrison of Toulon—had lost his way while endeavouring to reach a neighbouring village by a shorter route through the wood—and had wandered all night in the storm of rain which had been pouring for the last two days. A few hours of repose would restore his exhausted strength, and enable his hostess to dry his drip-

ping garments, after which he would take his leave with thanks and a lively remembrance of her goodness.

While he was yet sleeping, the husband of the old woman returned. The noise of his entrance disturbed not the profound slumber of the wearied stranger, and it was late in the afternoon when he awoke. The thoughtful kindness of the old woman had provided for him a change of apparel in the best suit of her husband, and when he emerged from his extemporaneous resting-place, refreshed in mind and body, there was a striking contrast between his rustic garb and the stately bearing which no attire, however humble, could essentially diminish or conceal. The owner of the cabin was seated upon a bench before the door, enjoying the freshness of the evening breeze, and as the stranger advanced to greet him, a searching glance of his dark but sparkling eye rested for a moment upon the old man's furrowed countenance, while a shade of anxiety, or it might be of suspicion, flitted across his own; but the result of his quick scrutiny appeared to be satisfactory, and the transient cloud gave place, almost at the instant of its rising, to the bold and frank expression which his features habitually wore. With many a cheerful jest upon his unaccustomed garb, he repeated the simple narrative with which he had already accounted to the old woman for his disastrous plight, and laughingly declared that he would almost be willing to undergo another night of abstinence and watching, to enjoy the comforts of such a meal as his hostess had set before him, and of the luxurious slumber from which he had just awaked.

While he was speaking, the listener was intently scrutinizing his features, and the more he gazed, the more his wonder seemed to grow, his doubts to be dispelled. At length he started up, and flinging himself upon his knees

before the stranger, caught his hand and in a voice quivering with emotion, exclaimed, "It must be, it is my General — *le beau sabreur* whom I have so often followed to the charge. Alas, alas, that I should see your majesty in this condition of distress and danger!" The man to whom he knelt, the wretched worn-out fugitive, now reduced so low as to be dependent not only for succour but for his very life, upon the charity of an aged peasant, was indeed the celebrated Murat, the splendid king of Naples.

The history of his fall is too well known to require explanation. It is enough for our present purpose to say that dazzled by the lustre of Napoleon's triumphant return to the capital of France, after his escape from Elba, Murat had abruptly broken off the negotiations in which he was engaged with the allies, and marched with an army of fifty thousand men upon Tuscany, then in possession of the Austrians. But his troops were Neapolitans, and a succession of defeats, caused more by their cowardice and disaffection, than by the superior force of the enemy, soon compelled him to flight; and having reached his capital with a few adherents, his reception there was so discouraging, and even alarming, that, as a last resort, he determined to join the emperor, at that time preparing for his last desperate struggle on the plains of Belgium.

Scarcely had he landed, however, near Toulon, when tidings reached him of the fatal overthrow at Waterloo, and the second abdication of the emperor. The situation of the unhappy king had now become extremely critical; his army had capitulated without making a single stipulation in his favour; the emperor, his last hope, was ruined and a captive, and a price was set upon his own head by the Bourbons. He applied for permission to reside in Austria, which was granted by the Emperor Francis, on condition

of laying aside his royal title ; and having gladly accepted the terms, he was quietly waiting his passports at Toulon, when sure intelligence was brought him that a band of soldiers had set out from Marseilles, with the resolution of taking him, alive or dead, and thus gaining the fifty thousand francs offered by Louis for his apprehension. He instantly fled to a lonely retreat in the vicinity of Toulon, leaving behind him a confidential agent to make arrangements for his conveyance by sea to Havre, whence he intended to set out for Paris, and there surrender himself to the mercy of the allies, then in possession of the capital. The place at which he was to embark was the solitary bay described in the opening of our tale ; and he it was for whom the schooner waited until the approaching storm made farther delay impossible.

He had left his retreat, alone, at nightfall of the day on which, as we have seen, the captain of the felucca landed to meet him. The distance to the place of embarkation was scarcely a league, but there was no path through the wood, and the fugitive king, losing his way, was overtaken by the storm, and after wandering all night, chilled by the rain and wind, and suffering yet more keenly from apprehension and distress of mind, had only reached the appointed spot at daybreak of the following morning.

As the reader knows, he arrived too late. The storm had compelled the captain of the schooner to seek for safety in the open sea, and after remaining to the last moment compatible with the preservation of his vessel, he had put off soon after midnight. The disappointment and alarm of the fugitive, on arriving at the bay and finding no trace of the bark to which he trusted for escape, may be imagined. He was suffering the extremes of cold, weariness and exhaustion, for he had been the whole night a-foot and without

shelter, exposed to the wind and heavy rain; but mere bodily suffering was forgotten or disregarded in the keener inflictions of his mental anguish. Death was behind him, and the refuge to which he trusted was suddenly withdrawn; his pursuers were already perhaps upon his traces—he was perhaps surrounded, watched; it might be betrayed, and his only hope had failed him. He had not even the means of knowing whether an effort had been made in his behalf—whether he was not deceived and abandoned by those in whom he had placed his trust.

As the day advanced he became aware of the necessity that existed for concealment. Solitary as was the bay on whose expanse of waters he gazed in vain to catch a glimpse of the desired sail on which his hopes depended, it might be visited by those whose encounter would be destruction. Yet a lingering hope forbade removal to a distance; and as his only means of safety, he was compelled to climb into the thick clustering branches of a chestnut tree, whence he could overlook the bay, and in which he remained until night, shivering with cold, tormented with the pangs of thirst and hunger, and more wretched still in mind, yet not daring to leave his place of concealment until darkness should avert the peril of discovery. Wearied and worn out as he was, anxiety—the horrors of despair which but a single slender hope alleviated—kept his eyes from closing all the second night, which he passed in wandering to and fro upon the beach, like a caged lion, straining his eyes to catch the gleam of the yet expected sail. But it came not, and hunger drove him on the following day, to seek relief and shelter, even at the hazard of his life. It was a happy thing for the fallen monarch that the cabin to which chance had led his steps, was inhabited by a veteran who had served in the armies of Napoleon, and in whose bosom still

glowed, undimmed by time or change of fortune, that enthusiastic devotion with which, for so many years, the soldiery of France had pealed forth alike in victory and defeat, in wassail and in death, their cheering battle-cry of *Vive l'Empereur!*

As might be expected, the old soldier and his wife, whose attachment to the person and reverence for the character of Napoleon were equal to his own, dedicated themselves, body and soul, to the service of the unhappy Murat. A large portion of the night was employed in devising means for his escape, and providing for his safety until those means should become practicable; and in the meantime there was no limit to the exertions and contrivances of the old woman for the comfort of her honoured guest. In the palmiest condition of his fortunes, he had never been waited on with more respectful and affectionate solicitude, than now when he was an outcast and a fugitive.

It was agreed that the old man should set out for Toulon, the next morning, furnished by the king with directions to the secret friends who had already made arrangements for his escape, only to be baffled, as we have seen, by the accident of the storm. But a change of plan was soon occasioned, by the appearance of another character upon the scene.

As the old couple and their guest were seated round the table at their frugal meal, on the morning of the ensuing day, they were startled by a knock at the cottage-door. Murat sprang to his feet, for to him the approach of any visiter portended danger, but before he could leave the room, the door was opened and a single individual joined the party—the same who had shared the watch upon the beach, with the captain of the schooner in which it was his purpose to embark. This person, now without the cloak in which he had on that occasion been enveloped, appeared to be a man

of perhaps thirty-five, whose singularly delicate features scarcely accorded even with his slender figure, and whose countenance bore a strangely mingled expression of sadness and resolution. As he entered the apartment, an eager and apparently joyful look flashed from his eyes, seeming to indicate an unexpected but most welcome discovery.

His object in visiting the cottage was promptly declared, as an apology for his intrusion; it was simply to inquire the nearest route to the port of Toulon, whither he was charged to convey a message to a person residing there; "perhaps," he said, "one of the individuals he now addressed," and his eye rested for a moment on the countenance of Murat, "would undertake to accompany him as guide, receiving a reasonable compensation for the service." The old man expressed his willingness to bear him company, and the stranger, having returned thanks for the proffer, added that perhaps he might even be able to conduct him at once to the person whom he sought; the name, he said, with another glance at Murat, was Louis Debac.

"Debac!" the fugitive king repeated; "did you say Louis Debac? Perhaps if I knew the person by whom the message was sent, I could promote the object of your journey!"

The stranger slightly smiled as he replied that in the hope of such a result, he would communicate not only the name of his employer but his own. "I am called," he continued, "Hypolite Bastide, and the message which I bear is—"

"And you are Bastide," interrupted Murat, hastily advancing and grasping the hand of the stranger with a warm pressure; "You are Bastide, the faithful and untiring, to whom I already owe so much. The end of your journey is reached, for I am Louis Debac—or rather, for there is no need of concealment here, I am the king of Naples."

Many hours were passed after this avowal in consultation between the dethroned monarch and the trusty agent of his friends in Toulon, whom he had not before seen, but in whose fidelity, sagacity and prudence, he had been instructed to place the utmost confidence; and as soon as their conference was ended, Bastide, accompanied by the old man, set out for Toulon, there to make arrangements for another and more successful effort at escape.

They had been gone scarcely an hour, and Murat, with a characteristic forgetfulness of the perils which surrounded him, was amusing himself and his hostess by narrating some of the most brilliant passages in his adventurous career, and repeating anecdotes of his imperial brother-in-law, when they were alarmed by a distant sound, like that of horsemen rapidly approaching; and the fugitive had barely time to escape through the back-door, and conceal himself in a small pit that had been dug in the garden, where the old woman covered him with brushwood and vine-branches collected for fuel, when a party of some fifty or sixty dragoons rode up to the door, and dismounting, proceeded to ransack the house, and the grounds adjoining it. A number of them searched the garden, spreading themselves among the vines, and passing, more than once, within stabbing distance of their prey; while others endeavoured, but in vain, by alternate threats and tempting offers, to extract from the old woman the information she could so easily have given. At one time the suspicions which had led them to the cottage were almost converted to certainty, by the presence of the great coat and cap which the king had worn when he reached the cottage; and Murat, who could hear all that passed, was on the point of starting from his lair to save his hostess from the cruelties with which she was menaced, when his generous purpose was prevented,

by the evident success of her plausible and well-sustained assurances, that it was her husband's pardonable fancy still to wear the military garb, although long since discharged, in which he had so often marched to victory with the eagles of the emperor. The dragoons had also fought beneath those eagles, although now they served the Bourbon, and the whim of the "vieux moustache" found an echo in their rude bosoms; they desisted from their threats, and soon after mounted and rode off, perhaps not altogether regretting the failure of their purpose.

The security of the dethroned monarch was not again disturbed, and before morning of the next day, his host returned with Bastide, and announced the successful issue of their mission. A skiff was engaged to convey the unfortunate Murat to Corsica, and the following night—the twenty-second of August—was the time appointed for his embarkation.

* * * * *

But little more than a month had elapsed, and Joachim Murat was a captive at Pizzo, on the coast of Calabria—in the power of his enemies, and doomed to die, although as yet he knew it not, upon the morrow. The events which led to this disastrous termination of his career are chronicled in history, and need not therefore be repeated here. It is enough to say that the fervour with which he was received at Corsica inspiring him with brilliant but fallacious hopes of a like success in Naples, he there embarked on the twenty-eighth of September, with six small vessels for his fleet, some two hundred and fifty adventurous followers for his army, and a treasury containing eleven thousand francs, and jewels worth perhaps a hundred and fifty thousand more—madly believing that with this small force, aided by the affection of his quondam subjects, he could replace

himself upon the throne; that treachery and cowardice had reduced his armament to a single vessel and thirty followers, when he reached Pizzo, where his reception was a shower of bullets from the muskets of the Austrian garrison; and that, abandoned by the traitor Barbaro, the commander of the little squadron with which he had embarked at Corsica, who hoisted sail and bore away, the moment he had landed, after a brief but desperate struggle in which he displayed most signally the daring bravery that had always distinguished him in battle, Murat was taken prisoner, stripped of his purse, his jewels and his passports, and hurried like a thief to the common prison, with the few of his devoted adherents who survived, and whom he laboured to console as if he had no sorrows of his own.

The idle formality of a trial by military commission was yet to be gone through, but his doom was pronounced at Naples, before the members of the commission were appointed, and the night of October 12th, to which the progress of our tale now carries us, was the last through which he was to live, though his trial was to take place on the morrow. His demeanour, during the four days of his imprisonment, had been worthy of his fame, and of the gallant part he had played among the great spirits of an age so prolific in mighty deeds; and now, having thrown himself without undressing upon the rude couch provided for a fallen king, he slept as tranquilly and well as though he had neither care nor grief to drive slumber from his pillow. But his sleep was not without its dream.

The tide of time was rolled back forty years, and he was again a child in the humble dwelling of his father; again sporting with the playmates of his boyhood in the village where he was born, and displaying, even as a boy, in the pastimes and occupations of his age, the dawning of that

fearless spirit which in after days had borne him to a throne. In every trial of courage, agility and strength, he was again outstripping all his youthful competitors; foremost in the race, the conqueror in every battle, already noted for his bold and skilful horsemanship, and at school the most turbulent, idle and mischievous of his fellows, yet winning affection from the school-mates over whom he tyrannized, and even from the teacher whom he worried and defied, by the generosity, the frankness and the gay good-humour of his spirit. Scenes and incidents that had long been effaced from his waking memory by the dazzling succession of bold and successful achievements which had been the history of his manhood, were now presented to his imagination with all the freshness of reality; the chivalrous warrior, the marshal of France, the sovereign duke of Berg and Cleves, the husband of the beautiful Caroline and the king of Naples, all were merged and lost in the son of the village innkeeper; the splendid leader of the cavalry charges at Aboukir, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena and Leipsic, was dimly shadowed forth in the reckless boy, whose chief delight it was to scour through the lanes and across the open fields of Frontoniere, upon one of his father's horses, scorning alike the admonitions of prudence and of parental fear.

Anon the scene was changed, and the boy was approaching manhood, still wild, passionate, reckless and daring as before, but displaying those faults of his nature in other and more censurable modes. Intended for the church, he was now a student at Toulouse, in name, but in reality a youthful libertine; vain of his handsome person, eager in pursuit of pleasure, in love with every pretty face he met, ardent and enterprising in the licentious prosecution of his fickle attachments, and ever ready to engage in the quarrels for which such a life gave frequent cause. The ecclesiastical

profession had never been his own free choice, and now the martial spirit which was to shine so gloriously forth in after years, was already contending for the mastery with his habits of idleness and dissipation. An escapade surpassing all his past exploits of folly, was now to bring his studies to a close, and decide the as yet uncertain current of his destiny. The turning incident of his youthful life was again enacted in the captive monarch's dream.

The prettiest maiden of his native village was Mariette Majastre, the only daughter of a peasant, who tilled a little farm of some half-dozen acres, lying about a mile from his father's house, on the road to Perigord. About five years younger than himself, she had been his favourite playmate when a boy, and as he advanced in years, the only one who could control the violence of his temper, or persuade him from his headlong impulses of mischief, either to others or himself. When, at the age of fifteen, he was sent to the academy at Toulouse, Mariette, a blooming, bright-eyed child of ten, wept sorely at parting, and Joachim did not altogether escape the infection of her sorrow; but Mariette was almost forgotten, or remembered only as a child, when, six years afterward, the Abbé Murat, as he was now called, met her again at Toulouse, whither she had gone to pass a few weeks with a relative, and met her as a charming country girl, with eyes like diamonds, teeth like pearls, a graceful shape, and manners by no means inelegant or coarse, though telling somewhat of her rustic birth and breeding. Despite his destination for the church, the abbé was a passionate and by no means self-denying admirer of beauty, and the charms of Mariette were irresistible. Almost from the moment of her arrival, he neglected, not his studies merely, for they had never engrossed too much of his attention, but the frolics, the boon companions, and the flirtations

and intrigues that for the last three or four years had constituted the chief employment of his time; and the admiration excited by her beauty, soon ripened to a passion which he had not the virtue, if the power, to resist. Mariette was a good girl, and had been well brought up—but she was young, artless, and confiding—Murat was handsome, and his passionate eloquence, aided by the memories of an attachment which had begun in childhood, and though dormant had never ceased to occupy her warm young heart, prevailed at last over the dictates of prudence and the restraints of principle. Yet she did not fall a victim to unbridled passion—her purity was left unstained, although the pleadings of her lover and of her own tenderness were powerful enough to turn her from the strict path of rectitude; and if she did consent to fly with the young abbé, it was only upon his reiterated promise to renounce the ecclesiastical habit, and make her his lawful and honoured wife. It was a mad scheme, but perfectly in harmony with the character of Murat, whose fault it was, through life, to rush upon performance, by whatever impulse led, without regard to consequences. He had neither money nor the means of gaining it to support even himself, much less a wife and children; and Mariette was no better off; yet with no more ample provision for the future than a few scores of francs, which he borrowed from his school-fellows, the Abbé Murat and Mariette Majastre, at the mature ages of twenty-one and sixteen, absconded one morning from the house of Mariette's relative, and set off by *diligence* for Preissac, for the purpose of being married. Fortunately, perhaps, for both, their absence was quickly discovered—pursuit was made—and they had scarcely arrived at Preissac in the evening, before Mariette's uncle, with his brother and three sons, made their appearance and claimed possession of the would-be

bride. Murat resisted with fury, but his single arm, vigorous as it was, could not prevail against so great a disparity of force, and foaming with rage he was compelled to see his mistress borne away, weeping bitterly, and vowing eternal constancy to her half frantic lover.

The natural consequence of such an escapade would have been a dismissal from the ecclesiastical school in which he had been entered, but he did not wait for it. Tearing the abbé's frock from his shoulders, he rushed into the street, and happening to meet with a sub-officer belonging to a regiment of chasseurs quartered in Preissac for the night, while on its march to Paris, enlisted as a private, and thus, in a moment of wrath and disappointment, began that dazzling career which was destined to place upon his brow the crown of a rich kingdom.

Thus through the fancy of the sleeping captive, with more than lightning speed coursed the re-awakened memory of events that had been the story of his early years. He felt again the ardour of his youthful passion—the excitement of a first and frenzied love—the triumph of success—the eagerness of flight, and the fury of that moment when love, success and hope, on the very eve of fulfilment, were dashed aside in bitterness and wrath. The form of Mariette was again before him in the freshness of its youthful beauty—her lovely eyes streaming with tears were fixed with an imploring passionate look upon his own, and her voice was ringing in his ears, as she was borne away, calling upon her Joachim to the rescue. “Joachim! Joachim!”—the name echoed through his brain, with the startling clearness of a trumpet sounding to the charge—and with a start, the chain of sleep was broken, and Murat, the conqueror, monarch, exile and doomed captive of the present, beheld the dawn of his last day among the living.

For a moment reality mingled with his dream, and he gazed doubtfully upon the figure of an individual who stood before him enveloped in an ample cloak, gazing upon his face with an earnest and mournful look—and it was borne upon his mind that the voice which called upon the name—the long disused name—of Joachim, was not the mere coinage of a dream-excited fancy. A second glance assured him of the truth, and hastily advancing to seize the hand of his unexpected visiter, he exclaimed, “Then you have not perished, Bastide my friend—Bastide the noble hearted and true—nor yet abandoned me, when fate has determined on my ruin!”

“The king was betrayed and deserted—he is in the power of his enemies—and Bastide is here to do him service, if it may be, to the last.”

Murat answered not, but gazed intently upon the features of the speaker, and his own wore a troubled expression of surprise and doubt. “Bastide,” he said, at length—“Bastide, my mind has been disturbed by painful dreams, and the recollections of the past are strangely and confusedly mingled with the impressions of the moment. Even your voice appears sadly familiar, as though it had often met my ear in earlier and more happy days—speak to me once again—Did you call upon me ere I woke, and by the name I bore in childhood? Speak once again, and solve the mystery which I have little time to penetrate.”

“Joachim!” was again uttered, and in the tones so long forgotten, but so well remembered now—the cowl was thrown back from the face of the speaker, the cloak fell to the ground, and Mariette—the Mariette of his youthful love, though bearing the impress of years and sorrow, was indeed before him.

"I should have known it," said Murat, after a brief silence, into which a world of thoughts and feelings was condensed; "I should have known that only in the love and constancy of woman, could the secret of Bastide's devoted fidelity be read."

* * * * *

The reader can neither expect nor wish to be advised at length of the conversation that ensued. The hours of Murat were numbered, and rapidly drawing to their close; and the remaining interest of this sketch, if any it has, belongs to the consummation of the drama, to which his life has been not inappropriately likened. The explanations required by him from Mariette, can easily be imagined. Her love for him had never known abatement, and although her image had long since passed from his memory, his success and fame had been the treasured happiness of her existence; his misfortunes and his danger called her loving spirit to more active ministration, and a determined heart, a woman's ingenuity, gold and the aid of an honest and gentle-natured cousin—the good seaman whose appearance and intended agency have been described in the opening of the tale—will readily account for all that she had done or attempted in his behalf. Gold, the habit of a priest, and the kind assistance of an old father confessor who was in the habit of visiting the prison on errands of mercy, perhaps connived at by the governor, had even obtained for her the interview of which the reader has been just informed, and which was but too soon interrupted by the entrance of the aged padre, who came to warn them that the governor was approaching and that Mariette must be gone. A hurried farewell—a last embrace which even Caroline of Naples would not have forbidden—a fervent blessing interchanged—and Murat

was left alone, prepared to meet, as became his character, his rank and fame, the doom of which he little needed information.

The governor's tidings were brief, but conveyed with a respect and sympathy that did him honour. The tribunal appointed for the trial of "General Murat" was already sitting in an adjoining apartment, and the advocate assigned him for his defence was waiting for admission. Murat asked the names and rank of the eight officers named in the commission, and at once refused to appear before them; "They are my subjects, not my judges," was his firm reply to the remonstrances of the governor; "seven of them received their commissions from my hand, and neither of them is my equal, even in the military rank which the order for my trial concedes to me. But were they marshals of France, like me, I am their sovereign, not their equal, and I will not appear before them. They can condemn unheard, and to condemn is the task assigned them." In vain the governor attempted to combat his resolution by argument, and Starage, the advocate assigned him, by entreaty and the eloquence of tears; the king was immovable, and even commanded Starage not to speak in his defence. "I am the king of Naples," he continued; "they may take my life, but the keeping of my dignity and honour is my own."

His conduct was in accordance with this elevated feeling to the last. The commission proceeded to the trial in his absence; and when the secretary waited upon him to ask his name, his age, and the other formal questions usual in the continental tribunals, he cut the ceremony short with the brief and almost contemptuous avowal, "I am Joachim Napoleon, king of the two Sicilies; begone, sir, and bid them do their work." He then conversed freely and composedly with the governor and his fellow-prisoners, who

were admitted to an interview by the kindness of that officer, adverting earnestly but without ostentation, or self-eulogy to the disinterestedness of his conduct on the throne, and to the services he had rendered the Neapolitans—received with calmness the sentence of immediate death conveyed to him by one of the commissioners—wrote a short, affectionate and eloquent letter to his queen and children—passed the allotted half-hour with his confessor, and then came forth with a firm step, simply remarking to the governor, “Let us delay no longer—I am ready!”

On his way to the place of execution, his movement was as dignified and self-possessed, his look as calm, as though he was merely taking part in some familiar pageant of court ceremony. Once only he was seen to cast an anxious glance around, as if in search of one whose presence at that moment he desired yet scarce had reason to expect; and when his eyes rested on the face and form of Mariette, again disguised from all but him in the cloak and outward bearing of Hypolite Bastide, a smile of satisfaction lighted up his features, which seemed to give assurance that already the bitterness of death was passed. That glance, that smile, were once more noted when the fatal spot was reached—and Murat, proudly facing the carabineers who stood with ready weapons to fulfil his doom, drew from his bosom a trinket bearing in medallion the portrait of his queen, and kissing it fervently, uttered his last command, “Aim at my heart!”—in a voice as clear and calm as had ever issued from his lips in the council-tent, the glittering hall of royalty, or on the battle-field. The carabines rang sharply at the word, and Joachim Murat lay extended dead upon the ground fast moistening with his blood.

With a heart as firm, though very sad, and a cheek as pale as was soon to be that of her youth's lover, and an eye

THE PRISONER'S LAST DREAM.

whose fixed and steady gaze as yet was blinded by no tear, Mariette looked on and saw the death of him she loved; and when the fatal work was done, she turned away and felt that for her there was no more joy or hope on earth, and that her heart was desolate for ever.

New York.

REQUEST OF THE DYING CHILD.

STRETCH'D on her couch of pain, there lay a child
 Of some few summers.—The dense city's roofs
 Throng'd thick around her, and the vertic sun
 Pour'd from those glowing tiles a fervid heat
 Upon her shrinking nerves. Sad she retraced
 Those rural scenes where her young childhood grew,
 And wishfully her pale lips shaped the sound,
 Of *home,—sweet home.*

“Dear mother, take me there,—
 To that first home.—The early flowers that sprung
 Beside the garden walk, and those tall trees,
 Would I might see them but once more, and touch
 The creeping vine, that o'er my window climb'd :—
 I could breathe freer there.”—

And so they raised
 The fainting child,—for how could they deny
 Her last heart-yearning,—and with mournful tears
 Wrapp'd as a traveller, her whom Death had seal'd
 For his returnless journey.

Swift the boat
 Shot o'er the river-tide, and then the wheel,
 Careful, yet tedious, mark'd the well-known track

O'er hill and valley.—Patiently she bore
 The weary travel, and when sunset brought
 The well-remember'd haunt, she raised her head
 From its hot pillow, and with tender smile
 Blest each familiar object.—It would seem
 As if indulgent to her last request,
 Death waited for her. Though the threadlike pulse
 Stirr'd not the ivory arm, and the poor heart
 Scarce forced the life-tide, oozing drop by drop,
 Yet still, Death waited for her.

One full hour:

She lay within his icy arms, and drew
 In deep, long, quivering gasps,—her native air.—
 He waited for her, while she clasp'd the flowers,
 The fresh, wild flowers that bloom'd where she was
 born,—

And while she gazed upon the waving trees,
 And press'd the fragrant vine-leaves to her brow—
 But then, he coldly beckon'd her away,—
 And so, she meekly kiss'd her mother's lips,
 And went to rest.—

How sweet that home to thee,—
 Whence there is no departure,—peaceful child!
 And where no pilgrim, with his dusty staff,
 Toils, just to gaze upon its blissful gate,
 Then turn and die.—And they who fed thee here,
 With love's rich balm-cup, let it be their joy,
 Their hymn of gratulation, day and night,
 That thou art gather'd with the pure in heart,
 Back to thy natural element again.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Hartford, Conn.

THE MARINER'S ORPHAN.

THAT cold, faithless moon looking down on the wave!
How dark grows my heart, with her beaming!
And yonder she smiles on the new-cover'd grave,
While tears drown my sight in their streaming.

For, there lies my father, down, down in the deep,
O'erwhelm'd by the black, heavy billow!
And now they have borne off my mother to sleep
Where damp clods of earth are her pillow.

How oft would she kneel, when the moon from above
Hung mild o'er a calm sparkling ocean,
And lift her sweet voice in thanksgiving and love
To Him of her evening devotion!

But when into clouds all their brightness was cast,
With looks full of woe and imploring,
She bow'd like a reed at the rush of the blast,
And pray'd while the tempest was roaring.

Then, pale at the noise of the storm and the sea,
While tears roll'd, as crystal-drops shining,

She threw her fond arms round my brother and me,
Her trembling to stay by their twining.

But oh! when they told her the whole fatal tale,
By silence her anguish was spoken.
She heard that the bark had gone down in the gale,
Then sunk; for her heart-strings had broken!

And since, when I see the false moon beaming clear,
With stars gather'd thickly around her,
I think of that night when no ray would appear
To light the frail bark that must founder.

The sound of the waves as they die on the shore,
It fills me with sadness and sighing.
To me they bring back a dear father no more—
They show me a mother when dying!

H. F. GOULD.

Newburyport, Mass.

THE OLD VALENTINE.

BY MRS. M. GRAYFITH.

"You have been a long time reading that letter," said Mrs. Brooks to her niece; "I hope it is an interesting one."

"It is not a letter, dear aunt, it is a valentine, and I have been trying to guess who sent it."

"Why, who should it be but young Fleming? he did nothing but talk of valentines all last week."

"And that makes me think it did not come from him; who else can it be?"

A ring at the door sent the valentine into the writing-desk; the door opened, and in came two bright, laughing girls.

"Oh, Sophia," exclaimed Ellen Douglas, a young girl, just entering life—or evening parties—"look here, see what a sweet valentine, and cousin Anna has three, only think of that. Did you get one? Ah, I can tell by your blush that there is a valentine in that desk."

"Let me see yours first, and then I will tell you," said Sophia; "three have you, Anna? where are they? here are two only—give me that one first, it is so prettily cut."

Sophia opened it eagerly, and could not help smiling, for it was one that she had written herself for Ralph Fleming—she

opened the other, it was hers, likewise, and lo! Ellen's valentine was from the same pen.

"They are all beautifully cut and beautifully painted," said she, "the verses are like all these kind of verses, full of love and all that, but we do not care for the rhyme nor the design, you know, it is the pleasant feeling that bits of paper give one. We think of the gentleman—the *one* gentleman—hey, Ellen?—who would so naturally send a valentine. Anna, dear, why did you not bring the other valentine? I have more curiosity about that one than either of these."

"Tell her, Anna, tell her all about it," said Ellen, looking concerned, for poor Anna had a cloud over her fine face.

"There is nothing to tell, Sophia, excepting that uncle came in the room with the valentines, himself, and after allowing us to read them, he begged that he might look at the handwriting. Like a simpleton I handed him these two very eagerly, and kept back the third, but he insisted on seeing that too, and so, although I had scarcely read it, I was forced to give it up. Only think of his seeing such a valentine as that—"

Mrs. Brooks, who had left the room when the girls entered, now came in to ask for Sophia's bunch of keys, as she had mislaid her own.

"Let her open the desk first," said Ellen Douglas, "we want to see her valentine."

But Mrs. Brooks was in haste; she promised, however, to send the keys back immediately, and the girls were compelled to wait. Ten minutes—fifteen elapsed, and they chatted on, but no keys came; Sophia went after them, and came back with the intelligence that her aunt had gone out, and it was presumed had taken the keys with her, for they

were not to be found. After wondering and wondering over and over again who could have sent the valentines, they departed, vexed that they could not get a peep at the one so provokingly locked up in the desk.

Sophia breathed freely as her two friends left the room: not for worlds would she have shown the precious valentine, for the handwriting was well known to both of the girls. How she blessed her aunt for getting her off so handsomely about the keys; although she thought it must have been accidental, for how could it be imagined that there would be any unwillingness on her part to let the paper be seen?

The gentleman suspected of having sent the valentine, was the last person that any gay, fashionable young lady would care to receive one from. He was Mrs. Brooks's "man of business," for so she termed him, although he transacted all her offices gratuitously. He was a Mr. Samuel Day, no name certainly for a romance; and what was worse, he had no romance in his nature. How so refined, accomplished and beautiful a girl as Sophia Lee could admire, nay love, a man with such an unprepossessing name, and so little brilliancy of character, it is impossible to conjecture. If he had won her affections by flattery, or by any of the numerous arts in the power of a designing man, it would not have been surprising, but Mr. Day practised none of these; he had not the most remote thought of loving Sophia Lee, lovable as she was; nor did he dream that she ever could think of him as a lover.

He walked into the parlour with Mrs. Brooks, just as the young ladies left it. Sophia blushed deeply as her eye met his, and he cast a second glance—a glance of surprise at the emotion. Mrs. Brooks apologized for not returning the keys in time to let the ladies see the valentine, but she re-

marked that another day would do as well, "and at any rate," said she, "Sophia, you can let Mr. Day see it, he came in on purpose; I met him in the street, and asked him to come in and see it."

"I suspect—I imagine—" stammered Sophia, "that Mr. Day has no desire—no—"

"If you are averse to my seeing it," said Mr. Day, "I certainly can have no wish to do so. But who is the happy valentine this year, my dear Sophia?"

"That is more than she can tell," said Mrs. Brooks, "for I heard her wondering who it could be."

Mr. Day smiled and then looked again, for he saw that Sophia was unusually agitated.

"I presume that these valentines have some charm in them—something very pleasant," said he, "for I have heard of them even in my counting-house. Ralph Fleming this morning," and he turned his eye from Sophia as he mentioned the young man's name—"told me that he had sent at least half-a-dozen to different ladies."

Sophia smiled, for well she knew who wrote them all. As to the one she had received herself, there was no mistaking the author, there was no doubting that the handwriting was Mr. Day's; and yet he looked so easy, so unconscious—he was so little given to mysteries—that she could not understand it.

Mr. Day was more at ease when he found that the sending valentines to several other ladies had not produced any unpleasant feeling. If she did not think it was sent by Ralph Fleming, who else, thought he, did she suppose would send her a valentine. A Colonel Gardiner came across his mind, and it was now his turn to blush and look embarrassed.

"That Colonel Gardiner is a sorry fellow," said he, turning to Mrs. Brooks, "his servant has just sued him for a year's wages. I met a gentleman yesterday who was engaged to dine with him, but on hearing of this suit, he sent an apology."

"I honour the man who has courage to do a thing like that," said Sophia—and Mr. Day turned quickly towards her. "It is not Colonel Gardiner then," thought he. There were but three other gentlemen intimate in the house, Mr. Jones, brother to Anna Jones, the lady who had just left them, Mr. Western, and a Mr. Marshall. It was Mr. Western who had sent the apology to Colonel Gardiner, and the suspicion would have rested on him, only that he was thought to be an admirer of Anna Jones—he was divided between Mr. Marshall and Mr. Jones.

"What ails you both this morning?" said Mrs. Brooks, "you are stammering and hesitating and looking as if you had been doing something wrong; perhaps after all, Mr. Day, you sent the valentine yourself."

"I send a valentine!—I do a silly thing like that! no, madam," said he, raising his voice so as to make Sophia start—"never. But I beg your pardon for speaking so earnestly—I never expected that a foolish valentine could have the power of making me behave like a boy. If Sophia would but let me see it, I might relieve her curiosity; perhaps the handwriting is known to me—surely, my dear girl, unless it contains an offer of marriage there can be no impropriety in showing it to a man almost old enough to be your father."

Sophia had shown so much embarrassment and so much had been said about the foolish paper that she felt extremely awkward, and could not bring herself to open the desk.

"No, no," said she, after making one or two attempts, "not now, I will just wait till I see Ralph Fleming—perhaps he can throw some light on it."

"Well, if he is further in your confidence than I am—but he is younger and—"

"Oh, no, no, do not say that. You are entitled to all my confidence, but the person I first suspected of having sent the paper is certainly not the one, and Mr. Fleming—perhaps he imitated the handwriting—at any rate I will examine it again."

"Well, see him then, dear young lady, I am content now that it does not come from ~~Cecily Graham~~ or Mr. Fleming. I saw by your countenance that you suspect neither of them."

"You saw by my countenance?—did you not turn your face from mine when you mentioned their names? so how could you see? Be assured that I should not have felt the embarrassment that I now feel, if either of these persons had sent me a hundred valentines."

"In the name of goodness, who then did you suspect?" said Mr. Day, looking more surprised than he had ever done in his life.

Before Sophia could answer, Mr. Fleming came in, and Mr. Day walked abruptly away.

Sophia unlocked the desk, took out the valentine, and laying it on the table said, "Mr. Fleming, you sent this to me. You have imitated Mr. Day's handwriting."

The young man opened it. "I assure you, Miss Lee," said he, "that I never wrote that valentine."

"Upon your word?"

"Upon my word—but I know who did write it; and surely if you showed it to Mr. Day he must have owned it."

"It is a mistake, indeed it is a mistake. Mr. Day says he never wrote a valentine in his life."

"Well, if that is not too good a joke—why I saw him write it—I saw him write this very paper, I tell you. Nay, you need not shake your head, Mrs. Brooks; I tell you, as an honest man, that Mr. Day wrote it, and I saw him do it. Has he seen it?"

"No, I could not bring myself to show it to him; indeed, Mr. Fleming, there is some mystery about this—pray, when did he write it? it must have been lately, for here is 1837, and yet—stay—I declare there has been an erasure, for I see the top part of a ~~7~~ above the 7, and look here, too, *Gift* is in paler ink: a word has been scratched out there. It never struck me before, but the paper is not as white as the envelope. What can all this mean? I am more perplexed than ever. Mr. Fleming, you could tell me all about this, if you had a mind."

"I can say nothing more than what I have said.—Mr. Day wrote those verses, and I saw him write them."

"Did he compose them too? Come, if you certify to his handwriting, you can say who made the rhymes."

"Indeed, Miss Lee, that does not follow. But, instead of talking pleasantly about these little papers, you are looking cross, and very like wishing for a quarrel with me, so to prevent it I will just go over and see how the sweet Douglas looks after her valentine."

The young man went off gaily, without throwing any further light on the subject. The letters of the writing were very small, and she had seen nothing like it from any other pen. There was a particular turn to certain letters, which always distinguished Mr. Day's from all others; but he had said so positively, so emphatically, that he had never

written a valentine, and Mr. Fleming had so positively asserted that he did write it, that she was very much perplexed. Her aunt could not relieve her difficulties; for, when Sophia repeated all that Fleming had said, Mrs. Brooks was of opinion that Mr. Day wrote the verses; but when she was reminded that Mr. Day had denied it, then she was quite as sure that he did not write them.

Again and again Sophia examined the handwriting, and her aunt brought her a little account-book to compare it with the valentine. Mr. Day kept all her accounts with scrupulous exactness, transferring them from his large books to her little miniature one; and she might at any moment, at a glance, see how her affairs stood. There was not the slightest difference that either of them could perceive: indeed, the result of this close inspection was, that Mr. Day, and he alone, had written the valentine.

The evening brought neither a solution nor Mr. Day; and his absence was painfully felt by Sophia, for she feared that he was offended. He generally spent his evenings with them; or, if he was engaged elsewhere, he always called in for a few minutes, either before he went or after he returned. To-morrow was his birth-day, and hitherto he had always called, especially the night before, to find out what little trinket or knick-knackery she most wanted, that he might bring it to her the next day; for he was one of those simple-minded men who liked to do that which would give the most pleasure. He thought, very justly, that if he consulted his own taste or judgment he might not choose that which would be agreeable to others; but he did not make his appearance, and Sophia went to her chamber with very miserable feelings. She wished there had never been such things as valentines.

"I cannot think what kept our 'man of business' from us

last evening," said Mrs. Brooks, "he surely will be here to-day; he has never missed coming to dine with us on your birth-day, Sophia."

"It appeared to me, aunt, that he was a little hurt because I did not show him the valentine, and I could not do it, you know, after his saying so positively that he did not write it, or send it."

"Well, show it to him to-day, for I will answer for it, that he will be here presently; it is one o'clock, and he generally contrives to be here early. By the way, Mr. Marshall left his card here yesterday whilst you were out; here it is. P. P. C. Ah! he is going to England. What a fine looking man he is, Sophia; do you know that I think he would fall in love with you if he dared?"

"I am glad then that he does not dare, for I assure you, my dear aunt, that I should not fall in love with him."

"Well, well, time enough, dear, time enough. I hope to keep you with me several years yet. How to part with you at last, I cannot tell."

"Oh, as to that, how often, dearest aunt, have I told you that I never would be separated from you? Whoever marries me must marry you, and old Mrs. Tate, and Caty, and Peter, and little Jemmy, and all."

Mrs. Brooks laughed and said, that unless her man of business, Mr. Day, would take pity on her, she feared that no one else would. She did not see the colour fly into Sophia's face as she made this remark; but went on talking about it, until the man of business himself came in the room. Poor Sophia was afraid that her aunt would repeat her observations, but the old lady, luckily, had forgotten to order a particular dish for the birth-day dinner, and she hurried out to attend to it.

Mr. Day walked quietly up to Sophia and took her hand,

Mr. Marshall's card was still in it, and in putting it on the table, the name caught his eye.

"Marshall—then it is this Mr. Marshall that sent you the valentine? I know his writing, Sophia—may I have a peep at this wonderful paper to-day?"

"Why, your head runs strangely on this valentine, Mr. Day—you that never cared for such trifles—some time or other I shall show it to you, but not to-day. Have you forgotten that this is my birth-day?"

"Forgotten it? no, indeed; when did I ever forget it? but there is a formality now that we did without a few years ago. Then you used to fly to me, and—"

"Oh, yes, I remember, but you forget that I am a sober, quiet girl of nineteen, and expect something far better than sugar-plums. You have a box there, and I am dying with curiosity to see what is in it."

"No, Sophia, you care but little for that box. You are not like yourself to-day, nor were you like yourself yesterday; I was so unhappy about it that I staid by myself all the evening, and yet I was half-a-dozen times on the point of coming here. When I finally made up my mind to come, I looked at my watch and found it was too late."

"I am sorry to be the cause of uneasiness to you," said Sophia; "but if you say nothing more about that foolish valentine, I shall forget it myself. Come, pray let me see what is in that box?"

"Only a pretty set of ornaments for you, my dear Sophia. Here is a chain, let me put it on your neck; it is very becoming, indeed, and how do you like this watch, and these rings?"

"Oh beautiful, most beautiful! and these ear-rings and this aigrette; every thing is indeed too beautiful to be

praised. Oh how costly they are—ought you to have thrown away so large a sum on one so little able to—”

“The time, I perceive, is not far off, my dear Sophia, when you will require a few ornaments of this kind. I am determined to be beforehand with your lover—for lovers generally make their betrothed a present, you know. The writer of that valentine—nay, Sophia, hear me out—if it be this Mr. Marshall, is fully able to cover your head with diamonds. He is possessor of immense wealth; but rich as he is, you shall not go portionless.”

“Mr. Day, you mistake entirely. Look at the card, you see that Mr. Marshall is soon to sail for England. I saw him this morning after breakfast—and—”

“And what, Sophia?”

“Why, I intended to keep the thing from your knowledge, as I did from my aunt,—”

“You are then engaged to him,” said Mr. Day, laying down the box, and walking to the window to hide his emotion. “Good Heavens!” said he to himself, “why does this so painfully affect me? ought I not to rejoice that she can give her affections to one so worthy?”

By a strong effort he recovered himself sufficiently to return to his seat near Sophia. He took her hand and gently raised it to his lips; “Forgive me, my dear girl,” said he, “I have been for so many years accustomed to watch over you, and to care for all your wants and pleasures, that it goes near breaking my heart, stout as you say it is, at the thought of being nothing more in future to you than a common acquaintance—for a friend you will not then need. You have not known the gentleman long; but I have, and he is most worthy of you. I presume when he returns from Europe—foolish fellow! loving you as he must love you, why does he leave you behind?”

"Oh, Mr. Day, what an error you are in. Now hear me, I tell you truly that I refused Mr. Marshall, that he is not the one who wrote the valentine, and I tell you as truly that I will never marry any other man than the one who did write it."

"Tell me then, dear Sophia, is he worthy of you? who can it be? and why am I, the one most interested in your happiness, to be kept in ignorance? You are in tears. Fear not," said he, as he drew her gently to him, "fear not, my dear girl, tell me all; if the want of fortune on his part be the obstacle, provided he deserves you in other respects, that shall be no hinderance, for are you not my sole heir? Most tenderly and devotedly have I loved you, my dear Sophia, from your childhood to this hour, but never till this moment did I know it would be so bitter a pang to part with you—to give you to another. But you may be convinced of the sincerity of my affection by the great sacrifice I make in thus giving you up—and must I—must I indeed part with you, just as I have discovered that you are so necessary to my happiness?—am I to live in solitary wretchedness, without hearing that sweet voice?—without—oh, Sophia, dear girl, forgive me—forget what I have said, and believe me only your friend. Alas! that one so unsuited to you in years, should dare to love you as I do—as I must always love."

Sophia wept, to be sure, but they were tears of joy. She raised her head at length, but he begged her not to speak, not to distress herself further, as he would wait till she were more composed, before he asked who the gentleman was. She went to the writing-desk and took out the valentine; but when she put it in his hand he shook his head and sighed.

"Not now, Sophia, not now," said he, "I only want the

name; as to the verses, the handwriting, what is that to me now?"

"Every thing to you," said Sophia, casting down her eyes, "it is every thing to you, if you really and truly love me as you say."

"If I really love you, Sophia!—can he who wrote this paper ever hope to love you as tenderly as I do?"

"Yes, and I hope in time more tenderly—look at the writing, will you? pray do, and hear me again declare that I never have, never can love any other—that I never will marry any other than the writer of this foolish valentine."

With a desperate effort Mr. Day tore open the paper, but the colour flew to his temples, he was like one in a dream, he looked at Sophia, her eyes were on the ground, but there was a smile visible; he pronounced her name in a low voice and then checked himself, as if not daring to realize the truth.

"Sophia," said he, at length, "Sophia, may I believe in the truth of the words you have just uttered?"

"Can I believe in all that you have just said?" replied Sophia, "when you so stoutly denied having written this valentine?"

"Blessed paper!" said he, kissing it, "most precious valentine! little did I dream that it was to be the means of so much happiness."

"But when did you write it?" said Sophia, trying to disengage herself from his arms, "tell me all about it, for I am still in the dark—to whom did you send it, if not to me?"

"I did not send it to any one, dearest; this was the way of it. About four years ago Ralph Fleming was very desirous of going to the races, and I was very desirous that he should not. He promised me at length, if I would do him a little favour he would give up the races, for that year

at least. The little favour was simply to write this valentine. He wrote a large irregular hand, and this required the finest of writing and the smallest of letters. It was you, my dear Sophia, that induced me to form my letters in that way; in fact, I had your wishes, your pleasure in view, in every thing that I undertook. How could I have been so blind to the nature of my affection for you?—Dear little paper, but for you, I should never have known that I might aspire to be loved in return!”

Poor Mr. Day—love made him as loquacious as it does those who have lived upon the thoughts of it all their life. Mrs. Brooks’s “man of business” was like all other men, and Sophia, the happiest of the happy, was thinking how well love-speeches became him. He was considered by her young friends to be plain-looking, but in her eyes at this moment, he was positively handsome.

“I was not many minutes writing what I then thought a very foolish thing,” continued he; “and to tell you the truth, I wrote mechanically, without considering the import of the words at all. I only recollect thinking it a very silly thing, that a ‘man of business,’ as Mrs. Brooks always calls me, and which I am, should have engaged in writing love-verses—Ah! if I could have foreseen—”

“Well,” said Mrs. Brooks, on seeing Mr. Day with his arms around Sophia’s waist, looking fondly in her face—“you have made up I see; why, we were all gloomy enough when I left the room; have you found out who wrote the valentine?”

“Yes, my dear madam,” said he, “and as Sophia has determined to marry the one who wrote it, I have given my consent, and I hope you will give yours.”

“Oh, my dear, dear aunt,” said Sophia, throwing her arms

around her neck, "Mr. Day wrote it himself—you shall hear all about it."

"But you promised to marry the writer, he says, is it true? and is it my 'man of business' all the while that gave us such disturbance about an old valentine? Ah, 'Sophia, how often in my heart have I wished for this, but did not dare to speak my mind.'"

"Sophia has spoken her mind," said Mr. Day—"God bless her!"

UNCLE ABEL AND LITTLE EDWARD.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

WERE any of you born in New England, in the good old catechising, school-going, orderly times? If you were, you must remember my Uncle Abel; the most perpendicular, rectangular, upright, *down right* good man that ever laboured six days and rested on the Sabbath.

You remember his hard, weather-beaten countenance, where every line seemed to be drawn with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond; his considerate gray eyes, that moved over objects as if it were not best to be in a hurry about seeing;—the circumspect opening and shutting of his mouth;—his down-sitting and up-rising;—all of which appeared to be performed with conviction aforethought—in short the whole ordering of his life and conversation, which was according to the tenor of the military order—"to the right about face—forward march!"

Now if you supposed from all this triangularism of exterior that this good man had nothing kindly within, you were much mistaken. You often find the greenest grass under a snow-drift, and though my uncle's mind was not exactly of the flower-garden kind, still there was an abundance of wholesome and kindly vegetation there.

It is true, he seldom laughed, and never joked—*himself*; but no man had a more serious and weighty conviction of what a good joke was in another, and when some exceeding witticism was dispensed in his presence, you might see Uncle Abel's face slowly relax into an expression of solemn satisfaction, and he would look at the author with a certain quiet wonder, as if it was astonishing how such a thing could ever come into a man's head.

Uncle Abel also had some relish for the fine arts, in proof whereof I might adduce the pleasure with which he gazed at the plates in his family Bible, the likeness whereof I presume you never any of you saw—and he was also such an eminent musician, that he could go through the singing-book at a sitting, without the least fatigue, beating time like a windmill all the way.

He had too a liberal hand—though his liberality was all by the rule of three and practice. He did to his neighbours exactly as he would be done by—he loved some things in this world sincerely—he loved his God *much*, but honoured and feared him more; he was exact with others, he was *more* exact with himself—and expected his God to be more exact still.

Every thing in Uncle Abel's house was in the same time, place, manner, and form, from year's end to year's end.

There was old Master Bose, a dog after my uncle's own heart, who always walked as if he were learning the multiplication table. There was the old clock, for ever ticking in the kitchen corner, with a picture on its face of the sun, for ever setting behind a perpendicular row of poplars. There was the never-failing supply of red peppers and onions, hanging over the chimney. There were the yearly hollyhocks and morning-glories, blooming around the windows. There was the "best room" with its sanded floor,

and ever-green asparagus bushes—its cupboard with a glass door in one corner—and the stand with the great Bible and almanac on it, in the other. There was Aunt Betsey, who never looked any older, because she always looked as old as she could—she always dried her catnip and wormwood the last of September, and began to clean house the first of May. In short, this was the land of continuance. Old Time never seemed to take it into his head to practise either addition, subtraction, or multiplication, on its sum total.

This Aunt Betsey aforementioned, was the neatest and most efficient piece of human machinery, that ever operated in forty places at once. She was always every where, predominating over, and seeing to, every thing, and though my uncle had been twice married, Aunt Betsey's rule and authority had never been broken. She reigned over his wives when living, and reigned after them when dead, and so seemed likely to reign to the end of the chapter. But my uncle's latest wife left Aunt Betsey a much less tractable subject than ever had before fallen to her lot. Little Edward was the child of my uncle's old age, and a brighter, merrier little blossom never grew up on the verge of an avalanche. He had been committed to the nursing of his grandmamma, until he had arrived at the age of indiscretion, and then my old uncle's heart yearned toward him, and he was sent for home. His introduction into the family excited a terrible sensation. Never was there such a contemner of dignities—such a violator of all high places and sanctities, as this very Master Edward. It was all in vain to try to teach him decorum. He was the most outrageously merry little elf, that ever shook a head of curls, and it was all the same to him, whether it was "*Sabba-day*" or any other day. He laughed and frolicked with every body, and

every thing that came in his way, not even excepting his solemn old father; and when you saw him with his arms round the old man's neck, and his bright blue eyes and blooming cheek pressing out by the bleak face of Uncle Abel, you almost fancied that you saw spring caressing winter. Uncle Abel's metaphysics were sorely puzzled to bring this sparkling, dancing compound of spirit and matter into any reasonable shape, for he did mischief with an energy and perseverance that was truly astonishing. Once he scoured the floor with Aunt Betsey's very Scotch snuff, and once he washed up the hearth with Uncle Abel's most immaculate clothes-brush, and once he spent half-an-hour in trying to make Bose wear his father's spectacles. In short, there was no use, but the right one, to which he did not put every thing that came in his way.

But Uncle Abel was most of all puzzled to know what to do with him on the Sabbath, for on that day Master Edward seemed to exert himself particularly to be entertaining.

"Edward, Edward, must not play Sunday," his father would say, and then Edward would shake his curls over his eyes, and walk out of the room as grave as the catechism, but the next moment you might see pussy scampering in all dismay through the "*best room*," with Edward at her heels, to the manifest discomposure of Aunt Betsey, and all others in authority.

At last my uncle came to the conclusion that "it wasn't in natur to teach him any better," and that "he would no more keep Sunday, than the brook down the lot." My poor uncle! he did not know what was the matter with his heart, but certain it was that he lost all faculty of scolding when little Edward was in the case, though he would stand rubbing his spectacles a quarter of an hour longer than common, when Aunt Betsey was detailing his witticisms and

clever doings. But in process of time our hero compassed his third year, and arrived at the dignity of going to school.

He went illustriously through the spelling-book, and then attacked the catechism; went from "man's chief end" to "the commandments" in a fortnight, and at last came home, inordinately merry, to tell his father he had got to "Amen."

After this, he made a regular business of saying over the whole every Sunday evening, standing with his hands folded in front, and his checked apron smoothed down, occasionally giving a glance over his shoulder, to see whether pussy was attending. Being of a very benevolent turn of mind, he made several very commendable efforts to teach Bess the catechism, in which he succeeded as well as could be expected. In short, without farther detail, Master Edward bade fair to be a literary wonder. But alas, for poor little Edward! his merry dance was soon over. A day came when he sickened. Aunt Betsey tried her whole herbarium, but in vain; he grew rapidly worse and worse. His father sickened in heart, but said nothing, he only stayed by his bed-side day and night, trying all means to save with affecting pertinacity.

"Can't you think of any thing more, doctor?" said he to the physician, when every thing had been tried in vain.

"Nothing," answered the physician.

A slight convulsion passed over my uncle's face. "Then the Lord's will be done!" said he.

Just at that moment a ray of the setting sun pierced the checked curtains, and gleamed like an angel's smile across the face of the little sufferer. He awoke from disturbed sleep.

"Oh dear! oh, I am so sick!" he gasped feebly. His father raised him in his arms, he breathed easier, and looked up with a grateful smile.

Just then his old playmate, the cat, crossed the floor.

"There goes pussy," said he, "Oh dear, I shall never play with pussy any more."

At that moment a deadly change passed over his face, he looked up to his father with an imploring expression, and put out his hands. 'There was one moment of agony, and then the sweet features all settled with a smile of peace, and "mortality was swallowed up of life."

My uncle laid him down and looked one moment at his beautiful face ; it was too much for his principles, too much for his pride, and "he lifted up his voice and wept."

The next morning was the Sabbath—the funeral day, and it rose "with breath all incense and with cheek all bloom."

Uncle Abel was as calm and collected as ever, but in his face there was a sorrow-stricken expression that could not be mistaken.

I remember him at family prayers bending over the great Bible, and beginning the psalm "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." Apparently he was touched by the melancholy splendour of the poetry ; for after reading a few verses he stopped. There was a dead silence, interrupted only by the tick of the clock. He cleared his voice repeatedly and tried to go on, but in vain. He closed the book and knelt to prayer. The energy of sorrow broke through his usual formal reverence, and his language flowed forth with a deep and sorrowful pathos, which I have never forgotten. The God so much revered, so much feared, seemed to draw near to him as a friend and comforter, to be his refuge and strength, "a very present help in time of trouble."

My uncle arose, and I saw him walk toward the room of the departed one. I followed and stood with him over the

dead. He uncovered the face. It was set with the seal of death, but oh, how surpassingly lovely was the impression! The brilliancy of life was gone, but the face was touched with the mysterious triumphant brightness which seems like the dawning of heaven.

My uncle looked long and steadily. He felt the beauty of what he gazed on; his heart was softened, but he had no words for his feelings. He left the room unconsciously, and stood in the front door.

The bells were ringing for church; the morning was bright, the birds were singing merrily, and the little pet squirrel of little Edward was frolicking about the door. My uncle watched him as he ran, first up one tree and then another, and then over the fence, whisking his brush and chattering just as if nothing was the matter.

With a deep sigh Uncle Abel broke forth—"How happy that *cretur* is! Well, the Lord's will be done!"

That day the dust was committed to dust amid the lamentations of all who had known little Edward. Years have passed since then, and my uncle has long been gathered to his fathers, but his just and upright spirit has entered the liberty of the sons of God.

Yes, the good man may have opinions which the philosophical scorn, weaknesses at which the thoughtless smile, but death shall change him into all that is enlightened, wise and refined. "He shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever."

Cincinnati.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

BROTHER.

PLAY with me—play with me, sister dear,—
I've search'd around, and there's no one near.
Will you not come and play with me,
In the garden walk, by the shady tree!—

SISTER.

No, my love—I am weary now,
And the pulse beats high on my fever'd brow.—
I cannot run and romp and play
In the garden walk with you to-day.

BROTHER.

Come walk with me—walk with me, sister dear,
The flowers have just begun to appear—
I'll show you where they are springing high,
By the green wood side, where the brook runs by.



10/11/72

BROCKHILL & STONE

Printed by the Author

SISTER.

Nay—nay, my boy—for the wind is bleak,
And it blows too chill for my pallid cheek—
The forest is green, and the flowers are gay,
But I must not walk in the woods to-day.—

BROTHER.

Then sing to me—sing to me, sister dear—
Sing me the song that I love to hear—
That which you sung me one winter night,
When we sat by the side of our own fire light.

SISTER.

O no, dear boy—for my voice is faint,
And that is a long and dreary plaint—
My spirits are now no longer free,
'Tis a sorrowful song for a maid like me.—

BROTHER.

O read to me—read to me, sister dear—
Tell me a story, your heart to cheer—
Something that's beautiful—something that's true,
About the good and the kind, like you.

SISTER.

Ah! my love, you're a shrewd young elf—
Bring me the book from the topmost shelf—
I must not make you longer plead—
So here's Paul and Virginia, and this we'll read.

POLL PREBLE;

OR,

THE LAW OF THE DEER HUNT.

A SKETCH ON THE OHIO.

BY MORGAN NEVILLE.

To those who wish to see nature in all her solemn gorgeousness, I recommend the autumnal scenery of the valley of Ohio. The poets of Europe, from Virgil to Bloomfield, have painted the beauties of a European spring, in all the enthusiasm of genius. In the west we can hardly be said to have any spring. Summer treads so rapidly on the steps of winter, that the goddess of flowers has hardly time to scatter her flowers from her "varied urn" before summer spreads her influence over the whole face of nature, and every production of the earth is seen rushing to maturity, like the population of our happy republic, which seems to have reached the perfection of manhood, by a sudden spring from infancy, without passing through the youth of the old nations. Our climate knows no spring; but our beautiful autumn compensates for this; our October is superior to a European May. The rich hills that border the

Ohio for nearly its whole length, are then covered with a foliage distinguished by as great a variety of colours as the richest gardens of the Old World. The red leaves of the gum, the yellow and brown tints of the maple, the still darker crimson of the scarlet oak peculiar to the west, contrast magnificently with the green of the white oak, the last to burst forth in the spring, and the last to fall in the autumn. When this mass is tipped by the evening sun of an Indian summer darting its subdued rays through the mild mist of that singular season, the effect is beyond description beautiful, and exquisitely calculated for the indulgence of poetical melancholy.

It was during this season of the year 1812, that I was sent by my father to examine some property in the Virginia Military District of Ohio, between the Great Scioto and Little Miami, which was the remains of a large estate given for his services in the war of the revolution. I arrived on the land about the middle of October, and took lodgings in a wretched log cabin, with one room and two beds, one for my host and his partner, and the other for their two children, who, under a new arrangement to accommodate the "Squire," as I was termed, were transferred to the father's bed, while he and myself took possession of their resting-place. This was not so pleasant, but there was no alternative in those days. The arrival of so important a personage as myself in that then secluded spot, (now so changed by the introduction of the steamboat,) was soon bruited about on both sides of the Ohio. A day or two after, while at breakfast upon fat pork, corn bread, and weak tea sweetened by black maple sugar, a venerable old negro well clad and with head silvered with age, entered, and respectfully handed me a note.

{ "Old mistress sends you this letter," said the old man,

pulling off his hat and scraping his right foot on the floor behind his left heel, and bending his head forward.

The figure of the old servant struck me as that of the monk did Yorick, in the *Sentimental Journey*. 'I had been familiar from boyhood with such in the slave states, but the impression was altogether different meeting him in an Ohio cabin, surrounded by all the rudeness and coarseness at that period, from what it would have been had he been met in the mansion of his mistress, performing the duties of superintendent-general over house and grounds. Slipping to the door as I took the note from the old domestic—whose name graced the left hand corner of the epistle with all due formality—

"Uncle Harry," said I, "who is old mistress?"

"The widow Peyton, young master; she owns that plantation over the river, and she lives in the house among them apple-trees;" pointing at the same time to a white-looking cottage on the Kentucky shore, situate about a mile off, at the rise of the river hills.

I opened the note and read an invitation as follows:—

"Mrs. Peyton requests the pleasure of Mr. Howard's company at dinner to-day. Mrs. P. can accept of no excuse for not coming, as she suspects that she will find in Mr. H. the descendant of an old friend of her late husband, Colonel Peyton."

The name of Peyton produced a thrill through my whole frame. I had frequently heard my father mention the name of this officer, who had been taken prisoner with him, when the army of General Lincoln surrendered to Lord Rawdon, at the siege of Charleston. Peyton was an accomplished Virginian, educated in England, and distinguished by wit and humour, and was the delight of the army. As a boy, I had laughed a thousand times at the anecdotes and good

things of the Colonel, as retailed by my father and grandfather, when at our fireside, in after days, they fought over the battles of the revolution, and described the scenes of that eventful period.

"Uncle Harry," said I, "present my respectful compliments to your old mistress, and tell her I will pay my respects to her at dinner."

"Young master," replied the servant, "where your portmanteau? Mistress say I must tote it over."

"I shall not want my baggage at dinner, my old friend."

"I know dat, young master; but below de ridge in old Firginny invitation to dine mean invitation to sleep and make good long visit. Better live with us while you stay in dis country, dan in Ohio cabin. Old mistress don't have her dishes washed dat way," continued old Harry with a sneer, and pointing archly with his finger to a couple of dogs, who were licking a pot and a large pewter dish, out of which I had just been eating fried pork, and which my cunning landlady had placed there for that purpose, to save herself the trouble of washing. Both my taste and courtesy compelled me to yield to the custom of Firginny, and my servant, by my directions, shouldered our joint baggage, to accompany Uncle Harry to the widow Peyton's, engaging to follow as soon as I could see some tenants to whom I had promised what are called improvement leases; that is, the use of land for years, on condition of clearing a certain number of acres. As Uncle Harry made his usual graceful bow to me, he said waggishly in an under tone, "Make haste, young master, git rid of this poor white trash quick as possible: we dine early at de big house;" and then putting his mouth close to my ear, he continued, "we got young mistress well as old mistress; finest young lady dis side de ridge, mind I tell you."

This last intelligence of Uncle Harry's electrified me; the idea of young mistress, the daughter of Colonel Peyton, created a new train of reflections. I was twenty-four, and already loved the memory of the gallant Peyton; knowing my own combustibleness, I felt it would not require a great miracle to transfer my affection from the memory of the departed soldier to his living daughter, if she were any thing like as peerless as Uncle Harry's eulogy made her. I commenced castle-building, and continued the operation until I reached the cabin where I was to meet my new tenants. My dreams of romance met with an interruption while bargaining about felling trees, making fences, staking and riding, and preserving the rail timber. As soon as I had despatched this business I returned to the house of my host, Gad Doolittle, himself a squatter on my land; whither he had wandered, as he stated, "with his woman, from Connecticut, after having tarried some time in the back part of York state, where he had made some considerable improvement on the land of 'Squire Granger."

Having ascertained from Gad that his neighbour Preble, a mile above, kept a "craft," by which I might cross the Ohio, I took leave of his woman, after having slipped a few dollars into her hand as I shook it at parting.

"I calkellate," said Gad, with a knowing expression of his gray eye, "the 'squire will make a pretty considerable stay at the widow Peyton's."

"I suspect, friend Doolittle," replied I, "you will merit the name of a true prophet. Are you acquainted with the family?"

"Lady Peyton," rejoined Gad, "(for she is a real lady, God bless her!) is well known through this whole bottom. She comes over every season, when the flux and ague gets among us. Old Harry and Miss Gertrude always come

with her, loaded with vials, and barks, and doctor's stuffs. People somehow think she has better luck in curing the shakes than Dr. Crane. The doctor, however, says she had better stay on her own side of the river, and attend to the niggers, as she does not understand white cases. People believe the doctor don't like her because she asks no pay. Once in a while, when we are a little short on't for meat, the old nigger brings over some fat bacon, which marm Peyton says is better to keep off the fever than green corn and cucumbers. As for Miss Gertrude, every body loves her. She cheers up the sick children, and talks so kind to them that they all look upon her as a sister."

I asked Doolittle if he knew any thing of the worldly matters of the family ; he said he did not, but that Dr. Crane had taken some pains to inquire, and had come to the conclusion that they were only neighbourlike in regard of money matters.

"The doctor," he continued, "when he first come to the settlement, talked considerably of going to see Miss Gertrude, but Uncle Harry and some of the young nigger gals sort of sniggered at his long legs, and the doctor backed out."

I found from my communicative Yankee that Gertrude had two brothers, one of whom had gone as a volunteer to join the gallant Harrison, and the younger was at college in Lexington. Uncle Harry alone remained to conduct the business of the plantation. This conversation took place as my friend Gad and I walked up the river to Preble's Ferry, dignified with this name from being on an unfrequented road connecting Frankfort in Kentucky with Chillicothe in Ohio, on which an occasional traveller sometimes wended his solitary journey. My request to be transported to the Ken-

tucky shore, was answered by a stout, square-built lass, with coarse but comely features, and long dark hair.

"Poll," said Gad, "can you carry the gentleman to Kentucky?"

"I allow I can," replied the girl, with downcast eyes, "as soon as I bail out the skiff."

Proceeding to the beach she unlocked a little boat scarcely sufficient to hold two persons, which was attached by a lock and chain to an overhanging sycamore, and dragging it on shore, turned its keel up, with as much ease as if it had been an egg-shell, and emptied it of the water of which it was half full. She then returned it to its proper position, and shoving it into the stream, requested me to enter. I obeyed her after shaking hands with Doolittle, to whom I gave some final instructions, as my agent, and charged him to take care of my horses which he had placed in a hog-pen covered with clap-boards. I seated myself in the stern, which nearly sunk to the surface of the river; and Poll, pushing off the boat, seized the oars, and placing them in the row-locks, bringing it round with one stroke of the right oar to a proper direction, commenced the rather graceful operation of rowing. At every pull she gave, the little craft seemed to spring from the water, and progress with successive leaps, with the rapidity of a deer. As Poll inclined alternately first forward and then backward as she plied the oars, I could not help thinking of the Knight of Snowdon and Ellen Douglas, and the comparison as to efficiency as well as grace, resulted in favour of the Ohio lass, judging by the ordinary awkward etchings of the Lady of the Lake, representing that exquisitely described scene. In a few minutes the boat struck the shore, and Poll rose to let me out, and as I passed her she gave me her hand to steady me, and

received at the same time my ferriage, which she declared was too much. "Never mind," said I, "I never crossed so rapidly before." I jumped on shore and pushed off the boat.

"Thank you, stranger," said she, with a smile; and in a few minutes she was again bounding over the stream with the rapidity of a dolphin.

I ascended the bank by a narrow footpath, and entered a green lawn extending from the house, which was approached through an avenue of sugar-trees, which, the original growth of the forest, had been left standing for this purpose. These trees, the pride of the western forest, were now in all their glory. A dry autumn without heavy frosts had permitted their foliage to change gradually, and the deep green of summer, without any sudden shock, had given way, by degrees, to the livery of falling year, and on the same tree might be seen all the intermediate tints from a light yellow to a bright red. This tree was dear to my boyhood, and while a child, I delighted to wander among them, long ere I knew the meaning of sentiment or romance.

A few steps brought me to a gate, dividing a yard filled with rose-bushes and fruit-trees, from the lawn. Here I was met by Uncle Harry, with his usual smile and bow.

"Glad you come, young master. I will introduce you to old mistress."

I followed my guide, and I acknowledge I entered this respectable cottage in the wilds of Kentucky with more trepidation than I ever felt on being ushered into the most fashionably crowded drawing-room I ever saw. As I entered a plain parlour distinguished by some old-fashioned furniture, my venerable guide announced me as the strange young gentleman from Ohio. Three females were seated near the fireplace, in which a small fire was burning, the delightful mildness of the weather requiring but little. The

eldest sat with her back to a window, with her hand lying on a large open family bible. She was dressed in a dark gown and a cap common to that day. She appeared to be fifty years of age, and rather above the middle size of women; her face was still comely, and bore evidence of once having been beautiful. When I approached her, she rose with a dignity of manner that spoke of better days, and elevated rank. As I bowed and gave my name, she presented her hand to me with maternal welcome.

"I hope you will pardon the unceremonious invitation I gave you, young gentleman; but when I heard that a son of Colonel Howard was so near me, and depending on the wretched accommodations of my good neighbours across the river, I could not resist the desire of offering you, while you remain in this country, the poor entertainment you will find in my humble cottage. Permit me to make you acquainted with the other members of my family: Madame de St. Hilaire who has honoured me with her friendship and society for twenty years; and this, my youngest child and only daughter, Gertrude."

The French lady, apparently the same age of the mother, returned my salutation with the grace of a Ninon, while the blushing Gertrude met my extended hand with hers, but somewhat tremulously, and not quite so cordially as her parent. As I took my place in this interesting group, Mrs. Peyton continued:—

"I knew your father when I was a girl, Mr. Howard, and without meaning to compliment you, I must tell you, he and General Otho Williams were the two most elegant men in the American army."

I bowed at the pleasant reminiscence, and shortly after I found that Madame de St. Hilaire was also slightly acquainted with him. This lady, in very good English, a little

tinctured with the French idiom, paid a feeling tribute of gratitude for the hospitality her family had received from him, on their arrival in the west, after they were exiled from France. I replied her name was familiar to my childish recollection; that in those days my father's greatest pleasure was to render himself serviceable to those families whose devotion to the unfortunate Louis caused their ruin. Their loyalty consecrated them in his eyes, for he had the most unbounded abhorrence of the ruffians of the French revolution. Our conversation then fell into the usual train, the ladies asking questions about the busy world, from which they were entirely secluded, and I giving them all the information I possessed. Of course I stole an occasional glance at Gertrude; when our eyes met, I took it for granted she was investigating the important subject whether the elegance of character so lavishly bestowed on my ancestor, was at all hereditary. An hour passed pleasantly away, when the old major-domo, Harry, announced dinner. The mother offered me her hand, and we led the way to their plain little dining-room, where every thing breathed economy, neatness and comfort. We sat down to a plain, frugal, but comfortable dinner, of which Mrs. Peyton did the honours, with the ease and kindness of the Virginia matron of the olden time. After spending but a short time at table, we returned to the parlour, when I could not help expressing my astonishment at what I saw. I observed to the ladies that I could not realize my situation.

"This morning I was the guest of Mr. Gad Doolittle, surrounded by every circumstance of filth and discomfort; suddenly I find myself transferred, by the agency of a mysterious water-nymph, to a scene where every thing seems to breathe enchantment. I see nothing but what bespeaks polish and refinement. I feel," looking at Ger-

trude, whose girlish smiles betrayed the most beautiful rows of pearl I had ever seen, "I feel like Prince Ahmed when, descending from the rocky, sterile plains where he had been seeking his arrows, he suddenly found himself in the presence of the fairy Paribanon."

"Your metaphor fails, my gallant gentleman," cried Gertrude; "in addition to the lovely Paribanon, Prince Ahmed found himself surrounded by all the splendour of diamond vases, porphyry columns, and golden candelabras. Now, Madame de St. Hilaire, I agree, may be the fairy, if you please, but Cinderella's own guardian could hardly convert the furniture of our cottage into any thing savouring of splendour." As she spoke, she threw her arms with childish affection on the shoulder of Madame.

"Laissez-vous, mignonne," replied the French lady, affectionately patting her head.

"It needs no supernatural agency," said Mrs. Peyton, "to explain all you see, but which your poetical imagination has embellished rather too highly. We are three lone women, and as we have, in the language of Comus, 'admitted you of our crew,' it is proper that I give you a *carte du pays*, to prevent mistakes and misconceptions. Colonel Peyton, who inherited a large estate in Virginia from his father, all of which was lost by being sold for continental money, emigrated with me, (who had just become his bride,) the year after the treaty of Paris, to the rich valley of Lexington. There, in the spirit of old Virginia hospitality, we for many years kept open house. In those days public houses were scarce, except in towns, and our establishment was a perfect caravansera. A few slaves remained of my husband's once noble estate; for many years, it was true, that we had more servants employed in the house than in the field. I was the first to foresee the ruin that must ensue;

and remonstrated against the course we were pursuing ; but my husband's habits of expense were too confirmed to be changed. Most of the visitors to the west in that period had been officers in the revolution, or gentlemen who brought letters from them. Strangers themselves carried a charm with them ; we had few mails, and we depended on travellers alone for news and intelligence of all kinds. At length an adverse title, the stain of the early legislation of Kentucky, was presented to our land. My husband's eyes were suddenly opened to the gulf that yawned before us, and in preference to entering into litigation, by my advice he sold his right to the adverse claimant, and, with a portion of the remains of his fortune, purchased a thousand acres of ground where we now live, to which, eighteen years ago, after he had built this cottage, and when Gertrude was but a few weeks old, we removed with our servants. Heaven had previously blessed us with two boys, who have since been the stay and comfort of our lives. This location was my selection, inasmuch as it removed us to a distance from the great western route, and prevented us from falling into the same temptation which had ruined us before. A short time before we left the interior of Kentucky, accident produced an intimacy between our family and that of the Chevalier de St. Hilaire, a distinguished emigré, who, from motives of economy had sought a home in the western wilds. The murder of his royal master weighed so heavy on his spirits, that the noble Frenchman shortly after died of a broken heart. His accomplished widow, to whom we had become devoted, accepted an invitation to connect her destinies with ours, and has ever since honoured our cottage with her society. Gloriously and nobly has she compensated us for the little services we performed for her. She has been more, than a mother to my daughter, and to her is my Ger-

trude indebted for her education, and for some accomplishments which my friend possesses beyond any female I ever knew. While engaged in clearing our land and fitting it for cultivation, to which the judgment and skill of our faithful Harry mainly contributed, the spirits of Colonel Peyton were able to sustain him; but when this excitement was over, my noble, generous-hearted husband commenced sinking, and twelve years ago he followed the loyal St. Hilaire to, I trust, a better world."

During this, to me, affecting recital, which I felt from sad experience might serve as a faithful picture of many other cases of southern officers of the revolution, I was unable at first to look up, for fear of exposing my own emotion: when I did so, however, a striking scene was presented to my eyes; the two matrons were leaning on each other's bosoms, the tears streaming down their cheeks, while the beautiful Gertrude was kneeling by them with a hand of each pressed to her heaving breast. Some minutes elapsed before the group resumed their composure; I raised Gertrude, and Madame de St. Hilaire led Mrs. Peyton to her seat, calling that lady her munificent benefactress. Mrs. Peyton concluded her explanation by stating that her eldest son, Washington, had volunteered to join the gallant Harrison, on the north-western frontier, and her second boy, Randolph, was at college, where he would shortly graduate. To break the gloom caused by this narration, Madame de St. Hilaire proposed to me to join her and her pupil in a walk on the bank of the Ohio. I assented with delight. In the course of the stroll, I had an opportunity of understanding Gertrude more intimately. I found her an enthusiast in her admiration of the golden scenery of the Indian summer before us. She had a sufficient knowledge of botany, to class the surrounding forest trees. She described eloquently the various

and gradual changes which take place in the colour of the foliage, as the autumn advanced and summer receded. She could tell by their colour, the peculiar genus and species of every tree in the forest. The foliage, as far as the eye could extend, which, in the distance, on both sides of the river, lay like masses of rich paint, as the now setting sun shed its mild effulgence through the slight mist of the atmosphere.

Her person was rather above the ordinary height of females, beautifully proportioned and turned; her skin was a clear brunette of great transparency; her hair dark brown and luxuriant; her eyes sparkling blue, with the laughing expression with which Euphrosyne might be painted. Her walk, firm and natural, still gave evidence of some discipline from art, sufficient to give effect to the most beautiful foot and ankle I ever saw. Her dress, plain and economical, yet fitted her figure so exquisitely, as to prove that the existing fashions of the world reached her mother's seclusion. Her manners possessed a singular naïveté, showing the effect of an education and exclusive association with the young men, her brothers. At moments I was forcibly reminded of the Di Vernon race of females; but the impression was immediately corrected by the good taste of her deportment, and the feminine delicacy of her character. Her reading was evidently extensive and judiciously selected, in English and French literature, both of which languages she spoke with equal fluency.

We returned to the cottage at sunset, after I had drunk deep draughts of love from the smiling countenance of Gertrude. After coffee, Madame de St. Hilaire asked me if I was fond of music? My eyes told her it was my passion. She sent Gertrude for her guitar, and these two ladies astonished me by their style of playing and singing.

I at once understood the vast importance of this accomplished French lady's society to Gertrude. I had from boyhood devoted much time to this delightful accomplishment. I was a proficient on the guitar and flute myself. From some observations I made, Madame suspected I was an amateur, and I brought out my flute from my portmanteau, and had the pleasure of accompanying Gertrude in several of her favourite melodies, in a manner to gratify the mother and governess very much.

"Of course you sing, sir?" said Mrs. Peyton.

I had to plead guilty, and taking out the guitar and bowing to Madame, said I would presume to attempt one of her country's favourite romances. After preling for a moment, I sung—

"Gardez-vous, Bergerette, d'aimer."

When I had finished, I received a compliment from Madame de St. Hilaire and Gertrude, for my excellent pronunciation of the French.

"How came you to be so good a Frenchman?" said Madame de St. Hilaire.

I explained, that in my boyish days I associated much with the early emigrés who came to the west, and by that means enjoyed some of the advantages that Miss Peyton so happily possessed. The governess laughingly told Gertrude she hoped she would profit by the moral of my song. Gertrude blushed, and ran to bring the large family bible, at the request of her mother. The last duty of the day was then performed, by Gertrude's reading a chapter from the holy book, at which all the servants attended, under the order of the marshal, Uncle Harry, who, with an air of authority, kept the younger portion in decorous subjection,

by an occasional frown, nod, or raising of the finger. This ceremony was never omitted in the family, and on Sunday the episcopal service was always read with the same solemn devotion. After this night, during my stay, I was appointed reader in the place of Gertrude. The family then retired, and Harry escorted me to my room, where every thing was the perfection of comfort and neatness. As Harry turned down the snowy sheets and placed the candle on a little table, he whispered—

“Master George, dis is better dan Gad Doolittle’s chamber.”

“You are right, uncle Harry. I shall not have so many bed-fellows as I had last night.”

“Not quite,” replied the old servant, chuckling as he made his salaam and retired.

I dreamed all night of the generous Peyton—my father—the siege of Charleston—old General Lincoln, dozing in his marquée, while the bombs were bursting around him, (a fact I had often heard,)—of the Chevalier de St. Hilaire—of his accomplished widow—and finally, my visions assumed some coherency, when the lovely Gertrude was strolling by my side, in a grove of forest trees, while the sun was setting in a golden Indian summer sky, listening kindly to my confession of love.

Early in the morning I was roused from my delicious dreams by old Harry, who informed me that several of the Ohio neighbours, from my land and the vicinity, had come to give me a “hunting frolick.”

I hurried out as fast as possible, pleased at the idea of witnessing a scene I had often heard described by the old hunters. The company, with their buckskin pantaloons and hunting-shirts, with each a scalping-knife for the purpose of skinning their game, had paid their respects to Mrs. Peyton, to whom the whole neighbourhood was devoted, in

consequence of her benevolence during the autumnal fevers, which regularly affected the river districts in the first settlement of the country. They had all received some refreshment, when I came out to shake hands with them. Doolittle was among them, arranging who should go out with the dogs, and who watch the river. In a short time all was ready; the hounds were led to particular passes in the wood, by five or six young men, while the rest took their stations near the river. It may be proper to state, that when a deer is started on the hill near the river, he immediately attempts to reach the water, where they swim with great velocity. In about twenty minutes the hounds gave tongue, and shortly after, the whole pack opened, thirty dogs joining in the chorus. The hills were broken into frequent ravines, which gave a delightful variety to the music of the hounds. The chase was about parallel with the river, and as the deer led the pack down a descent, the *diminuendo* of their tones was gradual, until they were entirely lost. In a few moments, when the opposite hill was gained, the music commenced swelling on the breeze, and the *crescendo* continued until their arrival at the top of the rise, producing the most charming alternations in the grand chorus. I recalled to the recollection of Madame de St. Hilaire Steibelt's exquisite overture of *La Chasse*. She said she was just thinking of it, as she had heard it performed by the first performer in Europe, and that the present scene only wanted the *cours de chasse* to make it equal to Fontainebleau. One of the men shouted that four deer had burst from the woods, and were making for the river. They were soon in sight, a magnificent buck leading the van, straining every nerve to escape, his spreading antlers nearly touching his back. Not a gun was raised, but a rush was made to reach the canoes lying at the shore, to catch them in the water. In a

few seconds the river chase began. The canoes, each with two men, were manœuvred with great skill, but their attention was exclusively engaged by three fine animals which kept together; they were soon arrested by the pursuers. While thus engaged, the leading buck was rapidly nearing the Ohio shore. When about two-thirds across, two canoes left that side and headed him. The confused animal immediately turned about to regain his original ground, and approached the point where the family of Mrs. Peyton were standing. Next to him, a stout, good-looking young man was leaning listlessly against a tree, holding a rifle pressed to his side, appearing to take no interest in the sport. The struggle between the two canoes continued a short time, when the small one suddenly shot ahead. A little negro of the family jumped up from the ground, and clapping his hands, joyfully exclaimed—

“Dere come Poll Preble in her little dug-out. I bet Poll get the deer.”

It was Poll, standing in the stern of a little machine that seemed no larger than a sugar-trough, which appeared to skim over the water like a bank swallow. She kept it straight in the wake of the buck, first plying her light paddle on one side and then on the other, using both hands with equal ease. When about forty yards from the spot where we were standing, her little bark, from a powerful stroke of her muscular arm, reached the side of the poor buck, which, as she passed, she seized firmly by the horns; a struggle ensued, which threatened to upset the canoe. Poll, with incredible dexterity, preserved its equilibrium. Looking back, she saw the rival canoe about thirty yards behind her, rushing on rapidly through the water, propelled by the herculean arms of a very large man.

“Shoot, Bill, or Jim Gelvin will claim half the meat,”

exclaimed Poll in an agitated voice, to the young man who had been leaning against the tree, and who, much excited, had thrown himself flat on the ground, resting his rifle with some care on his hat, on the edge of the bank.

"Hold steady, Poll, for a minute," cried Bill.

The deer had become passive, under the firm grasp of the girl, who instinctively inclined her head as far off as possible, holding the animal at arms-length, while the full front of the buck was presented to our group.

"Good God!" exclaimed Mrs. Peyton, "the man is going to fire!"

I sprang forward to arrest the design. I was too late, the shrill crack of the rifle was heard. The dying animal convulsively sprang out of the water, from the grasp of the intrepid girl, who, with admirable presence of mind, again seized him, as he was descending.

"Jim Gelvin, you are a little too late," sneeringly cried Bill, "and you have lost your stew this time."

"Good heavens! young man," said I, "how could you endanger the life of that girl for a trifling deer?"

"Squire," replied he, "there was no danger, and Poll knew it. At a fair mark, with a dead rest, I can't miss. Gelvin is a mean man, and would have insisted on the law of the deer hunt, even against a woman."

I afterwards found that this law, a kind of *lex loci* which was sacredly observed, gave equal shares to all actually engaged in the death of the animal.

Bill Dickson, this was the name of the young man, then went out in a boat, and aided Poll to bring her trophy on shore, which, after the girl had been greeted kindly by us all, particularly by Gertrude, she begged Mrs. Peyton to accept, "Because," said she, smiling at Dickson, "I know William is too manly to ask for his part."

There was something in her manner that convinced me Dickson was her lover.

Poll was devoted to Mrs. Peyton and Gertrude, from whom she and her mother had received kindnesses for years, and the compliment of the grateful Amazon was accepted.

The hunting-party, after again being regaled by the family, collected their dogs, and returned in their little fleet of canoes to Ohio. Poll accompanied Gertrude to the house. Miss Peyton cherished an evident admiration for the masculine, fearless character of her companion. There was something in it, in unison with those feelings, which her singular education with her brothers, deprived of the society of female associations, naturally inspired. Poll possessed eminently all the elements of character of that class of women, who from time to time, in the early history of the west, distinguished themselves, in the absence of their husbands, in resisting Indian irruptions, defending stockade forts, and escaping from captivity by travelling hundreds of miles through all the dangers of a horrid wilderness, alone. Poll at that moment would have led an Indian pursuit, with as much pleasure as she joined in the deer hunt of that day.

In the afternoon Poll's little canoe was again seen skimming over the Ohio, while Gertrude watched her from a window, with marked delight.

"That is a girl of noble principles!" she exclaimed.

"She is indeed a good creature," said Mrs. Peyton, "and with all her coarseness, possesses the best reputation, and commands the esteem and respect of the whole neighbourhood."

This was the only incident that broke the tranquil monotony of my sojourn in this Eden of the wilderness. In the

morning I scoured the fields and hills, in pursuit of quails and pheasants, and as I was a famous shot and game plenty, Aunt Patty the cook, and wife of Uncle Harry, had ample field for her culinary skill. In the afternoon Madame de St. Hilaire, Gertrude and myself walked and read. On the bank of the Ohio, Gertrude read for the first time the story of Atala, which I presented to her. To enjoy this beautiful episode of Chateaubriand in all its beauty, it ought to be listened to on the bank of this river, from the lips of a being such as was Gertrude, pure as ~~the~~ of that beautiful creation of the author of "*Le Génie du Christianisme*." In the evening we had music.

I became more and more captivated by Gertrude every hour. I loved her mind, if possible, more than her person. I discovered new beauties in her character daily, as our intimacy increased. I became so perfectly domesticated, as to be already viewed as a member of the family. In fact, there is an indescribable something in the atmosphere of a Virginia family-circle, which conquers the reserve of a stranger, and places him at his ease, more than that of any people on earth. The two matrons and Gertrude called me George, and I called her Gertrude. In this delightful manner three weeks flew away.

"Pleasantly the days of Thalaba went by."

The misty atmosphere of the Indian summer was rapidly disappearing before the bleak winds of November, and the trees were shedding their leaves in showers, with every breeze, when one morning Miss Preble brought me a letter, sent by my agent Gad Doolittle. It was a long epistle from my father, who had become seriously uneasy at my long absence. The nearest post-office was at a village ten miles

off, and I had never written. It was brought down the river by the patroon of a keel-boat, (who had special directions where to find Doolittle's residence,) enclosed in one to this important personage, for such he considered himself ever since the commencement of his agency. My father's letter was in the usual playful style that distinguished his correspondence. He asked me if I had found among the linsey-costumed blowsy lasses of the refined settlement near his survey, some sentimental being who could preside in my log cabin, and aid me in the unarcadian operations of clearing land, making fences, and planting corn. If I had not found such a phœnix, he begged me to come home, as the cold weather was approaching, and the roads would be wretched. He assured me that my mother and sister had become seriously alarmed at my unaccountable absence. The whole letter was distinguished by an affectionate familiar tone that seemed much more characteristic of a brotherly intimacy, than of the dictatorial relationship of father and son. At this moment I was pleased to receive a letter developing, in such a short space, so much of my excellent father's character.

"Mrs. Peyton," I observed, "I find I must tear myself away from this consecrated spot, where I have passed the happiest weeks of my life. 'Time has for me trod on flowers,' and the 'sands of the hour-glass have been diamond-sparks indeed.'"

"George," said the lady, "no bad news, I trust?"

"No, madam," I replied, "except in the duty it imposes on me of returning home for a time. Would it please you to look at the writing of the ancient friend of your husband?"

As I spoke, I handed her the letter; in doing so, I caught a glance of Gertrude's face and saw her deep blue eyes

filled with tears. She jumped from her chair, and walked to the window to conceal them. I felt a thrill of pleasure run through my whole system. I followed her but she had recovered herself. When she had finished the epistle, Mrs. Peyton handed it to her friend, and said—

“George, I fear you have been a spoiled child. Your good father addresses you more like a devoted friend than a stern parent. We are to blame for suffering you to forget your home so long; but secluded as we are without society, and without the protection of my sons, we must throw ourselves on your parents’ generosity, for retaining in our little circle so long, a youth so well educated, and of such principles as I am sure you possess. Your being a scion of a family so distinguished in our struggle for liberty, and so intimately connected in friendship with my beloved husband, has shed a charm around you which I could not resist, and which I know your noble father will receive in extenuation of our selfishness.”

As she spoke, her voice faltered, and she applied her handkerchief to her eyes. I took the hand of this excellent woman, and thanking her for the good opinion she cherished of me, I assured her my parents would be happy indeed, when they found where I had been, and whom I had discovered. After some more melancholy discussion, it was decided that I should leave them the day after but one.

In the afternoon I asked Gertrude to accompany me on a farewell visit to the old sycamore which had been the limit of our evening walks on the Ohio. This venerable relic of bygone ages, and which had possibly witnessed centuries ago a race of people of a very different character from the savages of our continent when first discovered, threw its enormous branches far over the stream, and when seen from Mrs. Peyton’s mansion, by moonlight, presented a

most picturesque appearance. Its tall white body, as the rays of the moon shone upon it, presented a silvery column that contrasted admirably with the deep gloom of the surrounding forest, and had been the subject of our admiration, night by night. Gertrude assented, and throwing on her bonnet, we left the house. It was the first time we had walked alone, or without the society of Madame de St. Hilaire. We were both silent until we reached the spot where we had passed so many happy hours. I took Gertrude's hand, which trembled in mine, as if she anticipated what I was going to say.

"Gertrude," said I, "the moment is approaching when we must separate, I trust but for a short time, but this depends upon the sentiments you cherish towards me. Pure and unsophisticated as you are, inexperienced in the ways of the world, as your singular education has suffered you still to remain, yet you must have observed the deep impression you have made on my heart. Yes, dear girl, I love you with a passion as pure and holy as ever dwelt in mortal bosom. I love you more for the qualities of your mind and heart than for the charms of your person, beautiful as this is. My whole hopes of happiness are based upon your becoming the companion of my life. Should my suit be rejected, my misery is sealed."

Gertrude, with affected playfulness, but with evident emotion, attempted to change the subject.

"Dear girl," I continued, "this conduct is not in unison with the artless and ingenuous tenor of your pure character. I feel I cannot be indifferent to you. I trust I am no coxcomb, but your tearful eyes, when to-day I received my recall, proved you do not view me as an ordinary acquaintance. Gertrude, keep me no longer in suspense, I implore you."

The sweet girl, whose clasped hands were pressed in mine, turned her eyes, swimming in tears, upon mine, and said—

“Pardon me, dear George, in consideration of my inexperience of the world; but sincerity and truth were the first lessons impressed on my mind; if I err, your heart must excuse me; you never were indifferent to me. No, George, I love you dearly and devotedly, and the idea of your leaving us renders me miserable.”

As she concluded, she dropped her head on my shoulder, to conceal her blushes and tears. I folded the dear being in my arms, and felt the happiest man in the world.

If there is a period of hallowed bliss, this side of heaven, it is when a pure and virtuous girl first acknowledges a reciprocal affection for a devoted and honourable *lover*.

Gertrude extricated herself from my arms, and said gently—

“George, I fear I am doing wrong. Let us return.”

“First plight your faith to me, dearest of women, on this spot, which I shall always consider sacred, and promise to be mine,” cried I.

“George,” replied my sweet Gertrude, “I have acknowledged my affection for you, as you may think, too boldly; I do not feel at liberty to do more, without the presence and sanction of my mother and governess. I never concealed a thought or sentiment from them; and do not let the commencement of our love be the commencement of my duplicity.”

“Gertrude,” cried I, “what do you mean? You cannot surely suppose that I had any idea of asking you to contract a clandestine engagement; for worlds you should not do it. Let us go immediately and implore the consent of your mother and Madame de St. Hilaire.”

I drew her arm under mine, and we returned to the cottage with a more elastic step than when we left it. At the door we met Madame de St. Hilaire, who, with a smile, asked why she had been excluded from the promenade.

"Because, madam," said I, laughing, "I had a secret to communicate to Gertrude, which I conceived it impolitic to entrust to more than one lady at a time."

"Indeed, my cautious youth!" exclaimed the amiable Frenchwoman. "Why, George, you are becoming diplomatic; the country ought not to be deprived of your services; the president must send you to St. Cloud, to manage my old friend Talleyrand, and the Duke de Cadore. Come Gertrude, you will inform me what this mighty secret is."

She led Gertrude to their room, and I entered the parlour. I took a chair beside Mrs. Peyton, and with some awkwardness opened my case. As I proceeded I recovered myself, and after declaring my enthusiastic love for Gertrude, asked her for my bride. The good lady was not surprised. She had observed our growing attachment, and as far as my ownself was concerned, she was not displeased. Indeed, she already felt a maternal affection for me. But the pride of family was somewhat shocked, for fear my family would censure her for encouraging my addresses to her portionless daughter. I resisted all her arguments successfully, and she finally consented. At that moment Gertrude and her friend entered.

"I suppose," said Madame de St. Hilaire, "we all know the secret now. I have consented, and, judging from George's looks, you have done so too, Mrs. Peyton; therefore nothing remains to be done, but for George to return home, get admitted to the bar, ask his father's consent, return; and receive from us the best gift heaven can be-

I will go with you in March, to visit the widow of my old friend. I wish to make some arrangements as to building on our land. My course has been too much like Peyton's, and I must move my family within the year to Ohio."

I applied myself to the "Reporters" *con amore*. I received weekly bulletins from some of the family in Kentucky. Gertrude's letters delighted my parents; her soul spoke through her pen; her strong natural sense was not less striking than her ingenuous naïveté, which in every sentence exhibited the fruits of her singular education. One dreadful event occurred during the winter, which cast a gloom over both our families, and from which Mrs. Peyton never fully recovered. I allude to the horrible massacre on the river Raisin. Washington Peyton was among the gallant spirits, whose blood appealed to heaven against the cruel policy of employing savages in civilized warfare. Madame de St. Hilaire gave me a heart-rending description of the effect of this occurrence upon Mrs. Peyton and Gertrude. Many days elapsed before this last could summon fortitude enough to write to me.

At length the day of my examination arrived. I was admitted with credit, and the day after, made my maiden speech.

Early in March my father and myself embarked on board a small flat boat, which had been made comfortable by a small sleeping-room in the stern, with two good fire-places. Our cargo consisted generally of furniture for my future house-keeping, given to me by my excellent mother. On the evening of the seventh day, our floating boat came in sight of the humble dwelling that contained the object of all my hopes in this world.

In a few minutes our servants, our only crew, had sprung on shore, and attached our boat by cable and stern line.

We ascended the bank, and a few paces brought us to the little yard of rosebushes. Two ladies were at the window; these were Madame de St. Hilaire and Gertrude. The noble sto of my father called forth a remark from the elder lady to the younger, whose face at that moment was turned from the window. Gertrude uttered a cry, disappeared from the window, and in a moment was clasped in my arms. My father received her from me, and, pressing her to his bosom, called her his beloved daughter. The introduction and greetings from the rest of the family being over, tranquillity was restored. My own rapture was not suffered to intrude on the sacred grief of the mother and daughter. Three days passed in a manner that can be felt, not described. At the end of this period, I pressed Gertrude not to delay my happiness longer. She referred me to her mother. My father joining in my suit, Gertrude became mine. We were united by a methodist circuit-rider; one of those valuable men, who, like the primitive apostles, perambulate the wilderness without fee or reward, through heat and cold, subjected to every privation, to preach the gospel of Christ to the poor and destitute. Such men will reap their reward. This one has since become one of the first orators of the day.

Twenty-five years have elapsed since that rapturous moment, and I can say with truth, Gertrude has never uttered a sentiment or committed an act which has given me a moment's pain. My father shortly after left us, his presence having satisfied the ladies that the character drawn of him by Mrs. Peyton, was true to the letter.

In a few weeks I took a comfortable house in the town, which has since grown into the pride of the West. I devoted myself to my profession, so successfully as to acquire independence, though not wealth. The support of my

father's family, which devolved on me at his death, prevented me from growing rich. He died on the soil which he had earned by his blood, to which he had removed from necessity, and now lies by the side of his friend Peyton. Their lives were alike—they were alike in their death. These gallant Virginians left little to their children besides their high reputation for honour, benevolence and noble bearing; but to us this was the most pleasing legacy. My mother followed my father in a few years.

Randolph, after his graduation, married the daughter of a distinguished and rich Kentuckian, and took possession of the plantation. Mrs. Peyton and Madame de St. Hilaire divided their time between Randolph and my wife, until after the battle of Waterloo, the latter giving the greatest portion to her dear Gertrude. After that period she was recalled to France, with a great number of distinguished emigrants, to resume her station at the French court. She returned to Europe in company with the friends of my youth, Ceseron of Lancaster and the Chevalier Dubac, the last of whom was the hero of a little sketch published some years since in a reminiscence of Pittsburgh. She has ever since kept up a regular correspondence with her beloved pupil, and frequently promises to return, and breathe her last sigh in the arms of her beloved Gertrude, and be buried by the side of the lover of her youth. Within a few years she has retired to an estate she has in the mountains of Auvergne, where she is now residing, at the age of seventy-five.

Gad Doolittle, in process of time, acquired a small farm, was elected a justice of the peace, and has become a great politician; was a warm Jackson man, and lately supported General Harrison, which, in a late speech at a "gathering," he proved was "carrying out the principles

of Jackson." Bill Dickson and Poll Preble became one flesh, and own a small farm, by my assistance. Poll maintains her place in the friendship of Gertrude, and pays her a yearly visit.

The introduction of the steamboat has changed the whole face of the country, on both sides of the river, in the vicinity of the spot where I first saw my Gertrude. It is now in the world, and a few hours are sufficient to bring the families of the brother and sister together.

Gertrude has made me the father of four sons and one daughter, the latter we call Ernestine de St. Hilaire, after our friend, who has made her her sole legatee, the guillotine having drunk the blood of all her own immediate relations. Gertrude superintends the education of our daughter herself. She excels in music, her favourite accomplishment.

My sons are fine fellows; they have, however, rather too much Virginian blood to adopt all the utilitarian habits I should like.

An incident has lately occurred, which has shed a beam of tranquillity over the declining age of our mother. Mrs. Peyton held in her own right, from her father, two thousand acres in Ohio, which, up to the death of Colonel Peyton, was too valueless for sale.

After his decease, her own sound judgment induced her to retain it. Within a year its location, rendered distinguished by the joint influence of a canal and contemplated railroad, attracted the attention of some enterprising city builders, from the empire state, and who have paid down one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for three-fourths of the land, permitting Mrs. Peyton to retain one-fourth herself, worth, as these worthy gentlemen say, fifty thousand more. Her pride is gratified, and her last moments are solaced by the reflection that, through her means, her

grandchildren will enter on the stage of life with every means of becoming useful and happy.

Uncle Harry, besides always accompanying his "old mistress" on all her visits to us, presents himself regularly on Christmas-eve to Master George and Miss Gertrude, appellations we still retain with the old servants of the family, if we live to the age of Baucis and Philemon.

He comes well armed with eggs and cream, for the egg-nog of the next day, a good old Virginia custom, from "below the ridge," which the old man would consider it a sacrilege to omit.

He insists upon doing the honours of the sideboard, and distributing the nectar. When he presses the company to take more he never fails to add, "don't be afraid, gentlemen, it is none of your town trash of milk, it came from home."

Gertrude and myself always take advantage of the Indian summer, to visit the family of Randolph, who, out of respect to us, has caused our trysting-tree, the old sycamore, to be held sacred from injury. We yearly spend some delightful hours under its shade, and it is an interesting theme to me, on these occasions, to hear my wife describe her present feelings and sensations, and contrast them with those she cherished, when I first drew from her a confession of love, on this blessed spot.

Cincinnati.

S E V E N T E E N

BY MRS. C. GILMAN.

IN childhood, when my girlish eye
 Glanced over life's unfaded green,
Thoughts undefined, and sweet, and new,
 Would blend with thee, sweet seventeen.

Restrain'd at twelve by matron care,
 My walks prescribed, my movements seen,
How bright the sun, how free the air,
 Seem'd circling o'er bright seventeen !

Thirteen arrived, but still my book,
 My dress, were watch'd with aspect keen ;
Scarce on a novel might I look,
 And balls—must wait for seventeen.

Fourteen allowed the evening walk,
 Where friendship's eye illumed the scene,
The long, romantic bosom-talk,
 That talk which glanced at seventeen.

The next revolving—le brought
A quicker pen than through ever mien ;
I read, I pray, fans me with thought,
For what fr of life's pen-eter
t. days and I shall be
Sixteen arrived, dear friend, w
When youthful hearts like byds are seen,
Ready to op, when first appear
The genial rays of seventeen.

They came—have pass'd—think not, fair maids,
My hand shall draw that magic screen ;
But this I urge, fill well your heads,
And guard your hearts for seventeen.

Charleston, S. C.

ep and
 of the far
 cottage-door
 familiar street
 an dreams—few ev
 killed stranger sigh

THE CAPUCHIN'S DEATH.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

THERE is, in Professor Longfellow's "Outre Mer," an affecting incident, beautifully told, of the death of a young Irishman, who had come to Italy to study at the Jesuit College in Rome, and had taken the orders of a Capuchin friar. While dying, he knew of his situation, but would not give up the hope of reaching his own home before his decease. "He spoke of his return to his native land with childish delight. This hope had not deserted him. It seemed never to have entered his mind that even this consolation would be denied him—that death would thwart even these fond anticipations. 'I shall soon be well enough,' said he."

"Oh, I shall soon be well! I shall not die
 Beneath the glories of this melting sky:
 These soft, deep lines that bathe the classic land
 Of Italy—these gales that are so bland
 So balmy and so cool, upon my grave
 Shall not, at vesper's chiming, rest and wave.

Tell me not I am dying—I feel
 New blood new art'ian through my art'ies steal,
 And blest Hygeia fans me with her wings
 Laved in the soft of life's perennial springs!
 But a few fleeting days and I shall be
 Upon my home return, dear friend, with thee—
 With thee I'll leave each noary Appennine,
 Cross the high Alps, and sail adown the Rhine,
 Pass England's vales where joy and plenty smile,
 And greet thy shores, my own bright Emerald isle!
 Then, mother,—sister,—your soft hands shall stray
 O'er my flushed cheeks, and cool this heat away;
 And, when the death-dew beads this marble brow,
 Mark with what truth I kept my sacred vow—
 My vow to heaven, to live untouch'd by love,
 Save that of saints below for saints above;
 The love our Saviour knew—could he have died,
 Nor in his anguish on his mother cried?"

He ceased, and turn'd his forehead to the air
 That came from flowery banks, to visit there
 The sick man's couch. The twilight shadows fell
 In deeper lines—I breathed my sad farewell;—
 But going, stopp'd once more that face to view,
 Once more to see that cheek's carnation hue.
 His eyes were closed—a smile of beauty slept
 On his thin lips: I knelt me down and wept!
 When breathless I arose, he had not stirr'd,
 And quiet lay, until an evening bird,
 Hidden among the leaves of some near tree,
 Pour'd sudden forth a flood of melody.
 "I know that strain," said he, "I know that strain—
 Sing me to rest, sweet sister, sing again!"—

He sunk to sleep—to sleep and dream that he
Had cross'd the billows of the far, wide sea;
That by his mother's cottage-door he stood
And gazed on each familiar street and wood.
Alas! 'twas all in dreams—few evenings pass'd
Ere that self-exiled stranger sigh'd his last;
And that young heart was free as air to roam
Not to its earthly, but its heavenly home!

Boston.

THE ROSE

AT THE BIRTH-PLACE OF WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

BRIGHT rose ! what dost thou here, amid
These sad mementoes of the past ?
The crumbling stones thy roots have hid—
The bramble's shade is o'er thee cast ;
Yet still thy glowing beauty seems
Fair as young childhood's blissful dreams.

The sunbeam, on the heaving surf,
Proclaims the tempest's rage is o'er ;
The violet, on the frozen turf,
Breathes of the smiling spring once more ;
But, rose, thy mission to the heart,
Hath not in things that change a part.

The moss-grown ruins round are spread,
Scarce rescued from earth's trodden mass ;
The time-scathed trees, whose branches dead,
Lie cumbering o'er the matted grass,
These tell the tale of life's brief day,
Hope, toil, enjoyment, death—decay !

The common record this of men,
We read, regret, and pass it by;
And rear the towers that deck our span,
Above the grave where nations lie;
And heroes who like meteors shone,
Are, like the meteor's flashings, gone.

But, radiant rose, thy beauty breaks
Like eve's first star upon the sight—
A holier hue the vision takes,

The ruins shine with memory's light;
His *name*, who placed thy root in earth,
Doth consecrate thy place of birth.

Yet 'tis not here the wreath we twine,
Nor here that freedom's chief we praise;
The stars at rising softer shine,
Than when o'er night's dark vault they blaze;
Not here, with Washington's great name,
Blend his achievements or his fame!

But purer, holier is the ray
Which rests on this deserted ground;
Here pass'd his childhood's happy day—
Here glory's bud meet culture found—
Maternal smiles, and tears, and prayer,
These were its light, its dew, its air.

Bright rose! for this thy flower hath sprung,
The mother's steadfast love to show;
Thy odour on the gale is flung,
'As pours that love its lavish flow;
The mother's lot with hope to cheer,
Type of the heart, thou bloomest here.

THE GIFT.

RUSTIC CIVILITY.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

THE traveller rode through a landscape fair,
Where the way was skirted with flowers and grass,
'Twas near the side of a shady wood,
And there three cottage children stood—
Their heads were bare to the summer air,
And they held the gate that his steed might pass.—

There was gentle Will, with his flaxen hair,
And laughing Rob, and the fairy May—
Their clothes were ragged as ragged might be,—
But what recked they, the unmindful three?
They lounged them there as free from care
As if they had own'd an imperial sway.—

“And how is it then,” the traveller said,
As he talk'd to himself in his heart's recess,
“That these young imps are so happy and gay,
So full of joy and health and play,
While o'er my head are often spread
The gloom of despondence, the clouds of distress?”

RUSTIC CIVILITY.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

The traveller rode through a landscape fair,
 Where the way was skirted with flowers and grass,
 'Twas near the side of a shady wood,
 And there three cottage children stood—
 Their heads were bare to the summer air,
 And they had the gate the life stood right near—

There was gentle Will, with his golden hair,
 And the merry Bob, and the fiery May—
 Their clothes were ragged as ragged might be,—
 But what recked they the unkindful three?
 They lounged there as free from care
 As if they had own'd an imperial sway.—

"And how is it then," the traveller said,
 As he talk'd to himself in his heart's recess,
 "That these young ones are so happy and gay,
 So full of joy and health and play,
 While o'er my head the clouds of distress
 The gloom of despair, the clouds of distress?"

They are free in soul—O the answer is clear—

They are not sway'd by the world's dark power ;—
Content and innocence mingle there,
Their day is nothing but sunshine fair—
Or if a tear for one moment appear,
It is but the frown of an April shower.—

Then bless you, young flock—for the traveller's heart

Yearns to you with feelings he must not stay.—
Ye want better garments to cover your forms,
To shield you from sunbeams and guard you from storm;
But ne'er let art in your bosoms have part,
And—be here at the gate when he passes this way.—

MRS. NICHOLAS MUGGS;

OR,

THE HOAX.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE."

"Quamquam animus meminisse horret—
Incipiam."

VIRGIL.

MRS. ANGELINA CELESTE MUGGS, or, as she was fashionably denominated in right of her husband, Mrs. Nicholas Muggs, and vulgarly, in her own right, Mrs. Nick Muggs, was the wife of a certain Mr. Nicholas Muggs, who was an eminent grocer in one of the largest and most thriving seaport-towns in New England. Mr. Muggs was the son of a tallow-chandler, who was the son of a tallow-chandler, who was also the son of a tallow-chandler, and so, *ad infinitum*. But Nicholas, who may with truth be designated the last of the tallow-chandlers, was wiser in his own generation than his fathers. Albeit, he might have dipped candles in his tender years, yet, when he attained to the age of discretion, and to the dignity of a beard, although, it may be, an incipient one, his wisdom began to show forth itself to the admiration of all who knew him.

At this time he began diligently to give heed as to the ways and means whereby men accumulate this world's gear, and to consider by what process of alchymy unknown to him, they changed their copper into silver, and their silver into gold. He saw that some of his fellow-townsmen were heaping up riches, apparently without labour, while they boasted larger possessions than many of their neighbours, who, nevertheless, toiled early and late. He observed that the rich were esteemed among men, and held the uppermost seats in all assemblies, while the poor man was held in no repute. But what particularly forced itself upon his observing mind, was, that his fellow-citizens were divided into two great classes, distinguished, not exactly by the epithets *the rich* and *the poor*, but by, what is virtually the same thing, "the respectable" and "the *not* respectable," or the "low people." Further observation showed him, that, under the first denomination or *caste* were included *par excellence*, the merchants—that is, those who buy commodities to sell again at profit, across a counter,—the lawyers—a class needing no definition,—the doctors—not of law, but of medicine,—and the ministers, as all clergymen are termed in the land of the pilgrims: while under the latter denomination, were classed all who were mechanics or operatives of any kind, and in both instances, without reference to the moral or intellectual character of the individuals. While contemplating this aspect of society, he was impressed for the first time with the truth of the two great New England syllogisms, viz.

Every profession is respectable.

Law, commerce, physic and divinity are professions.

Therefore all lawyers, merchants, physicians and divines are respectable.

II.

That which gives occupation to the hands, in the fashioning of cloth, wood, metals or other bodies, to useful purposes, is vulgar, and inconsistent with the character of respectable people.

The mechanic arts in all their branches demand such manual labour.

Therefore *mechanics* are vulgar, and inconsistent with the character of respectable people.

To this proscribed, and infinitely low class of his fellow-men Nicholas found that he himself, by virtue of his trade of candle-dipper, belonged, as also all the tallow-chandlers, his ancestors upward, even to the first Muggs of that disreputable vocation. Now Nicholas was shrewd, observing, ambitious, and exceedingly partial to gain. He was just twenty-one years of age, as we have before insinuated,—a little, short, fat, round oily man of tallow, when he made the above reflections. They intruded themselves upon the quietude of his thoughts, (for he was until this period, happy and contented in his humble calling,) as one sunny morning, he was standing bare-headed in the door of his shop, girt about with a greasy apron, and holding in his hand a huge ball of wick-yarn, surveying the busy scenes both up and down the street. Nicholas, who was a philosopher in his way, began to cogitate upon the scene, and the result was, as we, his faithful biographer, have given it. The old tallow-chandler, the immediate progenitor of Nicholas, had just been gathered to his fathers; his mother followed him

a few days after, and he was 'left sole heir and master of the shop and all its ingenious appurtenances. Therefore he could think, speak and act for himself. As he stood in the door of his tenement, contrasting his condition with that of his neighbours, and studying the various aspects of society, as they were exhibited to him in that miniature world, his native town, all at once his face lost its thoughtful cast, his little gray eyes twinkled, and he broke out into a low chuckle; then, as if delighted beyond his natural stolidity, he placed his toe to the ball of wick-yarn and kicked it into the air, from which altitude it descended incontinently into a wagon that chanced to pass by at the time, at a good speed, which, immediately turning the corner, disappeared with its unexpected addition to its contents, and Nicholas saw it no more. Nothing disconcerted, however, at the fate of his ball of wick-yarn, he next untied his apron, threw it behind the door, and, folding his arms, while his cheeks, naturally globular, swelled still rounder with the greatness of his new-born thoughts, he exclaimed:

"The thing's up! I'll be *derned*," (the first time he was ever heard to swear,) "if I dip candles no longer. I'll be a marchant, or my name a'n't Nicholas Muggs!"

He turned to enter his shop, his head elevated, and his legs alternating in that measured, conscious step, known and denominated as a *strut*. One would have supposed him to be the mayor himself, or a unit of the corporation at least. Before he had achieved five paces or strides, one more only being required to bring him to the rear limits of his shop, he heard his name pronounced in a low small voice, by some one at the door. Nicholas turned himself about, and beheld a little girl, holding visibly in her open palm three pennies, or cents, as the coin is designated in

New England, who "wanted to buy two candles." Habitually, he stretched forth his hand for the coin, when he recollected his resolves, and said hastily—

"The dickens take them three coppers, gal, and the candles to boot. Tell your marm I don't sell nor make candles no longer. I'm a marchant."

The little customer stared, and left the shop with her fingers in her mouth, and her eyes turned wonderingly over her shoulder towards the tallow-chandler, who had resumed his stride backwards and forwards across his shop, and when she gained the street, she set off on the run, as if her salvation depended on her legs.

"There, she's off, and the ice's broke! The whole town'll know it 'fore night; her 'tarnal mother's got such a long tongue in her head. So now d—n the shop!" (Nicholas increased in profanity, as it was very natural for him to do, seeing he was fast rising in the world, an argument, be it observed, for his fitness for his proposed exaltation.) "If they come here any more to buy candles, I'll dip 'em in the big biler and make candles o' them. So let 'em look to't, let 'em look to't, that's all. I'll be respectable as well as my neighbours, have a pew in the broad aisle, live in a two-story house with green blinds to the windows, and flower-pots each side o' the door, ride in my own shay, with brass harnessing, and wear broadcloth a-week days, dern me if I don't! There shall be one gentleman in the family of the Muggses, if there a'n't been none yet."

In due time Nicholas Muggs sold his implements of trade, and set up shop, or rather store, and forthwith became a "merchant." He now sold candles, indeed, but they were "boughten candles, moulded in Boston," and they moreover formed a part of his stock of merchandise. By degrees, by

dint of hard labour, (not mere vulgar mechanical manipulation, but respectable work, such as the weighing of flour, lard, butter, sugar, *et hic genus*, the lifting of barrels, retailing of gin and other spirituous compounds, and such like genteel labour,) by strict economy, and much natural shrewdness, and little conscience in making a trade, Nicholas, in the lapse of years, became a thriving man, well to do in the world, held the coveted pew in the broad aisle, lived in a two-story house with green blinds to the windows, and flower-pots on each side of the door, rode in his own chaise, with brass-mounted harness, and wore broadcloth every day in the week. But he felt lonely in his pew, more lonely in his house, his chaise hung one-sided for want of a proper balance to his own weight, and his broadcloth coat which received sundry rents among barrels and bins, called open-mouthed, for the careful needle of a frugal wife. So, when his thirty-sixth birth-day arrived, he began to feel that it was not good for man in general, nor for himself, Nicholas Muggs, in particular, to be alone. Now, although Nicholas was, as we have before intimated, a grocer—*si fas sit dicere*—(for in New England all shop-keepers, and beer and candy-sellers are styled “merchants,” and their shops or places of trade, “stores”)—he had nevertheless, as was the custom in New England towns, at the period of which we write, a portion of his store set apart especially for the sale of dry, or, as they were in that day denominated, *English* goods. So, while his clerk retailed, at one end, rum at three cents the glass to toping farmers and town-toppers—this last a well-known species, frequenting country groceries, and now *classed* as “loafers,”—at the opposite extremity near the street, ladies shopped and chattered, while perhaps at the same time, and somewhat nearer the centre of the long blue-painted counter, children negotiated

for penny-whistles, sugar-plums, apples and fish-hooks, and servants chattered for a pound of sugar, a quart of molasses, a dozen of eggs, or half-an-ounce of allspice.

There chanced to live diagonally opposite to the front store-door of Mr. Muggs, the youthful widow of a merchant, who dying, left her in unincumbered possession of his whole property, both real and personal, a modicum of wealth sufficient to excite the cupidity of certain false devotees of Cupid. Among these, was our hero Nicholas Muggs. The widow's heart was however impregnable, for she had said in the hearing of more than one of her gossiping neighbours, that she would not marry beneath a lawyer, and he to be a senator or representative at the very least; therefore, as no suitor of this dignity offered himself, she listened to none who knelt each Sunday night at her feet. As they drew off their forces, despairing of her capitulation, Nicholas, like a man of business and a persevering lover, nothing daunted, beleaguered the fortress still closer, but still with little more prospect of success than his discomfited rivals. At length, one Monday morning, immediately following an unsuccessful Sunday night attack upon the ambitious widow's heart, from which he retreated sorely worsted, Nicholas was agreeably surprised at the entrance of Mrs. Higgins (for this was the widow's name,) into his store. Nicholas was all bows, betraying, like a skilful general, no chagrin at his defeat; the lady was all smiles, not wishing him to feel it; and it was in this charitable mood of mind that she paid him this morning call, that she might smooth over her refusal, and not make an enemy of so thriving a man and good neighbour as Mr. Nicholas Muggs. Having made one or two trifling purchases in token of her goodwill, she very slyly slipped under her shawl (in mere sport, without doubt, but upon this I will not pledge my veracity,)

a very valuable set of jewelry: for Nicholas' store, like that of his neighbours, exhibited specimens from every branch of mechanics in the land—gold chains and ox chains, bonnets and buck-shot, watches and tape, gingerbread and bacon, tobacco-pipes and pipes of wine—nothing ever came amiss by which he could turn an honest penny. Nicholas, who had gone to his latticed desk to charge what she had purchased, detected through the interstices of the bars this little by-play of his lady-love, although she supposed herself, after a previous cautious glance around, unseen. Our merchant, with his habitual sagacity and skill in availing himself of every circumstance which held out hopes of personal advantage, had the tact to allow her to leave the store, with a smiling "Good morning, Mr. Muggs," not less smilingly returned by him. He then took his hat, followed her, and charged her with the theft in the street. At first she denied, and then confessed it.

"How can you be so rude, Mr. Muggs? I only took it in joke," pleaded Mrs. Higgins in defence, with her sweetest smile, and displaying her fine teeth in the prettiest manner imaginable.

Nicholas, however, had made up his mind as to the course he should pursue, and her plea was not allowed.

"Excuse me, madam, it is an unpleasant affair; I saw you take the jewelry, and have just recovered it from your person; and by your own confession you stole it."

"Stole it! Mr. Muggs, how can you use such language?" said the lady, elevating her eyes and turning pale.

"Yes, madam," continued Nicholas, with the tone and manner of one not to be trifled with, "stole it! Now I give you your alternative, either go with me at once before a magistrate to answer the theft, or before a minister and marry me. I give you your choice."

Mrs. Higgins chose, as most of her sex in the same strait would have done, the less unpleasant alternative, and accompanied our wooer to the residence of the minister, from whence, to the nine days' wonder of the town, she, Mrs. Angelina Celeste Higgins, and he, Mr. Nicholas Muggs, returned man and wife.

Mrs. Muggs was not quite twenty-nine when she married Mr. Muggs. Her figure was good, her complexion brunette, her eyes black, cold and piercing, her lips handsome, her teeth white and even, and her nose and chin very sharp, promising in old age that pleasing approximation which would entitle them to the denomination of "nut-crackers." She had the appearance of a proud, unfeeling and ambitious woman. And such was her character. Indifferently educated, and unused to refined society, she was the daughter of the master or "skipper" of a coasting-vessel, whose loss at sea and the subsequent death of her mother, left her an orphan at the age of seventeen. Her destitute condition, compelled her to serve several years as a milliner's apprentice, when, subsequently, she became a milliner herself. She was at this time two-and-twenty, extremely pretty, very vain of her personal attractions, spoiled by the flattery and attentions of young merchants and clerks, and slandered and abused beyond her deserts by the tongues of the women. At length a young merchant (wholesale) of good family and some property, to which he was daily adding, suffered himself to be entangled in the snare spread by the pretty milliner for those who would be foolish enough to fall into it, and laid his heart, name and fortune at her feet: she graciously looked upon him, and forthwith they were married.

Now our quondam milliner was unfitted, either by education or habits, for the society into which her marriage intro-

duced her; nevertheless, trusting to her beauty and natural accomplishments, to some tact, considerable address, and the wealth of her husband, she began to assume certain airs, offensive to the circle of *élite*, into which she had thrust herself, as they phrased it, and, *bella! horrida bella!* hostilities at once commenced, and it was determined in secret conclave, that “the upstart milliner’s apprentice should be put down for a vulgar *parvenue*.” By-and-by, Mrs. Higgins grew visibly an ill-odour, and her husband dying about five years after their marriage, she was from that time decidedly *cut* by the *castes*, mercantile, legal, clerical and medical. After remaining nearly two years in honourable widowhood, she became, in the manner already related, Mrs. Nicholas Muggs. Now that she had become Mrs. Muggs, albeit through the terror of the law, she resolved to play her cards with all the skill of which she was possessed, towards accomplishing her great object—admission into the *beau-monde* of P——, from which she thought herself so unjustly shut out. Her husband had wealth, civic consequence, and was appreciated on ‘change. He eagerly aspired, she was well aware, after admission into good society;—for it is one thing, as Nicholas had experienced, to know a man familiarly on ‘change, or in the places and in the way of business, as was his own case, and another thing, quite, to be invited to his dinner-parties, or to his wife’s “jams and soirées.” In him, therefore, she looked for a coadjutor after her own heart, to aid her in effecting a permanent footing in that society, to which, with more than ordinary female ambition, she aspired. And she determined that she would effect the object so dear to her heart, or like Sampson fall, dragging the very pillars of society from their bases, and crush her enemies and herself in the same undistinguishable heap of ruins. A practised

diplomatist like Mrs. Muggs, and a woman with her spirit, tact and pride, could not rest any length of time, without applying her "test," as she termed the means she should adopt towards effecting her purpose, and be directed by the result. The honey-moon expired, and her card-rack was *minus* thirteen names she of all others most coveted: *vide licet*; one judge's lady, two lawyers' ditto; one representative's (state) ditto; four merchants' (wholesale) ditto, two physicians' ditto, and one minister's (unitarian) ditto, and the ladies of a member of congress and a certain Colonel Morton,—the very quintessence of the aristocracy of the town. Mrs. Muggs was ready to die with rage, vexation, and wounded pride. But she chose to live to avenge her injuries.

The "happy pair" had entered their fifth nuptial week, and the "callers" had ceased calling. Mrs. Muggs now thought it time to put her *test*, to ascertain who were about to *cut* her in good earnest, and then prepare her revenge.

"My dear Mr. Muggs—Muggs! Oh, what a horrid name! I wonder you should have such a name, it almost makes me cough to speak it," said Mrs. Angelina Celeste—Muggs, one morning to her husband, who was buttoning his surtout, preparatory to going out to his store. She was about to make a proposition to him, but the blunt, guttural, uneuphonous cognomen of her lord stuck in her throat, "*vox faucibus hæsit*," as Virgil has it. She could not abide it. She had a few minutes before been scribbling it on a piece of paper, to see how it would figure on a card! "Suppose," continued the lady, "we pronounce and spell it Merks, it will be much more respectable; Merks! Muggs! nor are they so very different in sound."

"Change my name, Angy? Humph! it takes the legislature to dip that candle over again."

"Mr. Muggs, why will you be so vulgar as to make such constant allusions to your former calling. It is excessively ungenteeled to do so, I assure you, and you ought by all means, to sink the shop—when you've got a new bonnet, throw aside the old one, is my maxim."

"Now, Mrs. Muggs, it is surprising that a lady of your respectability should be so vulgar! Sink the shop, quotha? one might know you had been bred a bonnet-maker by your low and ungenteeled allusions. It's a good candle you can't trace by its droppings. Eh! Angy, I have you there, eh!" and the oddevant tallow-chandler clapped his hand on his thigh and laughed outright, a very unusual thing for him, while his offended lady blushed a very high red, certainly this time, with evident displeasure.

"But what I was a-going to propose, my dear," she said, composing her temper, for she had an end to gain, "was, that we should give a party."

"A party, Mrs. Muggs!" ejaculated Nicholas, opening his eyes very wide, and looking very much surprised.

"Yes, Mr. Muggs, *a party!* Is there any thing so very extraordinary in the word, that you should look so wild about it?"

Mrs. Muggs, it cannot be denied, was very acid for a bride not quite one week out of the honey-moon; but it must be borne in mind that she had been five years Mrs. Higgins, and two years in widowhood, before she became Mrs. Muggs, and therefore, (that I should say it!) had that advantage over less experienced brides, which an old hackney enjoys, when travelling in harness familiar to his limbs, over a younger animal who is broke into gears for the first time. I considerably trust that Mrs. Muggs will not set me down as a horse-jockey or stage-driver, for my use of this professional simile, a very ungallant one I confess. At

length, by coaxing, and peradventure by kissing, and the *quantum sufficit* of billing and cooing, to say nothing of tears, "woman's last and weightiest argument," Mrs. Muggs gained, as all wives will do, by some means or other, her desired end.

It was arranged that the party or *soirée*, as Mrs. Muggs termed it, pronouncing it soy-re, a much more natural pronunciation than swor-ra, and hence to be preferred, should be given on the next Thursday evening.

There are in New England certain evenings of the week which custom has set apart for certain purposes: Sunday evening for courtship, Monday for prayer-meetings—Thursday for parties. Therefore Mrs. Muggs chose Thursday evening to make her *début* as a bride.

The clerk, released from the store at her request, was detained all day at the house, seated in the best parlour, with half a ream of billet-doux paper piled on the table before him, busy writing tickets; while opposite to him sat Mrs. Muggs, with a long catalogue of names in her hand, which, if printed, would have vied with the longest post-office list in the newspapers.

William Henry Weston was a spruce clerk, and wrote a very pretty hand. The note-paper was so highly glazed that a fly in attempting to cross its perilous surface, slipped at every third step, and was finally forced to take to its wings—the pen was beautifully cut from a long yellow goose-quill, (steel not being in use in those barbarous days,)—and the ink was jetty black and shiny—what should prevent the tickets from being *chef-d'œuvres* of their kind? Nothing, kind reader, but the terrible cognomination, transmitted through twenty generations of candle-makers—Muggs! William Henry wrote like a village schoolmaster; but by no art in the formation of his loops, or by graces

added to his curves, or flourishes cut about the initial, could he make the unlucky name of Muggs otherwise than a staring deformity upon the fair face of the billet, of which it stood the very "head and front of offence,"—an excrescence that defaced its beauty, disarranged its proportions and destroyed its symmetry. Which way soever she viewed it, as she inspected the first billet, which happened to be addressed to Mrs. Carlton, it stared her in the face with all its ugly disproportions, a sight more appalling than Banquo's bloody spectre.

"Oh, Weston! this is horrible! Only see how muggy and vulgar it looks! and along side of Mrs. Carlton's! It must be contrasted with all the others on the list, too! I declare it's too much! Really, if I had thought before marrying Mr. Muggs, what a low, mean-sounding, mean-looking name he had, I'd sooner have gone before the—" here the lady very happily recollected herself, and stopped, or rather continued on another key, "try it again, Weston, and shorten the g's as much as possible."

Weston, all compliance, did his best, shortening the g's till there was no space for the loops, and again submitted it for inspection. Unfortunately its appearance was not changed for the better, the unlucky monosyllable looking now more like Muqqs than Muggs, which was evidently no improvement either in its aspect or euphony. So thought Mrs. Muggs.

"Well, well, let it alone as it is, if it must be Mrs. Muggs, Mrs. Muggs it must be. 'What's in a name?' says the bible, and so say I.—Why, you've writ it, *Nicholas!*" she exclaimed, looking over his shoulder.

"Yes, but, madam, is it not the fashion for married ladies to bear their husbands' Christian names?" diffidently inti-

mated her young scribe, as if he were seeking for, not giving, information.

"Yes, I do believe it is! But Nicholas! Mercy! that is still worse if possible! Where could Mr. Muggs's ancestors,—for he tells me they were all christened Nicholas—have picked up such shockingly vulgar names. Really, when I marry again—I mean to say,—women before they marry, ought to write their intended change of name on a card, to see how it will look, for there is no other way of knowing. I actually have a great mind to set ^{up} a new fashion, and put my own name, Angelina Celeste! it will be an offset to the deformity of my husband's, at least. Pa said mother's novel-reading never would come to any good—but I could tell him this much, it has given me a genteel lady-like name."

The tickets were at length written, and in the name of Mrs. Nicholas Muggs, tied with narrow white riband, and sealed with a seal bearing for a cypher the appropriate device of Hymen holding a torch, purchased by Mrs. Muggs expressly for this occasion.

"Well, my dear, the tickets are all written and sealed," said Mrs. Muggs, as her husband entered the room, where the table was laid for tea; "but did you know you had such an awful name on paper?"

"Awful? that may be, Angy," said Nicholas, whose equanimity nothing could ruffle, provided his purse was not in danger, or particularly aimed at; "but it's worth a good many thousands on paper for all that. There's many a prettier I wouldn't give it for. Why, every letter of it is worth five thousand dollars in bank."

"I know, my dear! but I've been thinking that it might not always have been Muggs. They say Mrs. Seymour's

name is only the English pronunciation and spelling for St. Maur; and that Durgin is an American corruption for Du Guion, a noble French name, and that Grimes was once Graham. Now, why may not Muggs be a corruption of Marquis? Weston's happening to write the g's like q's led me to think about it. You need not twist down the corners of your simple mouth, and squint your eyes that way, Mr. Muggs," said the lady tartly, as she witnessed certain signs by which she understood that Mr. Muggs was laughing inwardly, or, as she expressed it, "beneath his skin," his usual mode of cachination; "why shouldn't it be as probable as the others I have named? Now listen how I pronounce: Marquis,—the original name, no doubt the title of your first ancestor, Mr. Muggs, and afterwards adopted as the family-name—now see the gradation—Marquis, Markis, Marks, Murks, Murgs, Muggs! Nothing more simple. You see it's a regular series, as I may say, of corruption."

"Corrupt enough, Mrs. Muggs, corrupt enough and simple enough, I assure you. I wonder what in the devil you'll make of it next?" said Nicholas quickly, in reply to these learned researches into the genealogy of the Muggses, with which his better-half attacked him, and seating himself at the tea-table, while his small eyes twinkled, and the corners of his mouth betrayed the usual signs of his being internally merry, though externally very grave, if not angry.

"But, Mr. Muggs," persevered the lady, seating herself opposite to him, "if this is a corruption, as I have, I think, proved it to be, why not resume the original name?"

"What, Mrs. Muggs! put Marquis on my sign instead of Muggs?"

"Yes, dear, why not? Mr. Marquis, or, if you choose, and it is still preferable, Mr. Le Marquis; for all the

great French names have a Le or a De before them—they signify something noble, I conceive—a sort of title. Mr. and Mrs. Le Marquis's compliments—how fine and aristocratic that sounds! Say you'll change it," continued Mrs. Muggs, carried away with her subject, "only promise you'll change it the next legislature, which is only next month, and I will anticipate a few weeks, and make Weston write all the tickets over to-night, in the name of Le Marquis. That will be delightful! Do now, my dear Nicholas, won't you?" and the eloquent lady, who had risen from the table and approached him in the earnestness of her request, grasped one of his hands and threw an arm tenderly about his neck, while her coral lips, and a piece of buttered toast raised on the end of his fork, seemed to urge their claims to his mouth pretty equally. Nicholas bet on the toast and won. As soon as he had bolted it, he began to speak, articulating somewhat thickly on account of the toast—

"Why, wife—why, Mrs. Muggs, you must be daft, as old Scotch Donald says, clean gone daft! Do you think me a fool? You must be put in a strait-jacket,—wound round with a ball of wick-yarn till you can't stir hand nor foot, like the mummy in the museum. Upon my soul, Angy, I don't know what in natur has got into ye. Go, go, take your chair, and give me another cup of tea to follow this toast. If you say another word I shall be angry."

Mrs. Muggs, or rather, Mrs. Angelina Celeste Le Marquis, felt that Nicholas had assumed the husband! and she had the tact to be silent till a future opportunity, or rather to change her battery.

"You have hardly looked at the billets, Nicholas, they are beside your plate," she said, in her most insinuating tones, "there are exactly two hundred. See the seal, how

very pretty it is! Don't you think it extremely appropriate to our newly-married state? It is my own choice!"

Nicholas laid down his knife and fork, took up a ticket, looked steadily at the seal for a few seconds, when his eyes began to twinkle, and the corners of his mouth to betray a hearty laugh "beneath the skin," and he drily remarked, as he laid it down and resumed his knife and fork—

"A very appropriate choice indeed, Angy, excessively appropriate. Humph! You could not have done better if you had been my father's daughter."

"Your father's daughter! How do you mean, Mr. Muggs?"

"Nothing very alarming, my dear; only a naked lad with a lighted candle, (though rather of the biggest at the end, as if it had been dipped by a bungler,) is as appropriate a device for a tallow-chandler, as ever was painted on a sign."

We will pass briefly over the unlimited consternation and chagrin which filled the soul of Mrs. Le Marquis at this remark.

"They will certainly think it our coat of arms!" she at length exclaimed, when she found tongue, "do tell me, Mr. Muggs, what can be done? It is too late to rewrite them, and if it was not, the riband and sealing-wax are all gone, and the stationers are all shut up by this time. Oh wretched woman that I am! Mr. Muggs you were born on purpose to disgrace me. When you married me you abstracted me, and are liable to the consequences."

"Abducted you mean, Angy," said Nicholas, pushing his plate towards the middle of the table, and shoving his cup and saucer after it—"it's better to be *abducted* into matrimony than *conducted* into bilboes!" Thus speaking, he took his hat and departed to his store, leaving Mrs. Muggs

in a paroxysm of tears, to which she gave way at the reminiscence of her "abstraction," and thought of the disgrace to which the name of Muggs would finally bring her.

Nicholas had been married not quite five weeks, but he had been Benedick long enough to know that the only way to stop his wife's tongue when lifted in lamentation or loosened with vituperation, as the case might be, was to let it run on, and, like a watch, it would run down of itself, for, otherwise, to use the simile Nicholas himself applied on the occasion, "the more you dip it the larger it will grow."

Thursday night arrived, and although Mrs. Muggs obeyed the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," and sent tickets of invitation to all and singular of the thirteen ladies whose aristocratic names made the deficit on her card-rack, not one of these ladies acknowledged her courtesy, either by attending the party, or sending an apology. Out of two hundred invitations, only one hundred and seventeen individuals honoured them by their presence. But those who came, however, were merely the skim-milk of the "jam," or soirée; the cream, consisting of the select thirteen, was not there. Nevertheless, Nicholas enjoyed the evening with great zest, while Mrs. Muggs was in ill-humour until the party broke up. When the last loiterer departed, she gave vent to the long pent-up volcano in her bosom. She paced to and fro through the lighted and deserted apartments, now striking her hands together, now clapping them to her forehead, muttering at intervals—"I will be revenged! yes, I will be revenged for so marked an affront!" and Mrs. Le Marquis (we occasionally give the original uncorrupted family-name, in testimony of our approval of this lady's taste,) only required a propitious opportunity to make her revenge complete. *Implacabiles plerumque læsæ mulieres*, is as true in English as in Latin.

A few days after the Muggs *soirée*, Judge Mannering, one of the aristocracy of the town, and husband of one of the "thirteen," was elected to congress, and in honour of this event, it was buzzed about that Mrs. Mannering was to make a large party, but on which Thursday night, that of the twentieth or that of the twenty-seventh of the current month, it was to be given, rumour said not. But Mrs. Le Marquis by means of an emissary, learned that the twenty-seventh was the night appointed, and having matured her plans, she accordingly prepared to take the field. Be it premised that Mrs. Muggs was "mortally certain" that neither good nor ill wind would blow her a ticket of invitation. Of this she had a presentiment as strong as past experience could make it.

"Mr. Muggs, I should like to have Robert to do some copying for me to-day," said she carelessly, one Monday morning, the seventeenth of October, A. D. 1820, just ten days before Mrs. Mannering was to give her party. Mr. Muggs had his hand upon the knob of the street-door, for she had risen from the breakfast-table and followed him into the "front entry," as halls are termed in New England.

"Robert, my dear? why not Weston?" inquired Mr. Muggs, opening the door ajar, as if his time was very precious.

"Because I'd rather have Robert; he writes a good hand, and I thought Weston might be busy," rejoined the lady.

"Very well, I should rather you'd have Robert, for he's idle half his time. You may keep him when he comes up to his breakfast, but don't detain him long, as Monday's always a stirring day with us at the store.

Robert Goldberry—a simple country lad, tolerably well versed in the elements of the "three R's, viz.: reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic," was hurried in his breakfast, and

then ushered, with much appearance of mystery, into the parlour by Mrs. Muggs, who carefully double-locked the door to guard against any chance intrusion.

"Now, Robert, I want you to set down and write three hundred billets for me."

"Three hundred billets!" exclaimed the luckless victim of the goose-quill. "Are ye goin' to have another gran' party, Miss Muggs?"

"Oh no, Robert, but—now you must never mention a word about it to a single soul breathing, and you shall have as large a piece of mince-pie at 'leven o'clock, as you can eat. Now, you know, Robert, that Mrs. Judge Mannering—you know, Robert, I visit in the first circles—is to give a large party next Thursday night, and the person she engaged, you know, to write the tickets, you know, was taken suddenly sick, you know."

"No I don't, Miss Muggs, I never know'd it afore," interrupted Robert Goldberry, in the honesty and simplicity of his heart.

"Well, well, Robert, never mind if you didn't.—You see Mrs. Mannering has writ me this note, (showing him a note, to the purpose, evidently in the autograph of Mrs. Muggs herself, though somewhat disguised,) desiring me to get one of the clerks to write the billets for her. So I have sent for you."

"But Weston writes a better hand," said Goldberry, not appreciating an honour coupled with so much labour, "he writ them others for you, Miss Muggs."

"Yes, but every body would know it, if her tickets were writ in the same hand mine was, and Mrs. Mannering wouldn't like to have it known, you know."

Robert was convinced by the double-falsehood and forgery of the artful lady, who allowed no obstacle to lie between

her and sweet revenge. Before sunset Goldberry had written, addressed and sealed three hundred and twelve tickets by the direction of Mrs. Muggs, who, with a Directory placed before her, named to him in succession the individuals whom she intended to honour with invitations. The tickets read as follows:—

“The compliments of Judge Mannering and lady to Mr. and Mrs. —, and would be happy to see them on Thursday evening next, the twentieth instant.

“F—, Oct. 17, 1820.”

The same evening, about twilight, while Mr. Muggs, honest man, was busy at his counting-room, Mrs. Muggs, excellent lady, issued, hooded and cloaked, from the back-door of her house, and walked rapidly up the street, until she came opposite to an old-clothes'-dealer's, and after casting a hurried glance up and down the street, darted into the dimly-lighted shop. Nearly a quarter of an hour elapsed, when she came forth, carrying beneath her cloak, what was apparently a large bundle, and with as much haste as her burden would admit of, she retraced her steps, and re-entered her house through the kitchen-door. Nearly half an hour elapsed, when this door again opened, and a young man came out enveloped in a cloak, and wearing a white hat with a drooping front, as if to conceal his features, yet, notwithstanding this studied concealment, a sharp nose and chin, and a huge pair of black whiskers were visible beneath it. He bore in one hand a small basket filled with what appeared to the passer-by to be letters, as if he carried the penny-postman's budget. Emerging from the back-yard, at first with some degree of hesitation, he entered the alley leading to the principal street, and moved forwards with an awkward, rolling gait, looking around

him every few steps, as if apprehensive of pursuit. After gaining the main street and walking a square, he paused before a handsome house, hastily ascended the step, pulled the bell, and as the servant opened the door, he placed in his hand, without speaking, a note from his basket, and hurried on his way. After stopping in this manner at nearly every door in that section of the city, entitled by those who live there, "The Court End," he diverged into other streets, traversing them on the same errand, his face the whole time muffled in the cape of his cloak. About nine o'clock he returned, apparently greatly fatigued, with an empty basket, and, by the way of the kitchen-entrance, disappeared into the house of Nicholas Muggs.

Thursday morning, the twentieth of October, arrived, to find all the mantuamakers, milliners and seamstresses "hurried to death," as they express it, with work. Such preparations for a party had not been made, within the memory of the oldest dowager of the town. Mrs. Mannering, who had been absent since Tuesday on a visit to her sister who lived a few miles in the country, also on Thursday morning returned home, to commence her preparations for her party that day week, that is, Thursday the twenty-seventh. She had hardly laid aside her bonnet, when an awkward servant-girl entered the sitting-room, with a basket full of plate, and—

"Miss Willis's compliments, and Miss Willis says Miss Mannering is welcome to use her plate."

"Mrs. Willis's plate! I use it? Why, what ails the girl? Who sent you with that basket of plate?"

"Miss Willis, marm; and she says as how I may stay and help."

"What *can* Mrs. Willis mean? Does she wish to insult

me! Go and tell Mrs. Willis, girl, that I am surprised that she should send me such a message, and that I have plate and servants of my own."

The girl, surprised to see the kind, lady-like Mrs. Mannering so moved, returned abashed and in silence to her mistress, (if New England kitchen-girls, I beg their pardon, I should have said "help," will allow me to express by this word the relation in which Mrs. Willis stood to the girl,) bearing her costly burden on her arm, and Mrs. Mannering's message upon her tongue. The sounds of her footsteps had not died away, when a negro, the carriage-driver of Mrs. Colonel Morton, entered the room, his head surmounted by a huge waiter loaded with champagne, wine and syllabub-glasses, and setting it down before the eyes of the wondering Mrs. Mannering, said, with a scrape of his left foot, at the same time pulling at his woolly forelock—

"Mistress Morton say, madam, she t'ought you'd want the cut-glasses, and says I may stay and 'tend, an' if you wishes 'em, the car'aige an' horses are at your service, 'sposen you want to sen' for any your 'lations;" and he concluded with another scrape of his foot and another pull at his forelock.

"Cut-glass, carriage, and you to wait!" exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Mannering, "certainly Mrs. Morton must be crazy, or making sport of me. Pompey, you may give my compliments to Mrs. Colonel Morton, and say that I am infinitely obliged by her kind offer, but have cut-glass, waiters and carriage and horses of my own. Tell her, farther, if she is in a quizzing vein, she should have chosen other victims than her old friends."

Pompey replaced the waiter on his head, and took his leave, wondering at the unwonted humour of the lady.

The noise of the closing-gate still vibrated on her ear,

when a tall ungainly Irishman entered the hall, bearing aloft a huge pair of candelabra.

"His honour and his honour's lady," he said, setting them down in the centre of the apartment, "'ll be afther sinding ye, madam, these iligant caundle-stucks, wid their best cumpliments to ye wid the same."

"What *does* the man mean?" almost shrieked the puzzled, distressed, bewildered Mrs. Mannering, "it would seem the whole town has gone crazy since I left it, and are now doing their best to make me so. What will all this end in?"

At this crisis Mrs. Willis, one of the "thirteen," entered the street-gate, and before she could reach the door, she was met by Mrs. Mannering.

"Why, Mrs. Willis!"—"Why, Mrs. Mannering!" exclaimed both ladies reproachfully, in one voice, "how could you refuse?"—"how could you send?"—"the unkindest message!"—"the strangest affair!"—"what did you mean?"—"how could you do so?" Here they both stopped, having got into the house, and having got out of breath.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Mannering," again started Mrs. Willis, after a few seconds' pause, on glancing into the two front rooms and seeing none of those signs of preparation she anticipated, "not a single thing done, and almost twelve o'clock. It will take a whole day to fix the rooms."

"Fix the rooms, Mrs. Willis! for what?"

"For what! you that are to have the largest party that's been given here since the peace, to ask me for what!"

"Party? me? Mrs. Willis?"

"Yes, *party—you*, Mrs. Mannering! Why, what makes you look so astounded?"

"Astounded! I may well be astounded, when this is the first intelligible intimation I have had of it."

"The *first*—the very first you knew of it?" cried her friend in amazement, "well I declare if this isn't strange enough!"

"Strange indeed! for me to give a party and not know of it. I left home Tuesday morning, and have returned within the hour. I had barely got into the house, when I was overwhelmed with servants, loaded waiters, candlesticks, and the strangest messages! and from you too, Mrs. Willis! Do tell me what to make of it?"

"Then you have not sent out any tickets for to-night?"

"*Not one!* My party is not to be given until next Thursday."

"Then, Mrs. Mannering, you are ruined," cried Mrs. Willis, elevating her eyes in undisguised astonishment, "utterly ruined. To my certain knowledge, nearly three hundred tickets were sent out in your name for a party at your house to-night! and you to know nothing at all about it! Why it's the talk of the whole town—Mrs. Mannering's splendid party! Mercy, what can be done?"

The bewildered Mrs. Mannering listened in speechless consternation, and then said quietly—

"Some enemy hath done this!"

"Some body, that is very certain," replied Mrs. Willis, with a propensity to laugh, "has hoaxed you unmercifully. Let me see! I have my ticket in my reticule." She drew it forth, and the two ladies put their heads together, to compare notes in detecting the chirography; but after much sage guessing they were compelled to give it up, and send to the office for Judge Mannering.

"Well, Julia, what is the matter now? The boy, Dickons, came galloping down to the office, as if a thousand pounds were pending on the speed he made. Why you look as if you both—your pardon, Mrs. Willis,—had

lost your wits—one laughing and the other crying—what has happened?" The judge was forthwith made acquainted with the hoax. "Ha, ha, ha! hoh, hoh, hoh! Well, this is the best joke I have heard since I was a sophomore! ha, ha, ha! Capital upon my honour!"

"But what is to be done, judge?" inquired Mrs. Mannering, half-disposed to laugh with her husband, but sorely troubled at the predicament in which she found herself placed, while her feelings were deeply wounded that any one should have been so cruel as to make her who bore no malice against any one, the subject of a hoax so severe.

"Done, my dear Julia? why let them all come; they shall have a glass of wine all round and I dare say you can add a piece of cake, and let them enjoy themselves the best way they can. So dry your eyes, Julia, and laugh at it with Mrs. Willis there. There is no use vexing yourself about it in the least. If I catch the rascal or trollop who has played you this joke—a capital one, by-the-by,—ha, ha, ha!—as ever was—I'll most assuredly indict and prosecute them to the utmost extent of the law; for it's plainly an indictable offence. So rest easy, ladies;" and the easy judge took his leave, to go, as he said, to the barber and get his beard off for the occasion.

The ladies, however, could not rest easy. Thrown on their own resources, they formed their plan of operations and proceeded to action. A list of all Mrs. Mannering's friends and all likely to be sent for, was drawn up, and notes of regret and postponement to an indefinite period, were written, without exposing the hoax, (thus tacitly acknowledging, as was the wisest course, the forged invitations,) and sent to them before three in the afternoon, by the hands of black Pompey the coachman, the Irish waiter of the candelabra, and the plate-burthened servant-maid,

and half-a-score more of neighbour's servants, besides all her own, pressed or borrowed for the nonce.

Mrs. Mannering, unfortunately, lived seventeen years ago, when people *sat* at parties and *feasted* sumptuously; "hungry parties," where the feast is intellectual, and chairs are interdicted, were not then in vogue, otherwise Mrs. Mannering might "have let them come," happy to be blessed even with cake and wine.

During the evening, ten or fifteen straggling arrivals, not included in Mrs. Mannering's postponement-tickets, for the very good reason that she neither knew nor visited them, were turned away from the gate by a servant with an apology on his tongue, who had been stationed there all the evening as a vidette. Otherwise, the evening passed off as well as could be expected. Mrs. Mannering, poor lady, laboured in the dark, in addressing her billets of postponement. Two or three of her dearest friends, who were offended on Tuesday at not being included in the invitations, were surprised on Thursday at receiving her card of postponement. Others, her enemies, for the best of people will have enemies, were wondering that they should be invited, and, being passed by in the dispersion of the tickets postponing the party, departed (for they all came) malcontent and angry, when turned away from the door in conjunction with a blacksmith and his wife, a shoemaker and his wife, three masters of coasting vessels, two mantuamakers, and three milliners with their apprentices, all unexpectedly honoured, much to their delight, with tickets to "Mrs. Judge Mannering's great party." Alas, innocent Mrs. Mannering had to quote a homely phrase, "got herself into hot water," or, as Mrs. Nicholas Muggs would professionally have expressed it, into "a kettle of hot tallow," which is full as bad, no doubt.

The next day the whole town, or, to speak with more modern accuracy, *city*, was abuzz with the talking the postponement had given rise to. In the meanwhile, Mrs. Mannering and her friend Mrs. Willis, and some other ladies who had been called in to the council, and who were alone in the secret of the *hoax*, were exhausting every source of information to detect its author. The footmen who had answered the bell on Monday night, some of whom the ladies examined, showing much legal acumen at cross-questioning, for ladies are naturally lawyers, testified that the person who brought them was a short man with sharp features and black whiskers, wrapped in a cloak, and wearing a large flapped white hat; further they could not depose. The bench of ladies, composed of the "thirteen," finding nothing more could be discovered, resolved to suspend their investigations, but before adjourning, voted, *nem. con.*, that it was Mrs. Mannering's duty to fulfil her original intention, and give her party on the next Thursday night. Therefore, Mrs. Mannering, who had hinted that she should decline giving her proposed party, issued three hundred and seventy *bona fide* tickets, each endorsed, at the suggestion of the judge, "no postponement;" he also would have added "hoax or no hoax," but the ladies set aside this amendment.

Mrs. Muggs did not receive a ticket.

A second time the jam-crowding, party-going syllabub-eating folk were all agog, and fluttering with anticipation and ribands. The night of the party arrived, and the elegant mansion of Judge Mannering blazed with light. The apartments were lighted up with infinite splendour, and the suite of rooms presented a scene of unrivalled brilliancy, while the elegant Mrs. Mannering, and the beautiful Mrs. Willis, who volunteered as a sort of aid-de-camp, glittering with jewels, promenaded through them, like princesses

about to give audience to ambassadors in waiting; while the judge, standing by the fire, arrayed in his small clothes, ruffled shirt, and a broad-skirted black coat, after the fashion of certain antiquated beings ycleped "gentlemen of the old school," might have been taken by a Boerian for the lord chamberlain. It had been dark full a quarter of an hour, but the company were not expected to arrive until eight, and there yet lacked twenty-five or thirty minutes to that momentous hour.

Leaving them in the lighted halls, we will follow with our eyes that fellow with black whiskers and slouched hat, muffled to the eyes in a cloak, who has just come out of the back yard in the rear of the dwelling of Nicholas Muggs. He is skulking, as if to avoid observation, through the alley towards the "court end" of the town. It is not quite dark, and there are yet two good hours to eight o'clock. He walks very fast, and has now gained the principal street. Passing hastily by less imposing structures, he ascends the steps of that aristocratic mansion, where lights are moving busily to and fro in the chamber windows, while a carriage stands in waiting in front. He rings and leaves something in the hands of the footman and hastens away. He rings at the next house and the next. The lights have left the windows of the first house, and a servant coming at the door, conveys an order for the carriage to be put up. He seems to be a messenger of evil tidings—for sudden movements and opening and shutting of street-doors, the disappearance of lights from all the chamber windows, and their re-appearance in the lower rooms, are the phenomena which follow his presence. What can be his tidings? Who can he be? Reader, it is Mrs. Muggs, Mrs. Angelina Celeste Muggs, *alias*, Le Marquis. She is very busily postponing Mrs. Mannering's party. She has

a second time assumed the disguise of a man, to put suspicion at fault.

It is now a few minutes of eight o'clock, and she is re-entering her house, her mission accomplished. She has left behind her between three and four hundred tickets and that number of disappointed ladies and gentlemen. The tickets read as follows:—

"Judge Mannering and lady throw themselves a second time upon the indulgence of their kind friends. Events of very recent occurrence, demand that they should postpone the party appointed for this evening to *to-morrow evening*.

"Thursday afternoon, three o'clock, Oct. 27th."

Mrs. Muggs having exchanged her masculine attire for the habiliments of her sex, descended to the tea-table, where she met her husband—her face all smiles, her tongue all honey, her heart all gall—herself a painted sepulchre. Nicholas, worthy man, who had just returned from his store, was in blissful ignorance of all the desperate plots and plans, unsexly disguises and night-sallies of his better part. While she was pouring out his tea, the town-clock tolled the hour of eight, and as the first stroke fell on her ear, her dark, cold eye seemed to smile and light up with a peculiar expression of triumph. The strokes of the clock which conveyed such pleasing sensations to the tympanum of Mrs. Muggs, also fell upon the ears of Mrs. Mannering and her aid Mrs. Willis.

"Eight o'clock and not a soul here! What can detain them?" said the perturbed Mrs. Mannering to the equally perturbed Mrs. Willis.

Mrs. Willis could only conjecture, surmise and wonder. A quarter of an hour passed away, as if each minute dragged a leaden weight at its wings, and the judge at length became interested in the delay, and, with his watch

in his hand, traversed the brilliant rooms, ever and anon gazing out of the window, or listening at the front door with his hand up to his ear. Twenty, twenty-five minutes, a half an hour elapsed, and Mrs. Mannering became very much distressed, and Mrs. Willis began to grow very nervous, when to their great relief a carriage drew suddenly up at the gate, the steps rattled, the gate opened, and the next moment a very handsome and very fashionable woman in a riding-hat entered the room. She started at the dazzling appearance of the rooms, as if unlooked for, and then running up to Mrs. Mannering with both hands extended, exclaimed—

“Why, my dear Mrs. Mannering—you are to have the party after all! I thought something very serious must have happened—you can’t imagine how much I am relieved—and as soon as I received your note postponing the party, I changed my dress, for I was then at my toilet, and took the liberty of an old friend to ride down and see what had happened. And then you are really to give the party after all. Well, it’s very odd!”

“Then you have received to-night, Mrs. Carlton,” said the judge inquiringly, and looking very grave, “a ticket ostensibly from Mrs. Mannering and myself, postponing the party of to-night?”

“Why, yes, certainly,—what makes you all look so grave? do tell me if any thing has happened? I hope nothing serious!”

“Oh no, nothing more serious than a second edition of hoax number one,” replied the judge drily, leaving the room to exchange his dress for his cast-off garments. In his present mood he would have resumed his beard if he could have done so.

The three ladies stood staring at each other, three pic-

tures of speechless bewilderment and voiceless despair—Mrs. Willis, her hands and eyes elevated,—Mrs. Mannering her eyes filled with tears and her hands folded with an air of resignation upon her bosom,—Mrs. Carlton very much puzzled. At length Mrs. Willis went into hysterics, Mrs. Mannering cast herself upon the sofa, and gave way to a paroxysm of tears, and Mrs. Carlton screamed from sympathy and for the servants. Here I will drop the curtain, being but indifferently skilled in bringing ladies out of the hysterics.

The next evening, for people will attend parties even if twice postponed, Mrs. Mannering's rooms were crowded, in conformity with the postponement ticket, for the judge and ladies, on learning the extent of the second hoax, decided that it was best to open the house to the party—nor had they any alternative. In the midst of the enjoyments of the evening, however, Judge Mannering, who had once more donned the habiliments of the "old school," called for "silence in the court" with a voice of mock gravity; and then with much humour related to the assembled company the double hoax played off upon Mrs. Mannering. Thus every thing, otherwise unaccountable, was explained, and matters, saving always the detection of the arch-hoaxer, as they should be. While a confused buzzing, like the swarming of bees, into which the general laugh with which this information was received, subsided, filled the rooms, a scuffle was heard near the hall-door, and amid the cries of "here he is, judge!"—"drag him along!"—"I know him by his flapping white hat,"—"and I by his sharp nose,"—"and I by his peaked cap,"—a man in a slouched hat and cloak, with huge black whiskers, was thrust into the room by half a score of footmen, representatives of as many families in the neighbourhood.

"Here's who? Who have you here? What's all this?" inquired the judge and several other gentlemen, gathering round the involuntary intruder.

"It's the chap what carried about the tickets," replied one.

"Yes, I'll swear to him!" said another. "So will I,"—"and so will I,"—"and I,"—"and I too,"—"and I," reiterated various servants who had answered the bell of the ticket-bearer.

The crowd, especially the ladies, crowded around the ruffian, and as one of the gentlemen present laid his hand upon his collar, he sunk to the floor as if he had suddenly fainted. His hat at the same time fell off, taking with it a black wig and the masquerader's enormous whiskers, leaving behind a head of long black hair, which fell down over his face and shoulders.

"A disguise! It's a woman! Give her air!" cried several voices.

Alas! it was a woman! and no less a person than Mrs. Angelina Celeste Muggs, otherwise Murgs, otherwise Murks, otherwise Marks, otherwise Markis, otherwise Marquis, otherwise Le Marquis, and otherwise, in her own proper right, and in courtesy to her husband, Mrs. Nicholas Muggs! Curiosity, that dangerous foe to her sex, had drawn her forth to witness the successful finale of her plots, gaze upon the throng she had collected by her own fiat, and mark how the puppets moved she had so cleverly set in motion. Her reflections upon the scene were very pleasant to her soul. While she stood wrapped in these reflections and her cloak on the opposite side of the street, surveying the gay assembly, she was recognized by one of the servants who had received tickets from her. The alarm was given, and the arch-plotter was dragged by her triumphant

captors into the midst of that circle in which it was her highest ambition to appear.

The scene that followed her detection, particularly among the fairer portion of the assembly, I will leave to the imaginations of my fair readers,—for it beggars description.

Mrs. Muggs did not recover from her fainting fit, until she was conveyed, hat, coat, pantaloons and all, to the infinite surprise of worthy Mr. Muggs, to her own house.

Nicholas thought it best to separate from a lady so much attached to the apparel of the more lordly sex, and who had fallen into merited infamy and contempt; and he continued to wax fat and rich.

Mrs. Muggs, after a moderate settlement from Mr. Muggs, left the town suddenly, and pitched her tent in the city of Gotham, where, peradventure, she still inhabits, rejoicing in the aristocratic and euphonious appellation of Mrs. Angelina Celeste Le Marquis, a buxom widow, “passing rich with forty pounds a year.”

Natchez, Mississippi.

SEASIDE MUSINGS.

BY MISS MARY ANN BROWNE, AUTHOR OF "MONT BLANC,"
"ADA," "THE CORONAL," ETC.

THE way was lone, the path was drear,
A mile behind the naked strand;
No fairer prospect open'd near
Than hill on hill of rigid sand.
The tangled rushes, rustling harsh,
Beneath the plunging footstep's tread;
The frequent spot of greener marsh
In its deceitful brightness spread;
The tall sea-holly's prickly stalk,
Half bedded in the sandy ground—
These, in that long and barren walk,
Were all the gifts of earth I found.

I tried the pathway to beguile
With thoughts of many a lovelier scene—
Of the rich upland's harvest smile,
Of hills o'ertopp'd with waving green;
Thought of many an inland view,
Where field on field stretch'd forward still;

Of dells, where hides the violet blue,
And o'er the pebbles brawls the rill ;
Of the clear fount, where mossy stone
And drooping briar look green and cool ;
Of the pure water-lilies strown,
Like ivory cups, on shaded pool ;
Of the round, heathery mountain tops
Purpling, like cloud-land, far and high,
Where her dry food the wild goat crops,
Relieved against the sunset sky.

I started on my path with awe,
I saw a flood of glory fall,
I look'd towards the west, and saw
The sunset glorious over all.
Ay, glorious o'er the barren heaps,
And o'er the rushes and the sand,
Anon the fairest stream, that sweeps
Through richest fields of cultured land.
The tears gush'd sudden to my eyes,
The pulse throb'd higher in my heart ;
I read an emblem in those skies—
So doth the Christian still depart !
The earth beneath unheeded lies,
And, whatsoe'er its gifts have been,
His parting presence glorifies
The wealthiest or the meanest scene.

Liverpool, England.

FLOWER UPON THE GREEN HILL SIDE.

•
“FLOWER upon the green hill side,
Thou, to shun the threatening blast,
In the grass thy head dost hide,
By the tempest overpast.
Then to greet the azure skies,
And to feel the soothing sun,
Brighter, sweeter thou dost rise ;
Tell me, flower, how this is done ?”

“I will tell thee as thy friend,
Artless, timid, whispering low ;
To the blast 'tis good to bend ;
He who made me taught me so !
While his teaching I obey,
I but fall to rise and stand
Brighter for the stormy day,
Leaning on his viewless hand.

“When to Him I've lowly bow'd,
Life with freshness fills my cup
From the angry, scowling cloud ;
Then he gently lifts me up.

So I fall ; and so I rise ;
In the dark or sunny hour .
Minding Him who rules the skies !
He's my God, and I'm his flower !"
H. F. GOULD.

Newburyport, Mass.

HOUSEHOLD WOMAN.

GRACEFUL may seem the fairy form,
With youth, and health, and beauty warm,
Gliding along the airy dance,
Imparting joy at every glance ;

And lovely, too, when o'er the strings
Her hand of music woman flings,
Her dewy eyes still upward thrown,
As if from heaven to claim the tone.

And fair is she when mental flowers
Engage her soul's devoted powers,
And wreaths—unfading wreaths of mind—
Around her temples are entwined.

But never in her varied sphere
Is woman to the soul more dear
Than when her homely task she plies,
With cheerful duty in her eyes,
And every lowly path well trod,
Looks meekly upward to her God.

CAROLINE GILMAN.

Charleston, S. C.

STANZAS TO THE PAST.

WHAT of our friends, oh, past ?
The young, the brave, the beautiful, the fair,
Half open'd flowers, too lovely all to last,
Where are they now, answer me, phantom, where ?

Bring back those faded years,
Those days of passionate feeling, pure and bright,
Pale retrospect of many hopes and fears,
Bring back the visions of my lost delight.

Where is the fair-hair'd girl,
Beside whose couch of pain we watch'd so long, -
Waiting to see her spirit's wing unfurl
In heavenward flight, to join an angel throng ?

She, upon whose pale cheek,
The warm, deceitful flush so loved to play,
That hope might well mistake the hectic streak,
Of the bright harbinger of slow decay.

Oh ! mocking memory, lay
The early dead to rest,—I may not brook

On the closed lip, the cold and pulseless clay,
The sealed up eye, and marble lid to look.

Bury them deep, thou sea
Of Lethean darkness—shut them from my sight,
Wake not the sheeted relics, let them be
Lost in the dark abyss of time and night.

But from the few short years,
(The longest ones of time,) thou could'st remove
The misty veil, wet with affection's tears,
That sever'd us, oh! brother of our love.

Wilt thou but turn aside
Thy curtains of deep darkness? wilt thou roll
Their folds from round the beings which they hide,
And let me clasp them to my eager soul?

Let me but rest once more
My straining eyes on the familiar face
Of my lost brother, let them wander o'er
The lineaments they fondly love to trace.

Touch with mine own the hand
That sprung spontaneous to my eager grasp,
Hear the soft voice in accents mild and bland,
Feel the warm pressure of affection's clasp.

Inexorable past,
That wilt not from its treasury of loved things
One vanish'd joy, or faded pleasure cast
On the fond heart, that to their memory clings.

Years have gone by o'er all,
And peopled thy vast shores, to leave us sad
And desolate, while 'neath thy midnight pall,
Lies the quench'd light, that made our spirits glad.

C. H. W.

Philadelphia.

GENIUS.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

AND what is genius? 'Tis the sacred flame
Which burns upon the altar of the mind.
'Tis fed by fancy! She with ready hand
Gathers its fuel from the upper air,
From earth, and sea, and sky. 'Tis ceaseless fann'd
By fair imagination's outspread wing,
While oft it glows with so intense a heat,
As to consume its altar. Often too
It purifies the shrine on which 'tis laid,
And, bearing incense sweet, mounts upward still,
More bright, more pure, till in its native heaven
It glows with light celestial.

Stockbridge.

THE LAKES OF LYNN.

BY ALONZO LEWIS.

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt ;
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd.

MILTON.

THE sun was distributing his golden splendour, in all the rich magnificence of a New England June, upon the calm expanse of one of the beautiful lakes of Lynn, which spread out their pure and peaceful waters, amid the quiet seclusion of their surrounding hills, as if to woo man from the contaminating turmoil of human passion, to their unsullied and virgin enjoyment. A tall pine threw the rich and soft shadow of its dark green drapery in a long path over the bright mirror, and far down into its clear depths, blending its spirit with the tranquil element, like the well-defined remembrance of long and endearing friendship in a pure and generous heart. From a little verdant headland, that shot out in an opposite direction, the deep green foliage of grass, shrub and flower was reflected in the lake, forming a second landscape in the transparent element, scarcely more soft and peaceful than the first. The resplendent hues of

earth, sky and water were blended, like the indefinable lustre of gems; producing that delightful harmony which the lover of nature has often observed, but which no one can adequately describe, and which may be likened to the delicate and versatile dies on the neck of the wood-pigeon, ever varying, yet ever the same, when he sits swinging on some green bough of his loved forest, half buried in shade, and half gilded in sunshine!

There are six of these lakes in the vicinity; and two others, the fountains of the rivers Ipswich and Saugus, were embraced in the ancient town. An English traveller, who visited this country in 1633, calls them "spacious ponds, like little lakes, wherein be good store of fish." Three of them are united in a stream, bearing the luxurious appellation of Strawberry Brook. The fifth, which is the smallest, and was anciently supposed to be fathomless, is crossed by the great eastern road to Boston, on a curious wooden bridge, which floats upon the lake like the Persian's bridge of boats across the Hellespont, rising and falling with the swelling and decreasing waters. On the banks of the sixth is a celebrated medicinal spring of chalybeate properties, much frequented by invalids and parties of pleasure. It is covered by a chaste and appropriate veranda, surmounted by a classically carved head of Hippocrates, the physician of ancient Cos, who seems to preside over the waters, and indicate their conduciveness to health. Beside it stands a neat and convenient house of reception for visitors, furnished with commodious baths, and several elegant barges, whose white sails, relieved against the green margin, are often seen gliding gracefully over the blue mirror, like swans over their loved element. It was here that, in 1686, resided Jean Caspar Van Crownin-scheldt, a German emigrant, the ancestor of the respectable

family of the Crowninshields, well known in the political annals of our country. Several of the trees belonging to the little orchard of Mr. Crowninscheldt yet remain, and in pointing them out, the landlord, who is distinguished for his urbanity, relates as a matter of some consequence, that the Rev. Cotton Mather once made a visit to the cottage, and drank of the water of the spring.

The hills which surround these lakes are covered with trees, chiefly evergreen, as pines, cedars and hemlocks; and among them are some of the most delightful vales and vistas in this portion of the country. From their green summits may be seen the ocean, rolling in its undiminishable grandeur, and the iron-bound peninsula of Nahant, with its beautiful beach of sparkling sands, so much admired by all who have hearts to appreciate the strong beauties of nature. If these lakes could be distributed among the parks of England, their shores might be covered by thousands of guineas—here, the land around them may be purchased for about a hundred dollars an acre. How many are sighing over the imaginary beauties of a residence on the banks of the Rhine, or the margin of Winandermere, when they might enjoy the sweets of rural life and domestic felicity with far more economy, purity and safety in our own favoured land!

On a pleasant glade, beside one of the lakes, over which the reader has seen the declining sun of June diffusing the shadow of the pines, stood a small, but very convenient cottage. It was covered by pieces of hemlock-bark, cut into regular shapes, and put on with great neatness. The windows which looked out upon the lake, had small diamond sashes made of lead. From the door, a bower extended toward the water, and served the purpose of a porch. It was constructed of alternate columns of green

willow and white birch, gracefully interwoven with slender rods of hornbeam and hazel, and fastened at the intersections by twigs of green birch. Over the pointed arches of this little bower ran the thick tendrils of a flourishing grapevine, whose numerous and broad leaves formed a screen from the hot rays of summer. The whole was arranged with great taste and propriety, and though economical and rustic in the highest degree, evinced in the design a knowledge of the purest principles of rural and Gothic architecture.

At the door of this cottage, and in the chequered shadow of the vine-clad bower, sat a young lady in her nineteenth year, bearing the sedate features of German extraction, while in her dark blue eyes shone the intelligent expression of the Anglo-Saxon. She was invested with a light tunic, cut in the Asiatic fashion, that most graceful of all dresses for a young lady, and her girdle was fastened by a diamond aigrette, the gift of an English princess, which she treasured with the utmost pride and care, as a memento of the land of her nativity and education. The rich tresses of her dark hair were slightly confined by a fillet of silk, and her slippers, as they emerged from the folds of her pantalettes, showed that they were fastened over a pair of the most delicate ancles, by brooches of seashells set in silver. She was reading in a small volume of black letter, illustrated by woodcuts somewhat rudely engraved. It was that most priceless of all ancient poems, the *Fairy Queen* of Spenser; and the smiles which occasionally sent their sunny gleams over her fine countenance, and the tears which alternately trickled between, showed that her whole soul was absorbed in the subject.

When in England, Gertrude had been persecuted by the importunities of young Stormount, the dissolute son of a

a nobleman; and so long and so perseveringly had his suit been pursued, that it was even with delight that she heard her father's determination to leave the white cliffs of her mother's home, for the uncertain vicissitudes of the wilderness.

Other suitors, as well among the high-born, as among the gentry of England, had aspired to gain the hand of one whose unsullied and generous love were worth a kingdom, if a kingdom could not be enjoyed without such love!—but to none had she given hope, except to a young and noble spirit, whose ideality and piety afterward advanced him to the highest ranks of eminence in the established church.

Mr. Crowninscheldt had left Germany in early life to reside in London, where he married, and on the death of his wife, had removed, with his son and daughter, to New England. He had selected a romantic spot, on the margin of a lake, and beside a spring of medicinal waters, as before described, for the benefit of his health. He had not married a second time, not from any deficiency of regard for the sex, but rather from his entire devotedness to one. No one could have a more passionate admiration of the virtue of woman, and he delighted to relate instances of her fidelity, from the deep devotedness of Gertrude Vonder Wart, who tarried alone by her husband during the long cold night in which he was broken upon the wheel, and brought him water in her shoe—to the faithfulness of “that sweet saint”, who, only three years previous, sat by the side of Lord Russell during his trial, and assisted him by her presence and her pen. In person, Mr. Crowninscheldt was well-formed, and in manner grave without severity. His venerable appearance might for a moment have startled the beholder into the imagination that he stood in the presence of one of the patriarchs of old.

In his retirement among the lakes of Lynn, he enjoyed the tranquillity for which so many vainly sigh. The devotedness which he had once admired in his wife, he still found in the attachment of his daughter. The deep and pure affections of life are not the less valuable and essential to our enjoyment, from their being silent and unobtrusive. Byron and Bulwer may thunder at the human bosom, and shake and shiver its passions with the heartquakes of their poetry and their eloquence; but not in the storm and the whirlwind of passion is to be sought our true enjoyment. It is found in the quiet and enduring affections of the gentle heart—as wife—mother—sister—daughter. The love of woman, in its various forms, is indeed the purest and dearest thing on earth, and the nearest allied to heaven. It is the last hope of the affections and of religion; and may be called the anchor cast in a better world, to save this.

Gertrude was so absorbed by the book she was reading, that she did not observe an Indian emerging from the forest near the cottage, until he had approached within a few steps from her. He was a youth of regular features, and an elevated countenance, dressed with more care than was generally the custom of the sons of the forest. His step had in it something of pride, but his manner was easy and graceful; though a discerning eye might have seen that it was rather the manner of one condescending to please, than of one looking up for a boon. He had in one hand a fowling piece, with a long slender barrel, and in the other a bunch of wood-pigeons, neatly tied with a green twig. As he laid them at the feet of Gertrude, he said—

“I have brought the white dove a present. Will she receive the gift of the red bird? I almost regretted to kill the poor things, their eyes reminded me so much of those of the pale maiden!”

"The presents of Maneko are ~~very~~ acceptable," replied Gertrude, and turning her eyes again upon her book, she continued to read.

Maneko sat for some time in thoughtful silence, his eyes intently perusing the shadowed countenance of the amiable girl, as it was chequered by the varied emotions of her mind, produced, no doubt, by the book she was reading. At length he spoke.

"The visits of Maneko are not so pleasing to the white maid as they used to be!"

"Maneko is ever welcome at the white man's cottage," rejoined Gertrude, and continued to read.

The young Indian sat for some time absorbed in thought, until, in swinging his foot, he struck it against his gun, and caused it to fall from the seat against which he had leaned it, upon a stone. The ringing sound which it made caused Gertrude to look up. Her eyes encountered those of Maneko. There was an expression of deep and intense meaning in them, which Gertrude had never before seen, or, if seen, she had never regarded. He repeated his remark.

"The visits of Maneko are not so pleasant to Gertrude as they used to be before the white stranger arrived!"

A deep blush suffused the countenance of Gertrude, as the truth flashed for the first time upon her understanding. It had been elicited by the look of Maneko, aided probably by his remark. Gertrude had been acquainted with him for several months. She had often noticed his graceful and dignified manner, as he passed in the path near the cottage; but a little incident of deep interest to her, had rendered him an object of more than common regard. It had been the frequent custom of Mr. Crowninshieldt to take an excursion in his little boat upon the lake, either alone, or in company with his son or daughter. He was indulging in

this favourite amusement one afternoon, in the absence of his son, and while his daughter was busy in the cottage, when the boat was accidentally overturned, and he was precipitated into the water. His daughter had observed the accident; and rushed to the margin; but she was unable to render any relief, and could only shriek her distress. Her father would doubtless have perished, had not Maneko, who, from some cause or other, was always wandering in the neighbourhood, having heard the shriek of Gertrude, instantly appeared on the opposite hill, and, throwing down his gun, dashed into the water, and saved the venerable man, just as he was on the point of perishing. From that moment Gertrude regarded him with gratitude, and always bade him welcome at her father's home. She had noticed that his visits were frequent, and that he generally brought some useful or valuable present; but it had never crossed her imagination that he could love, and certainly never that he would dare to love one, between whom and himself there existed such a disparity of condition. But now the fact stood palpably before her, and its magnitude seemed the greater that her father and brother were both absent, and that she was alone with a young and armed Indian. Almost any other girl would have shrieked, and perhaps have fainted, and they would certainly have had some cause. But Gertrude had never felt fear, even in the presence of strange Indians; and though a slight tremour passed over her heart for an instant, like a light breeze over her loved lake, agitating its surface a moment, yet her pure faith, and her good education, gave her strength, and she was tranquil. The thought of the stranger to whom Maneko had referred—the young English student before-mentioned, who was making a visit to New England previous to taking orders, and was pursuing his studies with the rector of the

church at Salem. He had several times visited her father's cottage, and she recollected that since Maneko had seen him there, he had been remarkably sad. Though it was impossible that she could ever reciprocate his affection, yet she had too much good sense, as well as too good a heart, to treat with severity one who loved her. She looked at him with deep emotion, as she said—

“And why should Maneko regret that the stranger, as well as himself, should have a regard for the white dove?”

“Because,” replied the young Indian, with a sigh, “because Maneko will never have any one to make his sleep seem sweet!”

“But Maneko may find many a red girl of the forest, who would be glad to pluck the arrows from his breast, and make his pillow soft,” said Gertrude, kindly.

“The wild bird of the forest loves but one!” said Maneko—“when he loses his mate he is solitary!”

“The eagle of the forest,” said Gertrude with dignity, following up his metaphor—“never mates with the dove!”

“True,” said Maneko, as he rose and took up his gun to go, while a big tear stood in his eye. He walked a few paces, and returned.

“The white dove has always come to the dreams of Maneko, and made them pleasant!” said he, “but she will come to his dreams no more! When she is in her nest beyond the great waters, will she sometimes think of the bird of the forest, and mourn that he has no mate?”

“Gertrude will always remember Maneko, and the love which he bore to her father,” said the gentle girl. “When the breeze is in the sails, she will think of the sighing of the pines, and pray to the Great Spirit that Maneko may be happy!”

The young Indian made a strong effort to restrain his

emotion, he approached the unshrinking girl, and taking her extended hand, imprinted on it a long warm kiss of affection. It was the homage of nature at the shrine of beauty and virtue! A hero could have done no more—a man could have done no less. Gertrude was in tears—the book fell from her hand. When she lifted her head to look at Maneko, the waving of the bushes only told where he had disappeared!

They know little of human nature, who think that a warm heart can only throb beneath a pale skin. Here was an Indian of the forest, with love as warm, as chaste, as noble, as ever agitated a human bosom, or adorned the pages of a poem or a romance. How greatly have that unhappy race been injured! and their wrongs have been continued even beyond the grave!

Maneko pursued his way into the depth of the forest, and sat down beneath a tree. He knew that Gertrude could never be his—that the Great Spirit had made an outward difference between them—but he felt that his love had been understood, and his self-command was restored.

Meanwhile Gertrude continued to read, though not without agitation. She wished for the return of her father and brother, and the afternoon never seemed to pass so slowly away. She laid down her book, as the departing sun was bestowing his farewell kiss on the summit of the hills, and the tops of the loftiest pines, and wandered down the path, in the hope to meet her friends. As she passed through a thick copse, from which the light of day had gone, she encountered one, whom of all her acquaintance she least expected, and least wished to meet. The sensitive plant never shrunk from the rudest touch with more instinctive dread, than her spirit recoiled from the encounter of his; but retreat was hopeless.

"Ha! my sweet bird of the wilderness! have I found you at last?" he exclaimed; "then have I not endured the perils, and the suspense of this tedious Atlantic voyage in vain. I shall quit you no more, my bird of beauty, till I have you safe in the cage!"

"Lord Stormount!" replied Gertrude, with all that dignity and grace which was so congenial to her manner, "I sincerely regret, for your own sake as well as mine, that you should occasion to both of us so much trouble, in a pursuit which is utterly futile. There is no congeniality between our spirits, and could that, which I will give you the credit of seeming ardently to desire, ever happen, we could never be happy."

"What, still in your old mood of repulsiveness? I had hoped that the horrors of this dark world of rocks and endless woods had by this time quite wearied you of your affected scorn, and that you would now be willing to return to a country which can furnish you with some better serenade than that performed by owls and frogs! I shall not get the jargon of their croaking out of my ears for six months!"

"If I ever return to the country of my mother's grave, which I own I have deeply loved," said Gertrude, "it will most certainly never be with you. Have the generosity, therefore, to free me from emotions which are not grateful to my heart."

The young nobleman continued to plead his suit with all the energy of impassioned eloquence, but in vain. Determined however not to be repulsed, he advanced to take her hand. Gertrude stepped back two paces, and at that instant the strong arm of the young Indian interposed between them, and with a gesture of haughty and natural scorn, steadily waved back the foolish and frustrated nobleman.

who recoiled from the indignant glance of Maneko, with a countenance in which rage and disappointed hope were strongly commingled. He retired to a short distance, muttering something which Gertrude indistinctly heard, about the sublimity of a lady bestowing her affections on a young savage, and mounting his horse, rode away, to brood over his loss, or to renew his attempt, as opportunity might favour.

Gertrude returned to the cottage, and Maneko departed. The twilight closed in, but still her father and brother came not. She retired to her apartment, and performed her devotions alone. She then sat down by her window to watch their return. As she gazed intently on the bushes which crossed the path, she saw them move. They whom she loved were returning! She looked—there were three. The “stranger” she thought was with them, and her heart beat quicker. She continued to gaze. As they approached she saw they had guns—they were Indians! She rose hastily and bolted the door. They advanced, and on finding it fastened, one of them raised his hatchet to split it open, when the quick report of a musket rung through the woods, and he fell dead at the threshold! Maneko had watched their approach, and before they could recover their surprise, he had buried his hatchet in the head of a second! The third closed with him, and the struggle was long and fierce, but love gave energy to the right, and the third was stretched beside his fellows! Gertrude, in trembling anxiety, had watched the result of the unequal conflict, and when it was terminated, she opened the door. Maneko spoke,

“The eagle has watched over the nest of the dove, and the hawks are disappointed of their prey!”

“Come in, Maneko, you are wounded,” said Gertrude; and she brought him into the cottage, and put her pillow beneath his head. The blood was flowing freely from

MORNING AMONG THE ALPS.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

Is this an hour for worldly care's intrusion,
When morning wakes in beauty all around ?
Is this a time for busy toil's confusion,
When nature sleeps almost without a sound ?
How the glad sunrise breaks along the ground !
The regal advent of a mountain day !
From crag to crag the royal coursers bound,
On peak and cliff the golden harpstrings play—
Tell me, is this an hour for passion's sway,
Thou, who along the hills' high top hast trod ?
Let none but pure thoughts through thy bosom stray,
Wand'rer of lonely wilds, lift up thy heart to God.—

Is this a season for unquiet dreams,
When glorious summer glows through all the sky ?
When every mountain pass and ravine seems
Clothed in a verdure of the deepest die ?
Thick round your way the gorgeous wild flowers lie,
Rich in their robes of beauty—and the trees
Wave all their brightest foliage, when the sky
Sends through its viewless paths the mountain breeze.—

When nature thus her brow from sorrow frees,
Is it a time to fret o'er life's dark ways?
O no! the birds sing thankful harmonies—
Lone rover of the wild, now tune thy soul to praise.—

Is this a place to speak of human pride,
Where the proud Alps around in glory stand?
Seem these high peaks to earthly things allied,
Which eagles' wings, and they alone, have fann'd?
Theirs are the forms that soar supremely grand,
Wrapp'd in the snowy robes of lingering years—
Like monuments of glory midst the land,
Too great for wonder, too sublime for tears!—
Is this a place for human hopes and fears
Their boasting words, their lofty thoughts to bring?
No—humbly in the temple nature rears,
Roamer of nature's scenes, bow down to nature's King!—

Philadelphia.

CHAPTER FROM THE ADVENTURES

OF A

LAME GENTLEMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLINTON BRADSHAW."

SOME months since, I blended pleasure with business, and took a trip to Louisville. After spending three or four days in that hospitable city, most delightfully, I embarked on board the steamboat *Mary*—I use a fictitious name, and, like the lord of poets, "I have a passion for the name of *Mary*,"—to return to Cincinnati. All was bustle on board—the captain was hurrying to and fro among the hands, uttering strange oaths, and vowing that he must be off before the other boats.

Ah! a race on the carpet—or, to speak without metaphor, on the river—thought I, and as one on crutches, unless he has certain powers possessed by the devil on two sticks, which for his soul's sake he had better not have, unless he has the gift of Asmodeus, if any accident happens,

is just in as bad a predicament as the liveliest imagination, expatiating on our western waters, could possibly fancy. I cannot swim, thought I—it will be a tempting of misfortune—I'll quit the boat. I passed out of the cabin to carry this resolution into effect, and beheld the firemen pitching the huge logs into the furnace, as though they were so many Lilliputian splinters. The heat from the apparatus passed over my face like the breath of the sirocco. At this instant the steam gave a hiss full of fummy fury—it seemed to me the premonitory symptom of a bursted boiler; just as the hiss of a snake is the avant-courier of a bite. I could not pass that boiler; it was impossible. While I stood eyeing it—irresolute—I heard the paddles splash in the water, and the boat moved under me—we were on our way. I now hurried into the cabin, determined to get the sternmost berth, number one—the farthest off from the boiler—and ensconce myself in it until supper; and then I could just pop out, and take the nearest seat at the table.

When I opened the book to set my name down to number one, lo! every berth was taken but number ten, the nearest of all to the boiler.

“There must be some mistake about this,” said I, aloud, “I believe I took number one.”

“No mistake at all, sir,” exclaimed a thin, dyspeptic old man, starting up from a chair which stood jam against the door that led to the stern of the boat; “no mistake at all, sir, I came three hours ago and took that berth—I have no idea of being near that boiler! Did you see that account in the paper this morning of the bursting of the boiler of the *Return*? Horrible! horrible!!”

Here the conversation among the passengers turned upon such accidents, and we talked ourselves into a perfect fever. Every jar of the boat—and somehow the boats on the

western waters have a knack at jarring—seemed to be the last effort of the boiler to contain the boiling-waters within. I tried to philosophize :—I began to think about Napoleon, and to reason myself into a belief of destiny. I always was something of a predestinarian. “But confound it!” thought I, just as I was settling down into a fatalism as doubtless as a Mussulman, “if I had quitted this boat, or even got berth number one, it would certainly influence my destiny should that boiler burst.”

I determined to try once more to get the berth, and I addressed the old codger again : but in vain. He vowed he would leave the boat—be put ashore, before he would give up number one. He, I discovered, had never been out of sight of his own chimney before, and had often set in its snug corner and read of steamboat accidents. He had a decided taste for such things. A connexion near Wheeling had left him a piece of property, of which he was going to take possession, and, I verily believe, the price of it could not have induced him to change berths with me.

Habit is every thing. By the time I had despatched more cups of coffee than I choose to tell of, and more eggs and bacon than might, under other circumstances, have been compatible with the health of a dyspeptic, for such I was, and seated myself on the stern of the vessel, with a fragrant cigar, watching the setting sun as it threw a gorgeous hue on the glittering waters. By this time, by a process of ratiocination with which, I fear, the sensual had more to do than the intellectual man, I had partly reconciled myself to the dangers that encompassed me.

I discovered that the other boats were out of sight, and I began to reflect that every situation has its pleasures, as well as perils. And there arose, vividly to my mind, the fact that when, not a very long time previous, I was approaching

Dayton, through the woods, in a carryall, all alone by myself, as an Irishman would say, with a greater desire for a straight course than the trees would allow me to practise. I like a straight-forward course, and if there has been any obliquity since in my scribbling, or conduct, it is attributable to this circumstance.

The fore-wheel of my vehicle—I was in a full trot—quarrelled with a tree that stood in its way, got the worst of it, and broke short off. Its trotter behind took up the quarrel like a true brother, and the consequence was, I was pitched out into the road with much less ceremony than a carter unloads his cart. My better half, my crutch, kept its seat and bounced up, I thought with a spirit of rejoicing and deviltry, delighted, no doubt, to get rid of a burden that I had compelled it to carry for years—a burden, which unlike *Æsop's*, grew heavier on the journey. Crutch and I have never been friends since. In taking a long walk, after this event, it bruised my arm so terribly, that I have been an invalid for five months. This infused into my arm a spirit of nubtuation. It ran up the single star, at once, and vowed it would not bear the weight of the whole body—that it was not made for that purpose, and wouldn't and couldn't. I have several times threatened this unruly member with dismemberment, but it knows very well it is bruised too near the shoulder for *that*, and is, like South Carolina, too close a part and parcel of my body to entertain many fears on that score. In fact I played politician with it, and brought in a compromise till I have agreed not to use the crutch until my arm gets well, and to endeavour to contrive some other means of walking. For amusement, and to get rid of ennui, in the mean time, I scribble. But, where was I in my story? ah! away went the horse with the broken carryall, my

crutch driving, while I lay in the road, happily unhurt, but, like King Darius, "deserted in my utmost need." In an instant I recovered myself and called out "wo! wo!" in the most commanding^c tone I could assume. The horse stopped, but, you may depend, I had a hop of it to reach him.

Some one of old boasted to one of the philosophers—which one was it? I forget,—that he could stand longer on one leg than any man in the country: "That you may," replied the philosopher, "but a goose can beat you." Now, the fact is, I can beat the best goose of the whole of them: and this is something to brag of, when we remember that these sublime birds saved the now "lone mother of dead empires," then in her high and palmy state, by cackling. A good many cackle nowadays in vain, to save our state; but, gentle reader, they are not geese. And, my fellow-citizens, if you think I have any qualities for saving the state—which our statesmen want, though even geese had them of old, but they were *Roman* geese, and the last of the Romans, both of geese and men, rests in peace—if you think I have any qualities for saving the state, be it known to you, that I have adopted the motto of various elevated, disinterested patriots of our country, viz.—"neither to seek nor decline office." I have a right to jest with my misfortunes, it is the best way to bear them.

I had to lead my old horse up to the broken carryall to mount him. He feared to look on what he had done, like *Macbeth*; and the ghost of Banquo never startled the thane more, than did that ghost of a vehicle my steed. How he curvetted, twisted, turned, kicked up! At last I mounted him, and shared with my crutch and the harness, the honour of a ride into Dayton.

In this way I entered that town for the first time, and drew up at Browning's in a style of grotesque dignity, I ween, that has seldom been surpassed.

I chewed the cud of this incident for some time, and then thought of another. The winter before last I was returning from Columbus in the mail-stage. We had passengers, a reverend gentleman, who, with myself, occupied the front seat. He was one of the biggest parsons you ever saw. Opposite to the reverend gentleman sat a Daniel Lambert of a Pennsylvanian,—one of your corn-fed fellows. He believed emphatically that Major Jack Downing was as true-and-true a man as ever wrote a letter, and his political bias led him to remark that “he didn't think the major was any great shakes after all.” Alongside of the Pennsylvanian, face to face with your humble servant, was a young man with demure features, saving and excepting a twinkling eye. He was a southerner, he said, travelling for his health. On the back seat sat an old and a young lady, with an elderly respectable-looking man between them. The young lady was like a dream of poetry: her features were finely-formed, and her eyes were the most expressive and intelligent I ever beheld. She mechanically—from the impulse of good feeling—stretched out her hand to take my crutch, as I ascended the steps of the stage—and, remembering Doctor Franklin's tale of the deformed and handsome leg—I often have cause to remember it, and I promised it a test—I felt an instinctive admiration for the fair lady.

We were soon dashing along, not on the best roads in the world. I like to observe character: I'd shut Shakspeare any day, and turn a deaf ear to Booth any night, though representing his best character, to hold converse with an original in the lobby. I sat in silence, and listened to the talk of my travelling companions for a mile or two, when

I made up my mind as to their characters. My mind was made up from the first as to the fair lady. In coming to a fine prospect, I caught her eye glancing over it, and I commenced, gently, to expatiate upon it. I made a hit—I thought I would. We broke out at once into a cantering conversation, in which our imaginations sported and played on the beauties of the poets and of Dame Nature. I tried to find out who she was, but you must remember I had to deport myself with great delicacy and tact—she was an accomplished, young, and most beautiful woman, and I was merely a stage-coach acquaintance, without not only the pleasure of an introduction, but ignorant of her name. These parsons beat us young men out and out, for, when we stopped to dine, the reverend gentleman took a seat by the fair lady, in the corner on the left-hand side of the fire-place; and they carried on a conversation, in a low voice, for some time. I began to form a bad opinion of the whole tribe of black coats, and to think them no better than "*the gentleman in black*," with the black waistcoat, inexpressibles and silk stockings, black coat, black bag, black-edged papers tied with black tape, black smelling-bottle, and snuff-box and black guard," whose adventures have lately been published. Well, thought I, if I were an old limb of the law instead of a young one, I might play old Bagsby with him, but I am not, and — I was interrupted agreeably in these reflections by the reverend gentleman, or the "*gentleman in black*," leaving the fair lady, and walking to the other side of the room to the fire-place, for there was a fire-place in both ends of the room, and commencing a conversation with the elderly gentleman and lady seated there. I was left tête-à-tête with the fair lady, and divers and sundry things were said by both of us not necessary to record. How fast the time flew! I felt a cold chill as the driver

entered the room. We arose; he said "he was sorry to have kept us so long, but he was having the wheels of the stage greased, the former driver had neglected it, and his horses couldn't stand it." "So long,"—I sat down—you know my feelings—and I hoped and hope my fair companion did not regret a great deal the delay.

Long ere this, of course, I had discovered the lady was as intelligent as she was beautiful, and I offered her a newspaper I had put in my pocket at Columbus, that I might read for the third time a beautiful tale which it contained. The editor of the paper praised the story very highly, and I commended his taste and the public's.

"What is the name of the tale?" asked the lady.

"'Constancy,'" said I: "I fear it is but a day-dream—but the story is beautifully told—and I hope the author, if ever he has a love affair, may realize it."

She blushed and asked me to read it. I pride myself somewhat upon my reading—I had a motive you see for offering the newspaper—and in a voice just loud enough for her to hear, I complied.

We were soon seated in the stage again, rattling away. The Pennsylvanian had eaten to sleepiness: he nodded and nodded fore and aft. The young man beside him, with a face as grave as the parson's, would every now and then slyly tip his hat, so as sometimes to cant it nearly off—at which the unsuspecting sleeper would rouse up, replace his beaver, cast his eye to the top of the stage, as if he wondered if a bounce of the vehicle could have pitched him so high, and then nod again.

We changed horses at the Yellow Springs, still keeping up a brisk fire of conversation. I did my best to beat the preacher; but these preachers are bad men to deal with, they stand on a place Archimedes wanted, for while I was

musings upon some fairy thought the fair lady had uttered, the reverend gentleman, or the "gentleman in black," took advantage of the pause, and proposed that we should sing a hymn! I have no voice in the world—I mean for singing, and, with a jaundiced mind, I thought at once the reverend gentleman wished to show off. I asked him rather abruptly if he was married? he smiled peculiarly—I didn't like his smile—moved his head—I couldn't tell whether it was a shake or nod—and gave out the hymn.

Just as you pass the Yellow Springs, on your way to Cincinnati, is a branch, which, at this particular time to which I allude, was very muddy. We descended into it in full drive—the ladies and the parson in full voice—and sweetly sounded the fair lady's. I was just watching her upturned eye that had the soul of the hymn in it, when the fore-wheel on my side entered a mud-hole up to the hub, and over went the stage! Were there bones broken? you ask. Bones broken! I would have compromised the case and used a dozen crutches. We had a verification of Dean Swift's proverb—it gave consolation to him to whom the dean addressed it, but none to me—

"The more dirt,
The less hurt."

The big parson fell right on me! Do you wonder that I felt myself sinking into the mud? I seized time as I was rapidly disappearing, as I thought, altogether, to ask the fair lady if she was hurt? She was not, she assured me, and, in a plaintive voice, inquired if I was? There is consolation, thought I, in that tone, if I should sink to the centre of the earth—and when I reflected how muddy I was, I contracted myself into as small a compass as possible, determined to disappear. Here the Virginian called out in

a long angry voice, which satisfied us that he was not killed, though he felt himself in danger.

"Halloo, Pennsylvania, are you never going to get off of me?"

The sleeper was not yet fairly awake.

"Don't swear, don't swear," said the preacher persuasively, and making a stepping-stone of my frail body, he got through the window. The Pennsylvanian used the body of his neighbour for the same purpose—engulfed him—and followed after the parson. The fair lady was unhurt, and, not to be too particular, we all got safely out.—And—and, no matter—it's no use for a man to make himself too ridiculous—I shall not commit a suicide on my own dignity—I forgot my situation but for a moment, and that was in observing the parson by the road side on his knees, with his clasped hands uplifted, and his hat reverently cast aside. I forgot my situation but for that one moment, and in that one moment my opinion of the parson was entirely changed.

The stage was uninjured; in ten minutes we were on our way. I—I—I can jest with some of my misfortunes—with my crutch,—but there are some misfortunes a man can't jest with.

In about half-an-hour the stage stopped at a neat farmhouse, and the fair lady with her companions left us, but not before I seized an opportunity of uttering—notwithstanding my discomfiture—in my very best manner, one or two compliments that had more heart in them than many I have uttered to many a fair acquaintance of many years' standing.

When we were on our way again, I learned from the parson that—he had caught it all between the two fire-places where we stopped to dine; it gave me serious notions

of reading divinity—that the fair lady was travelling under the protection of the old lady and gentleman, who were distantly connected with her. She was on her way home from boarding-school in Philadelphia—she had stopped at a relative's. Her parents lived at —— (a great distance, thought I.) She was the authoress, he told me, of “Constancy.”

Not long after this little event, I received a newspaper, the direction—my address in full—written in a fair delicate hand—a hand meant for a “crow quill and gilt-edged paper,” containing a beautiful story by the “authoress of Constancy.” I didn’t think it possible for my name to look as well as it did in that direction.

Whenever I travel, and often, often when I don’t travel and am an invalid as now, that fair lady is the queen of my imagination: but a cloud always passes over my face, (I’ve looked into the glass and seen it,) and another over my heart, (I feel it now,) whenever I think of the branch by the Yellow Springs. Yet, in spite of the upturning, even on board of the boat, in the fear of a boiler’s bursting, when her image crossed my mind, gone were the dangers around me. The smoke ascended from my cigar, not in a puff, like the steam from the boiler, but soothingly, lingeringly, placidly;—it curled above my head like a dream of love. I fixed my eye on the rapidly varying landscape, and renewed a vow I have often made,—and I always keep my vows—that if—bah! your “if” is a complete weathercock of a word, a perfect parasite to your hopes and to your fears, used by all, faithful to none, a sycophant, but I must use it, —if I ever—no matter—if it turns up as I hope—I’ll make a pilgrimage to the shrine of that fair lady, though I go to the uttermost parts of the earth.

FRANCISCO DE RIBALTÁ,

THE SPANISH ARTIST.

A BALLAD.

A gathering spot glowed burningly
On young Ribalta's brow,
As he stood on fair València's plain,
And breathed a parting vow ;

For neither name nor wealth had he,
Yet sweetly on him smiled
The young and lovely Isabel,
His master's only child.

" Farewell ! farewell ! my Isabel,
Mine, though I wander far ;
My love shall still shine over thee,
Like yonder distant star.

" I feel within my restless soul
The power to toil and die ;
Or fix upon the scroll of fame
My name in letters high.

“And, dearest! I will come again,
Though he may now deride,
And in thy father's presence claim
My own, 'my gentle bride.

“He spurn'd me, but the goading word
To thee alone I tell:

He said 'a *dauber* ne'er should wed
His peerless Isabel.' ”

She spoke not, but her beaming eye
~~Look'd~~ eloquently kind,
And her young fingers in his own
Were trustingly entwined.

One single, solitary tear
Came trickling down the while;
He kiss'd the falling gem away,—
'Twas follow'd by a smile.

And not until his waving plume
Had parted from her sight,
Seem'd she to feel the cloudiness
Upon her hope's young light.

Oh, what a wild and piercing gaze
Is that we throw upon
The sacred spot where one has stood
Who loved us, and is gone!

And what a sigh upheaves the soul
When stranger-forms pass by,
And with their dark, ungenial shade
Unspell the memory!

Ribalta 'neath Italia's skies
Pursued the path to fame,
Untired he follow'd where it led,
With thoughts and hopes of flame.

He watch'd the day-dawn's earliest ray
To urge his pictured toil,
And bent with strain'd and doubtful eye
Beneath the midnight oil.

And when upon his growing work
His kindling glances fell,
A gush of joy came o'er his head
That spake of Isabel. •

Three circling years his gentle love
Hush'd up her constant soul,
And if a sigh escaped her heart
Hope through the current stole.—

At length he came in manly truth;—
He heard her whisper'd tone,
Her eye-beam sank into his soul,
And she was still his own.

Soon to her father's vacant room
They pass'd with stealthy tread;
There on the easel temptingly
A noble sketch was spread.

Eager Ribalta seized the brush
And wrought as life were there;
The picture grew, and every stroke
Stood out with colours rare.—

And Isabel look'd breathless on,
With eyes and hands upraised,
And large drops beaded on his brow
As thus she stood and gazed.

'Tis done—and now a coming step,
Her father's step is heard,
Ribalta, shrinking from his sight,
Stifles the whisper'd word.—

The master starts—so beautiful
The new creation shone—
The colour, shade, expression too,
More lovely than his own.

“Why, girl, there's magic in this touch,”
The enraptured painter cried,
“And only he who wrought this work
Deserves thee for his bride.”—

A moment—and Ribalta's arm
Encircled that fair maid,
While at her father's knee they knelt,
And for his blessing pray'd.—

CAROLINE GILMAN.

Charleston, S. C.

SHELLEY'S OBSEQUIES.

BY N. C. BROOKS.

—Ibi tu calentem
Debita sparges lacryma favillam
—Vatis amici.
HOR.

BENEATH the axle of departing day,
The weary waters, on th' horizon's verge,
Blush'd like the cheek of children tired in play ;
As bore the surge
The wasted poet's form with slow and mournful dirge.

On Via Reggio's surf-beaten strand,
The late-relenting sea, with hollow moan,
Gave back the storm-toss'd body to the land ;
As if in tone
Of sorrow it bewail'd the deed itself had done.

There, laid upon his bier of shells—around
The moon and stars their lonely vigils kept,
While in their pall-like shades the mountains bound,
And night bewept
The bard of nature, as in death's cold arms he slept.

The tuneful morn arose with locks of light—
 The ear that drank her music's call was chill;
 The eye that shone was scarce in endless night;
 And cold and still—
 The pulses stood that 'neath her gaze were wont to thrill.

With trunks e'en like the sleeper's honours scrod,
 And prows of galleys like his bosom riven,
 The melancholy pile of death was rear'd
 Aloft to heaven;
 And on its pillar'd height the corse to torches given.

From his meridian throne the eye of day
 Beheld the kindlings of the funeral fire,
 Where, like a war-worn Roman chieftain, lay,
 Upon his pyre,
 The poet of the broken heart and lyre.

On scented wings the sorrowing breezes came,
 And fann'd the blaze, until the smoke that rush'd
 In dusky volumes upward, lit with flame,
 All redly blush'd,
 Like melancholy's sombre cheek by weeping flush'd.

And brother-bards* upon that lonely shore,
 Were standing by, and wept, as brightly burn'd
 The pyre, till all the form they loved before,
 To ashes turn'd,
 With incense, wine and tears, was sprinkled and inurn'd.

Baltimore, Md.

Byron and Leigh Hunt.



R W Dodson

AMERICAN.

Printed by [illegible]



MIRANDA.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

You, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

SHAKESPEARE.

Do you love me, Ferdinand?
I remember, when from land,
As behind a rock I stood,
On the margin of the flood,
I beheld your vessel keep
Warfare with the raging deep.
Fierce around the tempest roar'd,
On my head the raindrops pour'd,
And the winds, with wanton'dare,
Blew abroad my loosen'd hair—
But I heeded not their blow;
All the care that I could know
Was for those whose sadden'd wail
Came upon the passing gale,
As I saw that vessel brave
Sink beneath the whelming wave.

Do you love me, Ferdinand ?
Will you take me, heart and hand ?
You, by whose surpassing grace,
When I first beheld your face,
All my feelings were refined
Into one of rarest kind.—
Fool I am to waste these tears,
When I banish all my fears,
And behold your graces shine,
Mine alone, for ever mine.—
Yet, alas ! I well may grieve,
Being worthless to receive
Such a love as you bestow—
But this comfort yet I know,
That the heart I give is free,
Loving none but only thee.

Philadelphia.

THE TWO PIRATES.

BY MISS EMMA C. EMBURY.

•

THERE is perhaps no crime which owes so much to the embellishments of imagination as the atrocious one of piracy. The time, place and circumstance—the awful daring of men who on the wide waste of waters, alone, as it were, before the face of heaven, imbrue their hands in the blood of their fellow-beings—the utter helplessness of their imprisoned victims, all combine to give interest to the details of this horrible enormity.

Early in the spring of 18— two persons were committed to prison in Boston charged with this crime, and crowds of people flocked to see them, as they would have gone to a menagerie—to gaze in safety on strange and ferocious animals. Among the hundreds who visited them from mere curiosity, was one who was actuated by a higher motive. Arthur Wilson had early been a student of human nature, but he had lived long enough to find that man, the creature of every day life, was very unlike the being described in the pages of philosophy; and closing his ponderous tomes, he now walked forth with the world to pursue

his researches. His profession afforded him ample scope for seeing

“Man as ‘ne is, the secret spirit free;”

and he soon became as much distinguished for his skill in scrutinizing the motives and divining the springs of human action, as for his eloquence and legal attainments.

The court, willing to give the prisoners every chance of proving their innocence, had appointed Mr. Wilson counsel for the accused, and he was hastening to the prison to learn from their own lips some circumstances on which to found a defence, when he was told that one of them had turned state’s evidence. As he entered the cell to take his deposition, he could scarcely conceal his astonishment. There was nothing of the free bearing, the proudly courageous demeanour which Wilson had unconsciously associated with his idea of a man familiar with blood and death. A short thick-set figure, with hands and feet so enormous as almost to seem deformed, small gray eyes, that glared like those of a tiger, and a countenance of mean ferocity—such was the personal appearance of the notorious Antonio Salviada.

His deposition stated that, in the April of 18—, (three years previous,) himself and five others had shipped from Havanna in the brig Maria of New York, on board of which were six passengers, among whom were two women and a child about two years old. After they had been out at sea four days, they rose upon the crew at midnight, murdered the captain, mate and passengers, and compelled the remainder of the crew to work the ship, while they busied themselves in ransacking the cargo. When they approached Guadaloupe, their unfortunate messmates were stabbed

and thrown into the sea, to avoid the danger of discovery; finally they scuttled the ship one dark night, and went ashore in the long boat. After dividing the specie found in the vessel, amounting to about forty thousand dollars, they were about separating themselves, when they accidentally encountered an old companion in wickedness, with whom they obtained lodgings until they could arrange their schemes. The result of their plans was that a small, swift-sailing brig was procured, with which they had ever since been scouring the seas, until a shipwreck, which proved fatal to the most of his comrades, had brought him under the power of the laws he had offended. Such was the amount of his testimony. Of his life previous to the seizure of the brig *Maria*, he said nothing; the destruction of that ship was the first criminal charge brought against him, and he was too wary to commit himself by any unnecessary confession. He related his story with the utmost coolness; not the least trace of emotion was visible in his countenance as he minutely described the circumstances just mentioned, and Wilson left him, secretly regretting that the law would now be compelled to pardon one whom justice would so promptly have condemned.

But if such were his feelings when quitting the guilty *Salviada*, how much was that regret increased, when he entered the adjoining cell, and gazed upon its unhappy inmate. His age could scarcely have exceeded twenty years; his figure was so slender and boyish, as to give an idea of extreme delicacy of constitution; his complexion, though embrowned by exposure, was evidently of almost feminine transparency; his eyes were of that clear blue so rarely seen except in early childhood, and the short curls of his bright hair clustered upon his forehead as gracefully as if a mother's hand had just threaded their silken mazes.

Mr. Wilson involuntarily paused as he looked upon the delicate beauty of the face which he had expected to see characterized by the same dark passions that had so fearfully impressed themselves in the countenance of the elder pirate. He was recalled to himself by the low, mellow voice of the criminal.

"You would speak with me, sir," said he, somewhat hastily; "let me request you to be brief, my hours are now too precious to be wasted on idle visitors."

The kind heart of the lawyer could well understand the feelings which prompted such impatience of intrusion, and with the utmost gentleness he informed the prisoner that to him had been entrusted his defence. He besought the youth to state explicitly every extenuating circumstance, and to give him some facts on which to found his argument for an acquittal.

"You have the testimony of Antonio Salviada, sir," was his reply; "let that suffice—what he tells you is doubtless true."

"And have you nothing to urge in your own defence?"

"Nothing!"

In vain Mr. Wilson urged him to relate his own account of their piratical cruise.

"I thank you, sir," said he, "for the interest you appear to take in such a wretch as I am, but it is of no avail; life is a burden which I would willingly shake off. I was on board the ship at the time of the mutiny; I saw the captain and mate thrown overboard, and though my hand aided not in the deed, yet *I stood among the murderers.*"

This was all that could be learned from the unhappy boy, and the kind-hearted lawyer was obliged to leave him without obtaining the least grounds for his defence.

But the feelings of Mr. Wilson were too strongly in-

terested to allow of his resting satisfied without making another attempt to influence the wayward spirit of the young pirate. Every day he visited him, and every interview tended to increase the interest he already felt. He found the prisoner remarkably intelligent, and more than usually well-informed. His education appeared to have been an irregular one, for he was little skilled in the learning of the schools, but there was an originality in his remarks, and a refinement in his sentiments, which struck Mr. Wilson with astonishment.

The kindness of the good lawyer was not without its influence upon the criminal, and when the day of trial drew near, he seemed more disposed to confide to him his whole story, as if unwilling to face a frowning world without having secured at least one friend. On the night before the trial he related the following particulars:—

“In order to give you a correct view of the singular circumstances in which I have been placed, I must begin with the history of my mother. When but three years of age she was placed at one of the first boarding-schools in New York by a rough-looking sailor, who stated that he had been commissioned by her father to leave her in the charge of the preceptress, with strict injunctions to give her the best education possible. A bag containing five hundred dollars in silver, was left as an earnest that all expenses would be duly paid, but the sailor refused to give any explanation respecting her family, merely stating her name to be Mary O'Neill. Every year a sum of money sufficient to defray all expenditures was sent to the governess, but no message, no letter from her father ever accompanied it, and she remained at school until she had attained her eighteenth year, without having known any other connexions than her teachers and schoolmates. At length, the same sailor who

had placed her at school, came to take her to her father. She could not disguise the reluctance with which she left the friends of her youth, to seek a relative of whom she retained no recollection, and whose name even she had never heard. Judge then of her horror when, after they had set out upon their journey, her companion informed her that in him she beheld her father. It was even so: a coarse Irish sailor, of vulgar speech and worse than vulgar habits, was the parent of the beautiful, the refined, the highly-educated girl. Who her mother was she never learned; a feeling of tenderness, such as no other object had ever awakened, induced her father to secure to her the benefits of education, and, once provided for, he allowed her to remain in the enjoyment of these advantages, until it suited his conscience to demand her return.

“Had this been all, she might have learned to bear with patience the brutality of a parent, but when he took her to his home—a miserable tavern in Havanna,* the common resort of smugglers and sailors of the lowest order,—her situation became intolerable. She learned too soon her father’s motive in bringing her to such a home. Among the ruffians who frequented the house, was one whose horrible countenance she well remembered to have seen two years before, when he came as the messenger from her father, to deposite in her hands the usual bag of silver. Brutal in manners and disgusting in person, he was now rendered doubly hateful to her by the coarse attentions which he constantly paid her. What then were her feelings, when she accidentally overheard a conversation between him and her father, from which she learned that the admiration with which she had inspired him when at school had prompted her father to recall her, and that she was actually about to be sold to the wretch^e in payment of a

large debt which her father had not the means of discharging! In vain she wept and implored his compassion; the love of gold was stronger than parental affection. A priest in the pay of the gang of villains performed the ceremony, and the unhappy girl awoke from a deep swoon to find herself the wife of a smuggler and pirate. Dearly did her father pay for his cruelty. A very few months after this ill-omened marriage, he was stabbed by his son-in-law in a fit of passion, and his wretched daughter was immediately hurried on board a vessel, which seemed only waiting the orders of her husband. The scenes of horror which she witnessed there she never could describe:—the very recollection seemed to agonize her. It was there, sir,—amid those sights of terror—on board a ship whose hold was stored with the wealth of murdered men—whose deck was stained with the life-blood of innocent victims—it was there that I was born. You start—is it so very strange that a pirate-ship should be the birth-place of a pirate?

“For two years after my birth my mother was kept a close prisoner in this floating hell. The wretch knew her aversion for him, and he feared to trust her an instant from his sight. There was one human feeling still left within his bosom, and that was parental affection. His love for me was a deep, intense passion, and my poor mother was as much terrified by the almost ferocious earnestness of his affection for us, as by his ruthlessness to others. My health at length appeared to suffer from confinement in a close and crowded vessel, and he was compelled to allow my mother to take lodgings on shore for a short period. Not daring to remain with her, he left us in the charge of one of his most trusty officers. But my mother had determined to escape, and to a determined mind all things are practicable. When

he next ventured to approach the coast, his wife and son had fled from him for ever.

"All these circumstances I have frequently heard my mother relate, but she carefully concealed from me the name of my father. Even to this day I am as ignorant of his name as of his person.

"But let me begin my own narration. All my early recollections are unhappy ones. A small and scantily-furnished apartment, whose single casement offered slight resistance to the wind and rain, was the abode of my poor mother and her worse than fatherless boy. The sale of the few jewels which she was able to conceal about her person (when she escaped from her husband, was all she could rely upon for subsistence, and this little store she endeavoured to augment by disposing of various kinds of ornamental needlework, the only resource with which her elegant but superficial education had provided her. Secluded from all sight, trembling if she but fancied a stranger's glance fixed on her for an instant; toiling day and night at the easel or the embroidery-frame, to procure a miserable pittance for herself and child—thus did she pass four miserable, tedious years. Oh, sir, you who are surrounded by friends and relatives of all degrees of consanguinity, cannot know how strong are the ties which bind together the hearts of a lonely mother and her only son. The love which, under happier circumstances, would spend itself in many channels, is then condensed in one, and the course of such affection, however impeded by the evils of life, can never cease to flow till the hearts of both have ceased to beat."

He paused, overpowered by his feelings.

"My mother!—my poor mother!" he at length exclaimed, "how will she bear these dreadful tidings!" then,

as if ashamed of his emotion, he continued:—"We lived, as I have said, about four years in this state of indigence and misery, when an unexpected friend appeared to aid us. A lady, for whom my mother had made many articles of fancy-work, attracted by the elegance of her person and manners, had frequently endeavoured to win her confidence, until at length the voice of kindness overcame my mother's fear of discovery, and she related to her new friend her singular story. Mrs. — was a woman of heart and mind; she possessed too that which in this bank-note world is much more important—wealth. My mother was too noble-minded to be dependent on the charity of any one; but Mrs. —'s exertions procured her a situation in a large boarding-school, with a salary quite sufficient for our moderate wants. I was placed at a day-school in the neighbourhood, and an arrangement was made, which allowed me still to be my mother's companion after the hours allotted for our several duties.

"Let me now explain to you the peculiarities of my character. My father was a man of almost terrific courage; my mother had shown a spirit equal to the most trying emergencies, and yet I—their only child—was born a coward!—a weak, timid, nervous creature, unfit to face the lightest blast of fortune. Philosophers may prate as they will about the impartiality of nature. It is false—to one she gives the noblest talents, to another a mind but one degree above the brute; on one she bestows the moral courage, which elevates him to the highest rank in creation, while she sends another into the world 'but half made up;' a weak, drivelling creature, fit only to drudge his life away and be forgotten. Such a step-dame has she been to me. I was born a coward—I have lived a coward—and cowardice, not guilt, has brought me to a felon's death."

He ground his teeth till the blood foamed from his lips as he spoke.

"I forget myself," he at length resumed, "let me briefly finish my story. When I was about fourteen years of age, the husband of my mother's friend, Mrs. —, offered to send me to sea in one of his own ships. You may easily imagine how unwilling my mother was to devote me to such a life, but she had no alternative. There seemed to be no choice between this and a life of dependent idleness, and she finally consented to let me go, only stipulating that I should never sail to the West Indies. Her fear lest I might accidentally encounter my father, was the cause of this restriction, and the knowledge of her motive did not tend to diminish my reluctance to the perilous life of a sailor. Never shall I forget the misery of the night on which I first learned my future destiny. All the horrors that ever appeared before the vision of the shipwrecked mariner, were conjured up by my terrified imagination. Shame, and the fear of distressing my mother, compelled me to suppress my feelings when in her presence, but no sooner did I find myself alone, in the darkness and solitude of night, than my very soul writhed in an agony of terror.

"At length the appointed day arrived, and I went upon my first voyage. Even now, when my nerves have been strengthened or perhaps benumbed by sights of horror such as few have seen, I cannot think of my mental sufferings at that time without a shudder. Every thing was fraught with horror for me. My very flesh would quiver when I heard the call which summoned me to my night-watch on deck. In calm weather, the monotonous dashing of the heavy waves, the phosphoric glitter of the dark waters, the dim and changing shadows amid the shrouds, all were to me

objects of alarm. But when the spirit of the tempest was abroad—when the rushing winds battled with the upheaved waves—when the lightning and thunder mingled with the elemental strife, until nature herself seemed about to perish by the warfare of her children—then my very soul seemed crushed by the weight of its fears. Many a time, when the bold-hearted boy who was my companion in the ship would shout in defiance of the storm, and bound up the rigging with a merry jest and a ringing laugh, have I buried my head between my knees, while my hands clung to the nearest support with a tenacity which forced the blood from beneath my nails. Contempt, ridicule, punishment, all were tried in order to conquer my timidity, but all were equally vain. Alas! did I not owe my weakness to the terrors which surrounded my mother when in infancy I drew the nutriment of life from her bosom? Was it not the sin of the father thus visited upon his child?

“Time passed on—I was now seventeen years of age, and two voyages to sea had somewhat diminished my terrors, when I encountered new perils which were destined to destroy me. I embarked with the same captain upon my third voyage. The venture with which he had been entrusted not having met with its expected success, he determined, upon his own responsibility, to touch at Havanna, in order to repair if possible the losses which he as well as his employers must otherwise sustain. This was dreadful tidings to me, and with the fear of meeting my pirate father, foremost in my thoughts, I found myself in sight of Havanna. Here we were more successful, and after taking in a valuable cargo, and shipping some few hands to take the place of those we left sick at Havanna, we sailed out of the port.

“There was one among our new messmates whom, from the instant I beheld him, I regarded with peculiar aversion.

Need I say that man was Antonio Salviada? The day that we weighed anchor I had observed him whispering with our Havanna sailors, and, though utterly ignorant of his history, I could not help regarding him with such instinctive dread as a child feels while looking on a venomous reptile, even when it knows not the creature's noxious nature.

"Our passengers were an American gentleman with his wife and a child about two years old, two elderly Spaniards and an Englishman, an invalid, with his only daughter. Never can I forget that noble creature's appearance—her full black eye—her raven hair, parted upon her proud forehead—her stately figure. If ever woman was gifted with queenly, goddess-like beauty, it was Elinor Nelson; yet glorious as she was, she was far less feminine than her companion, the gentle wife and mother. Till then, I had scarcely looked upon a woman, and little did the ladies think, when they sat together on deck, enjoying the novelty of a sea view, with what strange and fervent feelings the poor sailor boy regarded them. To watch the mother, as she bent over her little boy in all the graceful tenderness of maternal affection, or to gaze awe-struck upon the haughty beauty of the young Elinor, as she paced the deck with her invalid father, was to me happiness. They noticed me too—my youthful appearance and, perhaps, gentle manner, (for I could not be the rude sailor when in their presence,) and twice the soft tones of the mother's voice sunk into my heart, as she thanked me for some little kindness shown to her boy. Would to heaven I had died ere I had seen their faces!

"We had been out at sea five days, when I perceived some stir among our new hands which seemed to manifest evil intentions. I discovered Antonio examining his cutlass, and in the course of the day I found two or three of the

men at the grindstone, secretly sharpening the long Spanish knives. But my cursed cowardice forbade me to give the alarm to our captain, for I knew he would order them put in irons, and that, as soon as they were freed, they would sheath their weapons in my body. I contented myself, therefore, with thinking that I would watch their motions, and be on the alert to prevent their treachery. It was too late; that very night the crime was perpetrated. Antonio had the mid-watch, the captain was sleeping soundly in his berth, and I had just sunk into an unquiet slumber, when we were aroused by an unusual bustle in the ship. Half-dressed the captain rushed on deck, and was met by a sabre-cut across the head, which stretched him senseless at Salviada's feet. The cabin was immediately closed upon the passengers, while the mutineers mastered the crew, and so well had they arranged their plans, that in less than ten minutes they were in possession of the ship. Antonio had seized me in his powerful grasp as I stumbled up the companion-way.

" ' Young man,' he whispered, ' stir not, and you are safe—you saw enough this morning to mar our plot, had you been so minded; you did not betray it, therefore you are *one of us*. Be silent, and stand there,' pointing as he spoke to the knot of villains who stood waiting his commands.

" Will it be believed?—I obeyed him—mechanically, it is true, for I was stupified with terror—a cutlass was put into my hands, and, like a statue, *I stood among the pirates*. How did my soul sink as I witnessed the horrid butchery that ensued. One by one the sailors were dragged forward, stabbed and flung overboard. The mate shared the same fate, and, last of all, the captain. As he was forced along, bound and bleeding, he espied me.

“ ‘Edward! Edward!’ he cried, ‘save me, for God’s sake!’

“In vain he called—I was turned to stone—my cutlass was in my hand, but my fingers were palsied—he perished! But the worst is yet untold.

“At daybreak, the terrified passengers were released from their imprisonment, but what a release! With their arms bound tightly behind their backs, they stood ranged on deck, like so many victims for sacrifice. The females were left free, but the strong bonds of affection fettered them, and beside the husband and father stood the unshrinking wife and the heroic daughter. Salviada, accompanied by one of his ruffians, deliberately approached one of the Spanish gentlemen and demanded his purse, watch, and the keys of his trunks. Calmly and silently the old man obeyed. Antonio handed them to the villain beside him, and then made a peculiar sign with his finger, which appeared to be well understood by his gang, for one of them immediately stepped forward, and with one blow of his long knife, sent the helpless Spaniard to his last account. A stifled shriek burst from the lips of the women, as the bleeding corse was flung headlong over the gunwale. But the work of death proceeded, and the second Spaniard shared the fate of his companion. As the monster Salviada approached the pinioned American, his wife silently but eagerly watched his every motion. She saw the sign, and clasping her infant in one arm, threw herself upon the bosom of her husband just as the weapon was descending with all the force of a villain’s arm. Mother and child—both perished by the same blow; but alas! the precious shield had been interposed in vain—a second stab prostrated her husband at her side. Elinor Nelson had stood as rigid as marble, gazing with dilated eye upon the horrid

spectacle. Stirless, almost breathless she stood, until they drew near her father, then, like a tigress robbed of her young, she sprang forward.

“ ‘Dastardly wretch!’ she exclaimed, as she snatched the useless weapon from my hand, ‘will you see this and yet give no aid?’

“ She aimed a blow at Salviada as she spoke; he caught the weapon in his naked hand, but a gash on the cheek and three fingers of his left hand rendered useless for life, are lasting memorials to him of a woman’s heroic spirit. Irritated at seeing the blood of their leader flow beneath a woman’s hand, one of his desperate companions rushed forward and buried his dagger in her bosom. She fell— that stately form fell like a broken lily at the feet of those outcasts of humanity. Then first I awoke from my stupor. I staggered forward towards the lifeless body, but the right hand of Salviada fell upon me like an iron mace. He struck me to the deck, and when I recovered my recollection I was lying in my berth in the cabin.

“ Despise me—hate me as you will—you shall yet know the whole truth. I was coward enough to look upon these atrocious deeds without attempting to avenge them—I was coward enough to take my share of the plunder, because my life was threatened if I refused. Did I not thus become a participator in the crime?

“ As if there were some secret tie which linked us together, from that hour Salviada and I were never asunder. Much as I hated him, I seemed to be under some spell which forced me to submit to him. I have witnessed many bloody scenes since then, but my hand has never used the dagger. I dared not murder; and the task of plundering the chests of our victims, or examining the cargoes of our prizes, has always been assigned to me, while bolder-hearted villains

shed the blood of our prisoners. I could not escape from them—the eye of Salviada was for ever upon me, and he seemed to have singled me out for his peculiar prey. Three years spent in this manner had almost made me reckless of life, when our shipwreck compelled the gang to separate. Mechanically obeying the orders of Antonio, I accompanied him to Boston, determined, however, to seize the earliest chance of escape, when his display of wealth and his drunken boasts first excited suspicion.

“We were imprisoned, and Salviada volunteered a confession, which he knew would screen himself—the most guilty of all—by the sacrifice of me—the most innocent. Nothing but the overpowering instinct which leads man to save his own life at any cost, could, I am convinced, have induced him to take such a course; for, whatever was his motive, he certainly manifested a strange sort of affection for me. He rescued me repeatedly from peril, and always to me was kind, though I never could overcome my abhorrence of him. I have deserved death, but there is no blood upon my hands; the stain is upon my heart—I stood among the murderers.”

He turned away, and, throwing himself upon his pallet, gave way to the wildest emotion.

“But your mother!” said Mr. Wilson, after a pause.

Raising himself slowly, he looked up with an almost maniacal expression as he exclaimed—

“She feared I might meet my pirate-father—how will *she* meet her pirate-son?” then, with a wild laugh, he cried—
“Why it is right—the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children;—shame was the inheritance of my mother—sin was entailed upon me by my father—guilt is my only heritage!”

The court was crowded to suffocation. The youth and prepossessing appearance of the prisoner excited universal interest, while many a lowering glance was directed to the witness-box, in which sat the ferocious-looking Salviada. The deposition of the state's evidence was read—his cross-examination confirmed the truth of his statements, and, in spite of their interest in the prisoner, the opinions of all were decidedly against him, when Mr. Wilson arose to address the court. He stated the facts, as he had learned them from the confession of the accused; he dwelt upon the enormities of which the witness had been guilty; he pleaded in extenuation of the prisoner his extreme youth and constitutional timidity, and ended with an appeal to the feelings of the jury, which wrung tears from the sternest eyes in court. The judge was evidently much affected when he delivered his charge to the jury. In stating the facts of the case, he inadvertently made a slight error; it was the mistake of a single word, and that so trifling a one as not mainly to affect the merits of the case, but the prisoner, who had hitherto stood silent and unmoved, detected it instantly. Turning suddenly to the judge he exclaimed—

“Pardon me, sir, but it is a case of life and death which is now to be decided; you have committed an error in your charge, and every word is now of importance.”

The clear ringing tones of his voice struck upon the hearts of all present. The judge corrected his mistake, and the jury retired. They were not long absent, for whatever might be their prepossessions, the facts were indisputable, and they returned a verdict of “guilty of piracy,” but recommended him to mercy. A low, indistinct murmur ran through the court, as the judge prepared to pronounce the fatal sentence. It was followed by a death-like silence, and each word, as it fell slowly and solemnly from the lips

of the venerable man, seemed to awaken a thrill of agony in the whole frame of the prisoner. It was like that most cruel of all the tortures of the olden time—the punishment of the water-drop, where the criminal was compelled to sit with shaven head beneath a water-tube which allowed only one drop to fall upon his head at regular intervals, until his brain became maddened and his frame convulsed. Fearful was the sound of the prisoner's half-suppressed moans, as the judge proceeded to bid him prepare for death, and warned him not to expect the mercy which his jurors would fain have awarded him. The chances of pardon were indeed slight, for the governor was a man of inflexible purpose, and no feeling of compassion was ever allowed to plead the cause of guilt in his bosom. The unhappy boy quivered in every limb as he listened, but when the fatal words which concluded the sentence, the dreadful repetition of "Dead! dead!" fell upon his ear, he uttered a wild, unearthly shriek, and fell senseless to the floor. At this moment a bustle was heard at the entrance of the court, and a woman rushing forward flung herself upon the prostrate body, exclaiming in a voice of inexpressible agony—"My son! my son!"

The court instantly became a scene of confusion. Some of the officers raised the prisoner, while others busied themselves in restoring the unhappy mother. Her veil had fallen off, and the attention of all present was riveted upon her still beautiful though wasted features, when a sudden exclamation from the witness awakened a new interest in the beholders. Close beside the fainting woman stood Antonio Salviada, his face pale as ashes, his eyes dilated, his mouth distorted as by some terrible agony, his finger pointed at the female, and his whole figure as rigid as marble.

"In the name of heaven," he at length cried, "who is that woman?"

At the sound of his voice she started, and uttering a cry which struck horror into every heart—a cry more like the howl of a wild beast than a sound from human lips, she sprang forward, and, seizing Salviada's arm, pointed to the still insensible prisoner.

“Who is he?” yelled the agonized Antonio.

“Your son!” was the awful reply, and the wretched mother fell in strong convulsions at the feet of her pirate-husband.

All was now confusion; the decorum of the court was entirely forgotten in the excitement of feeling. The prisoner, still senseless, was carried to his cell, and the officers were preparing to clear the room, when Salviada in a voice of unnatural calmness, requested permission to approach once more the apparently dying woman, in order to assure himself of her identity. She was now lying quiet but in evident exhaustion, and the officers compassionately retreated to give her air as Salviada approached. Every eye gazed on him in breathless expectancy, as he bent over her prostrate form. Suddenly his countenance changed, his eyes gleamed like a tiger's, and, thrusting his fingers into the thick masses of his matted hair, he drew forth a stiletto scarcely larger than a bodkin. Before his arm could be stayed, he had plunged it in her neck immediately below the ear, and, quick as lightning, drawing the little weapon from the wound, buried it in his own throat. All this passed in the twinkling of an eye—scarcely a pulse had beat or a breath been drawn from the time he knelt down beside his wretched wife, and now, with a loud cry, every body rushed forward.

“Too late—too late!” he cried, with a fiendish laugh, “the dagger was poisoned!—that woman was my wife—she robbed me of my child and deserted me—these eighteen years have I sought for that sole object of my love, and now I

find him *here*! My boy!—my boy!—oh God! have I bought my own worthless life by the blood of my son!”

His eyes rolled fearfully—a violent convulsion shook his robust frame, and ere they could lift him from the ground, the pirate, the murderer was dead!

The unhappy woman lingered a few hours, but never gave the slightest evidence of returning consciousness.

The prisoner was left in ignorance of the horrible events that had taken place during his fainting fit. He never knew that the abhorred Salviada was his father, and when, three weeks after, he stood upon the scaffold, and breathed to heaven his final prayer for pardon, his mother's name was the last upon his lips.

Brooklyn, L. I.

COUSIN WILLIAM.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

IN a stately red house, in one of the villages of New England, lived the heroine of my story. She had every advantage of rank and wealth, for her father was a deacon in the church, and owned sheep and oxen, and exceeding much substance. There was every appearance of opulence and luxury about the demesnes. The house stood almost concealed amid a forest of apple-trees, in spring blushing with blossoms, and in autumn golden with fruit; and near by might be seen the garden, surrounded by a red picket fence, enclosing all sorts of magnificence. There, in autumn, might be seen abundant squash-vines, which seemed puzzled for room where to bestow themselves, and bright golden squashes, and full-orbed yellow pumpkins, looking as satisfied as the evening sun when he has just had his face washed in a shower and is sinking soberly to bed. There were superannuated seed cucumbers, enjoying the pleasures of a contemplative old age; and Indian corn nicely done up in green silk, with a specimen tassel hanging at the end of each ear. The beams of the summer sun darted through rows of crimson currants abounding on the bushes by the fence—while a sulky black currant bush sat scowling in

one corner, a sort of garden curiosity. But time would fail us, were we to enumerate all the wealth of Deacon Enos Taylor. He himself belonged to that necessary class of beings who, though remarkable for nothing at all, are very useful in filling up the links of society. Far otherwise was his sister, Mrs. Abigail Evetts, who, on the death of the deacon's wife, had assumed the reins of government in the household. This lady was of the same opinion which has animated many illustrious philosophers, namely, that the affairs of this world need a great deal of seeing to, to make them go on prosperously; and although she did not, like them, engage in the general supervision of the universe, she made amends by unremitting diligence in the department under her care. In her mind, there was always an evident necessity why every one in the house should be up and doing—Monday, because it was washing-day—Tuesday, because it was ironing-day—Wednesday, because it was baking-day—Thursday, because to-morrow was Friday, and so on to the end of the week. Then she had the care of reminding every one in the house of every thing they were to do from week's end to week's end, and was so faithful in this respect that scarcely an original act of volition took place in the family. The poor deacon was reminded when he went out and when he came in—when he sat down and when he rose up, so that a sin of omission could only have been committed through sheer malice prepense. But the supervision of a whole family of children afforded to a lady of her active turn more abundant matter of exertion. To see that their faces were washed, their clothes mended, and their catechism learned; to see that they did not eat the green apples, nor track the wet floors, nor pick the flowers, nor throw stones at the chickens, nor sophisticate the great house-dog, was an accumulation of

care that devolved almost entirely on Mrs. Abigail, so that, by her own account, she lived and throve only by a perpetual miracle.

The eldest of her charge, at the time this story begins, was a girl just arrived at young-lady-hood, and her name was Mary. Now we know that people very seldom have stories written about them who have not sylph-like forms and glorious eyes—or at least “a certain inexpressible charm diffused over their whole persons.” But stories have of late so much abounded, that they actually seem to have used up all the eyes, hair, teeth, lips and forms necessary for a heroine, so that no one can now pretend to find an original set wherewith to set one forth. These things considered, I regard it as fortunate that my heroine was not a beauty—she looked neither like a sylph nor an oread nor a fairy—she had neither “*l’air distingué*,” nor “*l’air magnifique*,” but bore a great resemblance to a real mortal girl, such as you might pass a dozen of without any particular comment—one of those appearances which, though common as water, may, like that, be coloured any way by the associations you connect with it. Accordingly, a faultless taste in dress, a perfect ease and gayety of manner, a constant flow of animal spirits, seemed in her case to produce all the effect of beauty. Her manners had a dash of self-esteem, just enough to repel impertinence, without destroying the careless freedom and sprightliness in which she commonly indulged herself—no person had a merrier run of stories, songs, and village-traditions, and all those odds and ends of character which form the materials for animated conversation. She had read, too, every thing she could find—Rollin’s History, that stood by the side of Scott’s family Bible in the glass book-case in the best room, and an odd volume of Shakspeare, and now and then

one of Scott's novels, borrowed from a somewhat literary family in the neighbourhood. She also kept an album to write her thoughts in, and was in the constant habit of cutting out all the pretty poetry from the corners of newspapers; besides drying a number of forget-me-nots and rose-buds, in memory of different particular friends, with a number of other little sentimental practices to which young ladies of sixteen and thereabouts are addicted. She was also endowed with great constructiveness; so that in this day of ladies' fairs, there was nothing from bellows-needle-books down to web-footed-pincushions, to which she could not turn her hand. Her sewing certainly *was* extraordinary, (we think too little is made of it in the accomplishments of heroines,) her stitching was like rows of pearls, and her cat-stitching was truly fairy-like, and for sewing over-and-over, as the village-school ma'am expressed it, she had not her equal—and what shall we say of her pies and puddings? They would have converted the most reprobate old bachelor in the world; and then her sweeping and dusting! "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all—"

And now—what do you suppose is coming next? Why, a young gentleman, of course, about this time comes to settle in the village, and to take charge of the academy—a certain William Barton. Now if you wish to know more particularly who he was, we only wish we could refer you to Mrs. Abigail, who was most accomplished in genealogies and old wives' fables, and she would have told you that, "Her gran'ther, Ike Taylor, married a wife who was second-cousin to Peter Scranton, who was great-uncle to Polly Mosely, whose daughter Mary married William Barton's father, just about the time old 'Squire Peter's house was burned down," and then would follow an account of the domestic history of

all the branches of the family since they came over from England. Be that as it may, it is certain that Mrs. Abigail denominated him cousin, and that he came to the deacon's to board; and he had not been there more than a week, and made sundry observations on Miss Mary, than he determined to call *her* cousin too, which he accomplished in the most natural manner in the world. Mary was at first somewhat afraid of him, because she had heard that he had studied through all that was to be studied in Greek and Latin, and German besides, and she saw a library of books in his room, that made her sigh every day when she dusted them, to think how much there is to be known of which she was ignorant. But all this wore away, and presently they were the best friends in the world. He gave her books to read, and he gave her lessons in French; nothing puzzled by that troublesome verb which is always to be first conjugated, whether you are studying French, English, or Latin. Then he gave her a deal of good advice about the cultivation of her mind, and the formation of her character; all which was very improving, and tended greatly to consolidate their friendship.

But unfortunately for Mary, William made quite as favourable an impression on the female community generally, as he did on her, having distinguished himself on certain public occasions, such as delivering lectures on botany, and also, at the earnest supplication of the fourth of July committee, had pronounced an oration which covered him with glory. He had been known also to write poetry, and had a retired romantic air, greatly bewitching to those who had read Bulwer's novels. In short, it was morally certain, according to all rules of evidence, that if he had chosen to pay any lady of the village a dozen visits a week, she would have considered it as her duty to entertain him. William did visit, for like

many studious people, he found a need for the excitement of society; but whether it was a party or singing-school, he walked home with Mary, of course, in as steady and domestic a manner as any man who had been married a twelvemonth. His air in conversing with her, was inevitably more confidential than with any other, and this was a cause for envy in many a gentle breast; and an interesting diversity of reports, with regard to her manner of treating the young gentleman went forth into the village.

"I wonder Mary Taylor will laugh and joke so much with Mr. Barton in company," said one. "Her manners are altogether too free," said another. "It is evident she has designs upon him," remarked a third,— "and she cannot even conceal it," pursued a fourth.

Some sayings of this kind at length reached the ears of Mrs. Abigail, who had the best heart in the world, and was so indignant, that it might have done you good to see her. Still she thought it showed that "the girl needed *advising*—and she should *talk* to Mary about the matter."

But first she concluded to advise with William on the subject, and therefore after dinner, the same day, while he was looking over a treatise on trigonometry or conic sections, she commenced upon him—

"Our Mary is growing up a fine girl."

William was intent on solving a problem, and only understanding that something had been said, mechanically answered "Yes."

"A little wild or so," said Aunt Abigail.

"I know it," said William, his eyes intently fixed on E, F, B, C.

"Perhaps you think her a little too talkative and free with you sometimes—you know girls do not always think what they do."

“Certainly,” said William, tracing out the line of his problem.

“I think I had better speak to her about it,” said Aunt Abigail.

“I think so too,” said William, musing over his completed work, till at length he arose, put it in his pocket, and went whistling along to school.

Oh, this unlucky concentrativeness! How many shocking things a man may endorse, by the simple habit of saying “Yes” and “No,” when he is not hearing what is said to him.

The next morning, when William was gone to the academy, and Mary was washing the breakfast things, Aunt Abigail introduced the subject with great tact and delicacy, by remarking—

“Mary, I rather guess you had better be less free with William than you have been.”

“Free,” said Mary, starting, and nearly dropping the cup from her hand, “Why, aunt, what *do* you mean?”

“Why, Mary, you must not always be around talking with him at home, and in company, and every where. It *won't do*.”

The colour started into Mary's cheek, and mounted even to her forehead, as she answered, with a dignified air—

“I have not been too free—I know what is right and proper—I have not done any thing that was improper.”

Now, when one is giving advice, it is very troublesome to have its necessity thus called in question, and Aunt Abigail, who was fond of her own opinion, felt called upon to defend it.

“Why, yes you have, Mary; every body in the village notices it.”

"I don't care what every body in the village says; I shall always say and do what I think proper," retorted the young lady, "I know William does not think so."

"Well, but I think he does, from some things I have heard him say."

"Oh, aunt, what *have* you heard him say?" said Mary, upsetting a chair in the eagerness with which she turned.

"Mercy! you need not knock me down, Mary. I don't remember exactly about it; only I remember that was what I thought from his way of speaking, and all together."

"Oh, dear aunt, do tell me when it was, and every thing about it," said Mary, laying hold of both her aunt's hands, as she went on dusting a table.

Aunt Abigail, like most obstinate people who feel that they have gone too far and are yet ashamed to go back, took refuge in an obstinate generalization, and only asserted that she had heard him say things many a time, which seemed as if he did not quite like her ways.

This is the most consoling of all methods in which to leave such a matter for a young person of active imagination. Of course, in five minutes Mary had settled in her own mind a string of remarks that would have done credit to any of her village companions, as coming from her cousin. All the improbability of the thing vanished in the absorbing consideration of their possibility; and, after a moment's reflection, she pressed her lips together in a mighty firm way, and remarked that Mr. Barton would have no occasion to say such things again.

It was evident, from the manner in which she finished wiping the tea-cups, that her state of mind was very heroic. As for poor aunt Abigail, she was sorry she had vexed her, and addressed herself most earnestly to her consolation, remarking—

“Mary, I do not suppose William meant any thing. He thinks you don’t mean any thing wrong.”

“Don’t *mean* any thing wrong,” said Mary, with indignant emphasis.

“Why, child, he thinks you don’t know much about folks and things, and if you have been a little—”

“But I have not been. It was he that talked with me first; it was he that did every thing first; he called me cousin, and he is my cousin.”

“No, child, there you are mistaken, for you remember his grandfather was—”

“I don’t care who his grandfather was—he has no right to think of me as he does.”

“Now, Mary, don’t go to quarrelling with him; he cannot help his thoughts, you know.”

“I don’t care what he thinks,” said Mary, flinging out of the room with tears in her eyes.

Now, when a young lady is in such a state of affliction, the first thing to be done is to sit down and cry for two hours or more, and this Mary did in a most thorough manner; in the course of the time making many reflections on how foolish it was to trust to the friendship of any one, and resolving never to trust any one again as long as she lived, and thinking this was a cold and hollow-hearted world; together with many other things which she had read of in books, but never realized so forcibly as at present. And now what was to be done? Of course, she did not wish to speak a word to William again, and she wished he did not board there, and finally, she put on her bonnet and determined to go over to her aunt’s and spend the day, so that she might not see him at dinner.

But it so happened that Mr. William, on coming home to dinner, found himself unaccountably lonesome on finding

only Mrs. Abigail, and, hearing where Mary was, he determined to go after school and wait upon her home.

Accordingly, in the afternoon, as Mary was sitting in the parlour with two or three of her cousins and some other companions, Mr. William entered the room.

Mary was so anxious to look just as if nothing was the matter, that she turned away her head, and began to look out of the window, just as the gentleman came up to speak to her; and, after he had twice asked her how she did, she drew up mighty coolly and said—

“Did you speak to me, sir?”

“To be sure,” said William, seating himself by her, “I come to know why you ran away without leaving any message for me?”

“It never occurred to me,” said Mary, with a dry coldness of tone, which, in a lady, means “I would thank you to drop the conversation, sir.”

William felt as if there was something different from common in the voice, but he thought he must be mistaken, and continued—

“What a pity, now, that you should be so careless of me when I was so thoughtful of you. I have come all this distance on purpose to see how you do.”

“I am sorry to have given you the trouble,” said Mary.

“Cousin, are you unwell to-day?” said William, apprehensively.

“No, sir,” said Mary, going on with her sewing.

There was something so marked and decisive in all this, that William could scarcely believe his ears.

He turned away, and commenced a conversation with a young lady, and Mary, to show that she could talk if she chose, commenced relating a story to her cousins, and presently they were all in a loud laugh.

"Mary has been full of her knick-knacks to-day," said her old uncle, joining them.

William looked at her; she never seemed brighter or in better spirits, and he began to think that even Cousin Mary might puzzle a man sometimes.

He turned away, and began a conversation with old Mr. Zachary Coan, on the raising of buckwheat, a subject which evidently required profound thought, for he never looked so grave, not to say melancholy.

Mary looked up, and was struck with the sad, and almost severe expression with which he was listening to the details of Mr. Zachary, and was convinced that he was no more thinking of buckwheat than she was.

"I never thought of hurting his feelings so much," said she; "after all he has been very kind to me. But he might have told *me*, and not somebody else," and hereupon she looked up again.

William was not talking, but sat with his eyes fixed on the snuffer-tray, with an intense gravity of gaze that quite troubled her, and she could not help again blaming herself.

"To be sure! Aunt was right—he could not help his thoughts. I will try to forget it," thought she.

Now you must not think that Mary was standing still, and gazing during this soliloquy. No, she was talking and laughing, apparently the most unconcerned person in the room.

So passed the evening, till the little company broke up.

Mary was standing on the door-steps, looking after some friends who had just gone down the street, with the moonlight slanting past her, and making a triangle of light on the entry-floor.

"I am ready to attend you home," said William, in a tone of cold and almost haughty deference.

"I am obliged to you," said the young lady in the same

tone, "but I shall stay all night." Then suddenly changing her manner, she said, "No, I cannot keep it up any longer—I will go home with you, Cousin William."

"Keep what up?" inquired William, with surprise.

Mary was gone for her bonnet. She came out again and took his arm.

"You always advised me to be frank, cousin, and I must and will be, and so I shall tell you all; though I dare say it is not according to rule."

"All what?" said William.

"Cousin," said she, not at all regarding what he said, "I was very much vexed this afternoon."

"So I perceived, Mary."

"Well, it is vexatious," she continued; "though, after all, we cannot expect people always to think us perfect; but I did not think it quite fair in you not to tell *me*."

"Tell you what?"

Here they came to a place where the road wound through a small patch of woods. It was green and shady, and enlivened by a lively chatterbox of a brook. There was a mossy trunk of a tree, that had fallen beside it, and made a pretty seat. The moonlight lay in little patches upon it, as it streamed down through the branches of the trees. It was a sweet fairy-looking place, and Mary stopped and sat down as if to collect her thoughts. After playing with a stick in the water for some time, she at last broke out—

"After all, cousin, it was very natural for you to say so, if you thought so; though I should not have supposed you would think so."

"Well, I should be glad to know what it is," said William, in a voice of patient resignation.

"Oh, I forgot that I had not told you," said she. Then pushing back her bonnet, and speaking like one that is determined to go through with a thing, she said—

“ I have been told that you spoke of my manners toward you as being freer—more—obtrusive than they should be. And now,” said she, her eyes flashing, “ you see that it was not a very easy thing to tell you ; but I began with being frank, and I will be so for the sake of satisfying *myself*.”

To this William simply answered—“ Who told you this, Mary ?”

“ My aunt.”

“ Did she say that I said it to her ?”

“ Yes; and yet I do not so much object to your saying it, as to your *thinking* it ; for you know I did *not* force myself on your notice ; it was you who sought *my* acquaintance, and won my confidence, and that you, of all others, should think and speak of me in this way.”

“ I never did think so, Mary,” said William, quietly.

“ Nor *said* so ?”

“ Never, you might have *known* it, Mary.”

“ But—” said Mary.

“ But,” said William, “ Aunt Abigail is certainly mistaken.”

“ Well, I am glad of it,” said Mary, looking in the brook. Then, looking up with warmth, “ and, cousin, you never must think so. I am ardent, and I express myself freely, but I never meant, I am sure I never *should* mean any thing more than a sister might say.”

“ Are you sure you never could, if all my happiness depended on it ?” said William.

“ Cousin ?” said Mary, looking up. He seemed quite serious.

“ Do answer me, Mary.”

“ I do not know,” said Mary ; “ it is time for us to go home.”

Cincinnati.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

AN UNLUCKY WIT.

BY MRS. TEAILL.

v

A WOMAN had better be born with no more brains than a goose, than be heiress to that dangerous possession—wit.—In the former case she is sure, soon or late, to find some honest gander for her mate, and, perhaps, some good uncle or aunt to make his or her will in her favour; but in the latter she is destined to die an old maid, and cut herself out of the good graces of all her friends and relations, by the sharpness of her tongue.

Having suffered all my life from the ill effects of this mischievous propensity, I would, from motives of pure philanthropy to the rising generation, entreat—advise—admonish and implore all guardians of the young of my own sex, mothers, aunts and governesses to check, crush and exterminate all tendency to mimicry, satire, repartee, sauciness, smartness, quickness; in short, all lively sallies

that may grow up to form what is usually termed a *witty woman*. Let their young charges be dunces—the veriest pieces of affectation that ever minced steps at a dancing-master’s ball. Let them be pedants—stuff their poor brains with astronomy, geology, conchology, entomology,—but let them not be wits—and, above all, do not let them imagine themselves possessed, in any way, of this most offensive weapon, for, ten to one, they will make fools of themselves through life.

While I was yet in my cradle, my mother discovered an unusual precocity about me, and a love of the ridiculous, which made me laugh ten times more than any of her other children had done at the same age; nay, she even attributed a certain comical cast that was perceptible in one eye during my childhood, to the droll way in which I used to squint up at nurse’s high-crowned cap, which was at least half-a-foot higher than that of any old dame’s in the village. I always thought it was turning that eye in an oblique direction to watch the movements of the pap-spoon, which, I shrewdly suspect, oftener visited the old woman’s lips than the open mouth of her hungry, squalling nursling.

By the time I was three years old I was the veriest imp of mischief that ever lived; unfortunately, my freaks were laughed at, all my smart speeches duly repeated by a fond and foolish mother, and when I deserved to be whipped, I was forgiven on the score that I was so clever and such a *wit*. Now I verily believe half what is called wit in a child is *folly*, and if timely discouraged, the world would be spared much trouble in chastising, mortifying and disinheriting grown up culprits of this description.

At four or five I could mimic the voice, tone, gait and manner of every one I saw—even a comical face in a picture-book was a study for me, and once I amused myself at

a lady's house, where my mother had left me to spend the day, by moulding my little face into an exact resemblance of the brass lion's head on the handle of the bell-pull, to the great amusement of all the company. For one frolic I got a sound box on the ear from my father—(it is a source of regret to me I have so few of those valuable salutations to record.)

Our landlord was a stiff old major, who wore a single-breasted coat, flapped waistcoat, a three-cocked hat and a big curled wig. At his quarterly visitations not a syllable must be spoken, but, ranged on our four-legged mahogany stools, my sisters and myself must sit as mute as mice, not a giggle must be heard, not a whisper, while politics (I remember it was Pitt and Fox time,) were discussed between my father and the old major.

Oh, it was dulness of the most refined order to keep our tongues still, our hands in our lap, and our ears open.

I had somehow managed to secrete the clean-picked drumstick of a goose from the dinner-table one Michaelmas-day, to make what we called an apple-scoop. Well, I looked at my dry bone, and I glanced at the wig. The major was in the act of describing a *chevaux-de-frise*—I thought what an admirable one I could make of his wig. Unseen, unheard, I cracked my bone into a hundred splinters, and, favoured in my retreat from the circle by my quietly mischievous companions, I succeeded in sticking the wig as full of the white shivers of the goose-bone as I have since seen a sponge-cake soaked in wine and custard, (called a *hedgehog*.) stuck full of blanched almonds.

Imagine the grave, withered, crab-apple face of the major, and then think of the wig and its adornments—he wore, besides, a pigtail coming from beneath the wig. I was just putting the coup de grace to his appearance, by fastening a

long bit of rag to the end of this appendage—it was too much for the risible organs of my sisters—a universal burst of laughter took place—it was like the bursting of a long pent-up volcano—it rolled on in spite of the awful frown of my father and the agitated look of the poor major, who was only partly unconscious of the ridiculous figure he cut. I shall never forget the scene, or the suppressed expression of mirth that gleamed and twinkled in my poor father's eyes, as he assisted to recompose the ruffled wig, (no easy matter,) and, in a thundering voice, demanded who had played the trick.

“I was only making a chevaux-de-frise,” I said, trying to laugh.

A thundering box on the ear sent me reeling to the further end of the room; given, I verily believe, more out of respect to the feelings of the offended major, than from genuine displeasure against the culprit—but it would not do—the dignity of the old soldier was mortally wounded; he never entered the house again, to the great mortification of my mother, who counted his few formal visits a great honour, and was wont to boast of the major as one of her grand acquaintance.

My next freak was a more fatal one to my own interests, as, by an unlucky speech, I made an implacable enemy of a maiden aunt who occasionally visited our house; sometimes in company with a younger sister. Aunt Martha seldom inflicted her society on us for less than a month at a time, to the infinite regret of every member of the household, from the tom-cat up to my honoured father.

Aunt Martha was a tall, lean, sour-faced woman of thirty-two; her nose had a sort of pinch at the top, which was very red, and her cheeks were somewhat of the colour of a red cabbage, only wrinkled a little more after the manner

of a savoy-leaf; moreover, to complete the pleasantness of her physiognomy, she wore what was then in fashion, a cropped head, called a "Brutus;" no wonder that I should draw an unfavourable comparison between her young, pretty, good-natured, lively sister and herself—the latter I called my pretty aunt, by way of distinction.

One day a coach stopped at the door—one of my aunts was expected—I eagerly ran to peep through the banisters of the hall-stairs, half-dressed as I was, and in no very low tone asked if it were my "pretty aunt or my ugly aunt that had come?"—A withering glance from Aunt Martha, as she hastily brushed past me on the staircase, proved she had heard the question; she curled up her little red nose, and looked ten times uglier than ever. She never forgot nor forgave the insult—nay, she carried it to her grave, for in her last will and testament the unlucky speech was recorded against me, as a sufficient reason for cutting me out of her will. Younger sisters and brothers, tom-cats, parrots, and cousins to the eighth remove, being sharers of her wealth, to the exclusion of poor me, though I had been scolded, starved, whipped and lectured into obedience to her auntly authority, till she had not outwardly a more dutiful niece in the whole list of brother's and sister's brats than myself.

Experience should have taught me wisdom, but a very small portion of that valuable acquirement fell to my share.

It was my misfortune to be the goddaughter of a proud, mean, vain old woman, some very, very distant relation of my father's, who graciously condescended to bestow upon me her own *beautiful* name, "Deborah Anne,"—horrible compound!—and when I had attained the mature age of sixteen, she benevolently signified her intention of taking me by the hand, and introducing me into company. In other words, I was to be her companion, *alias, white slave,*

and if, on the supposition that I might in time become her heiress, I had the good fortune to marry some wretched old bachelor, ancient widower, or sickly dandy of family, I was to bless for ever the goodness and generosity of Mrs. Deborah Anne Pike.

In the meantime, till such eligible connexion could be formed, I must favour, flatter, and attend to the whims and caprices of my patroness and worthy godmamma; fill the important place of ladies' maid and milliner, butler and house-keeper, amuse morning visiters, play the amiable to evening ones, play backgammon till my head was bewildered by the rattling of the dice-box, or pursue the monotonous draughtsmen across the board, till the white chickens looked black and the black white; and, of a rainy day, play billiards or bagatelle.

Our mornings were passed in solitary dulness, till the carriage was at the door to take us our daily round of calls on people as dull as ourselves; from five till six the business of the toilet occupied our time, and I was expected to attend to admire a face that even rouge could not improve, and a figure that resembled two boards bound together.

"Hum—ha—how do you like me now, Miss, that I have beautified a little?" was generally the closing speech, as she cast a satisfied glance at her withered charms in the old japanned dressing-glass.

Once I gave mortal offence by carelessly replying to "How do I look now?" "Much as you generally do, madam."

She was wont to make four things her boast: that she had never threaded a needle or set a stitch since she married the dear old general that was departed; never read any other newspaper than the *John Bull*, nor any books but the old Bath Guide and her prayer-book; never omitted taking

an advantage at whist, nor gave more than a penny to a beggar at a time.

The first month was intolerable. In it I had given offence to one old beau and two dangles, and expressed my intention of pleasing myself in the choice of a husband—a glaring piece of folly and ridiculous assertion of my independence that could not be tolerated. The next—but happily my tongue for once did me a worthy service, and set me free from my worse than Egyptian bondage before the second month was out.

The old lady used to pester me to admire the beauty of a faded green stuffed parrot that stood in an old-fashioned hideous case, among Chinese mandarins, cups and saucers of old Dresden china, and other odd knick-knacks that filled up an ancient Dutch cabinet.

One day I unluckily was tempted to say, “I suppose, madam, you *starved* the parrot whilst it was alive, and *stuffed* it after it was dead.” I said it playfully and in joke, but an awful cloud gathered on the offended lady’s brow—silence ensued for a moment; then came a torrent of rebukes, and reproaches, and invectives. I apologized—it was only said in joke. Joke!—to joke with a person of her wealth—her dignity—and I a poor country curate’s daughter, that she had taken from obscurity and beggary to make something of. This was too much—the pride of all my race rose up to my aid, and I retorted. The carriage was ordered to the door, and the old woman flung into it, commanding me to go to my room and pack my trunk. Next morning I was duly installed on an *outside* place on the mail—and—the right owners got me by six the same evening. The same mail brought a letter, the essence of spite, from my amiable relative, which, after dwelling on the heinousness of my enormities, concluded with these emphatic words:—

“Miss was too independent and too great a wit for her station; humility had become the daughter of a poor curate better, and might have been rewarded with not less than £3,000.”

I lost the chance of this fine fortune, but I did not lose my detestable name, for the infliction of which I was never remunerated, but I gained what was inexpressibly dearer to me than ever it had been before—my liberty. Nay, even to this hour, though something old, and poor, and single withal, I cannot help congratulating myself on my miraculous escape, convinced, as I am, that had I remained the abject dependant of my rich relative, I should have been left, after a life of slavery, with no better recompense than a broken spirit and an empty purse, the too frequent reward of a rich old woman's *companion*.

I was a little tamed for a while after I came home, but by degrees all my old propensities returned, and I now became worse than ever. I quizzed all my acquaintance, laughed at the old beaux and bachelors of our village, teased the young ones, ridiculed my female friends, with the exception of one or two whom I made my companions, these aped my fashions and manners, and repeated all my sayings. In short, I considered myself as a star among them.

So sharp was my wit at last that few dare enter the lists to answer me, and if I happened to be in one of my *brilliant* humours no one was safe from my raillery. I could not endure to pass by an opportunity of displaying my talent—friend or foe, young or old, were alike exposed to my sarcasm.

I had nick-names for all my acquaintance, and prided myself on their significance, though now I am inclined to think the practice is vulgar, illiberal and foolish to a degree,

besides being excessively ill-natured. In more than one instance I had the mortification of finding these names had reached the ears of the only persons they were not intended for, and that they gave much offence.

The surgeon and apothecary of our village, a huge bachelor with large unmeaning glassy eyes and whiskers of no common size, with an extensive practice, a new white stuccoed dwelling, with vinery and green-house at the end of the village, a stud of horses, and a kennel full of wretched cur dogs, was held in great esteem by the single ladies of the neighbourhood and their mammas, who did not fail to say the doctor would be a good *catch* for some one. One old maid, who had set her cap indefatigably at the good man during the space of eight whole weary years, was pleased to be very jealous of some attention he paid me at a race-ball, and in an audible whisper she said, stretching her scraggy neck across so as partially to eclipse the poor doctor :

"If Mr. L—— makes you an offer, I would advise you to *snap*!"

I coolly thanked her for her advice, but said—"I was not quite in so great a hurry to *snap* (as she elegantly expressed it,) as she might be." The doctor laughed, and the scraggy lady withdrew her crescent-shaped face in evident wrath.

For some time the doctor was looked upon almost as my declared lover, but I happened to hear that he should say, if I had come in for my share of Aunt Martha's legacy, or had been the *certain* heiress of Mrs. D. A. Pike, he might have been *induced* to offer his hand, his house, his vinery, his horses and dogs to me, for I was very clever and a dashing sort of a girl, though, 'pon honour, rather too sharp for him. I was incensed at his mercenary conduct, and resolved to revenge myself in some way. As to my mother, she excused his foible and hoped for the best, and my sisters

still thought something might yet be done to bring him on, if I would but be a little meek, and not tease his dogs, and talk very affectionately of my rich godmother.

But the doctor's dogs were my aversion, a set of wretched living skeletons, that followed yelping at his heels, scratching and whining at his patients' doors like fiends of ill omen.

The oft-repeated proverb of "love me love my dog," which he never failed to repeat with a tender squeeze of my hand and a languishing stare from his gooseberry orbs, failed to win my admiration. One might have managed to tolerate one dog, but the doctor had six, though to be sure the whole half-dozen would not have made one respectable sized lady's spaniel. I called these miserable beasts the doctor's patients—himself the "*man of pills*," and the "gooseberry-eyed monster," while his assistant, the elegant, dandified Mr. C——, was the "stork"—he was six feet three inches, and slender to a degree—both were extravagantly proud of their perfections, and, though on the *fortified* side of thirty, the doctor was quite as vain as the youthful Adonis, his companion.

It was Valentine's day. I was resolved to revenge myself for the slighting manner in which of late the man of pill had treated me, and I dashed off a caricature, in which my quondam admirer, with huge bear's whiskers, and eyes as big as saucers, was in the act of drawing an old woman's tooth; his huge frame ridiculously contrasted with a crowd of half starved—not patients—but puppies of all sorts and sizes. Over the surgery door in legible characters was written **TEETH DISTRACTED HERE**. The centre figure was an admirable likeness of Mr. C. mounted on a stork's legs, and with a bird's head; on the *bill* were inscribed pills, draughts, powders, &c., with an enormous sum-total added up. The

resemblances were excellent; in spite of the incongruous appearance of the unhappy doctor and his assistant, every one that saw the group, recognized the originals with shouts of laughter.

"Oh do let them have it," "Pray send it, they will never find out," "It is so clever they can't suspect," cried several of my *best* friends; and go it did, to be returned, not by the postman, but by the dignified, offended object of my satire, Mr. L—.

One of my treacherous bosom friends had betrayed me, for the sake of ingratiating herself in the doctor's favour. I was mortified, vexed, ashamed; forced to apologize; but all to no purpose. As I grew meek, the doctor grew more spiteful, and ended with telling me I should soon become an ill-natured, satirical, sour old maid. I lost my admirer, and had the mortification of seeing my treacherous acquaintance become mistress of the stuccoed house, vinery, &c., and flaunt past me at church, in a pink satin hat and feathers, with the six dogs prancing before and behind her.

After this adventure, I received an invitation to stay at — Hall, with the aunt of Sir Charles S—. He was an elegant, sentimental young baronet; just recalled from his continental tour, by the death of his father. I had been ill, and was a little tamed by my misfortunes. Sir Charles was *interested in me; was delighted with my singing, my drawing—I had been making sketches of the Hall, its old chapel, and the romantic scenes of his native village. I was proud, pleased, gratified at his praise. I began to indulge in visions of future bliss, to feel that I was not indifferent to the young baronet; I felt I could love him. Matters were in this train, when Sir Charles, one morning, announced his intention of taking his aunt and me to a race ball, at —.*

His good aunt presented me with a beautiful gauze and

satin dress. I had never seen myself full-dressed, in such style. I was elated by my good looks. I should appear to advantage in the eyes of Sir Charles; my conquest would be complete; he had never seen me well-dressed, or in spirits. Sir Charles was a London-bred man. I must lay aside my country manners, and show him what I *could be*. I was all animation and gaiety, full of repartee and lively sallies. I did not notice at first that as my spirits increased, so in proportion did Sir Charles become silent, abstracted, and grave. I rallied him at last, teased, quizzed; he looked displeased, and said little. I was blind to my danger, and when we reached the ball room, I flirted with the officer to whom I was introduced as a partner, with the hope of raising my lover's jealousy; but it would not do. I became reckless; pride would not allow me to notice Sir Charles's coldness and neglect. I exerted all my powers of wit to fascinate and charm. I heard my words repeated with admiration on all sides; but one voice alone was mute.

Sir Charles hated a spirited woman; a wit or female satirist was his detestation; he admired the soft, the gentle, the silent, the unaffected, simple country girl, more than the fashionable belle esprit.

As we entered the supper room, I heard him say to his aunt, "I am disappointed, disgusted by her conduct, much as I admired her. I would not now make her my wife, for all the world! I abhor a witty woman!" I heard no more; my head whirled; I turned sick, giddy and faint.

Sir Charles never renewed his attentions, but left the Hall soon after; I saw him no more. Disappointed and grieved at my folly, I left a spot where I had been only too happy to mourn over hopes that my unfortunate propensity had blighted.

And now on the verge of fifty, I find myself with a nar-

row income, shunned and feared by a limited circle of acquaintance, that unfortunate person, a poor satirical old maid. The only reparation I can make to society, is by publishing this short memoir, as a warning example to my sex, to shun that too common error, a sarcastic temper, and flee from the reputation of being thought a wit.

Westover, U. C.

CHILDHOOD'S DREAM.

GIVE me back, give me back but my one infant dream,
As it passed on the turf by my dear native stream,
Where I slept from my play, while the wind waved my hair,
Till its ringlets, unbound, clasped the violets there.

O return, fleeting time, the soft moments that flew
By the calm sinking sun, and the fall of the dew,
When, refreshing as light, and as dew to the flower,
O'er my young spirit came the blest dream of that hour!

I remember the song of the bird, and the breeze
With the perfumes it swept from the bloom of the trees,
As my eyes gently closed; but the visions that stole
Through my fancy's green bowers, came no more to my soul!

They were sweet but to pass as the odours that fled
From the young flowers I crushed while they pillowed my
head;
And like them, when they flew on the wings of the air,
They are gone, and have left not a trace to tell where!

They were clear as the sun in his mild, setting rays!
They were pure as the stars, soon to kindle and blaze!

But they're gone ! I have lost the dear dream of that sleep,
As a bright planet drowned in the vast ether deep !

Yet the face of my mother, through tears as she smiled,
As she found, gently raised, and led home her lost
child—

I shall see that loved face by time's stream evermore,
Till I follow her home where life's dreamings are o'er.

H. F. GOULD.

Newburyport, Mass.

THE NEW YORK FIRE.

"Yet is the tale, brief though it be, full strange,
And throng'd methinks with wild and wondrous change."

ROGERS.

THE sun now sunk to rest. His parting gleams
Were like a heartless smile, so bright, yet cold,
Each spire and dome sent back the faithless beams,
Which with a radiance that may ne'er be told,
Illumed the noble bay, whose circling fold
Clasps the fair islands with a fond embrace,
And to that city forms an entrance bold—
An entrance, where each nation's flag hath place,
A city, wealth and power have long conspired to grace.

The echoing pavements rang to hurried feet,
As the last gleam of sunlight fled away :
The voice of Commerce died in every street,
No longer Traffic hired her sons to stay—
Home waves her magic wand at close of day,
And now her altar-fires full brightly burn'd ;
Love spread his wing to catch the cheering ray,

While Hope and Joy were in its light discern'd—
 How blest were those who now, to such pure shrine re-
 turn'd!

He sought his home, and from his brow
 That busy demon, Care, full quickly sped;
 He look'd on her to whom his fervent vow,
 With Passion's burning words, was early said,
 Whom in her loveliness he proudly wed—
 He saw the tendrils fair, which round her clung,
 And his fond blessing on the group was shed—
 Oh! with what joy upon his lips they hung!
 Affection's incense sweet seem'd all around them flung.

Beneath a lowly roof, a widow lone
 Stirr'd the faint relics of her scanty fire—
 O! had that humble dwelling been her own,
 The dying flame would soon have risen higher!
 But thoughts of rent, repress'd the fond desire—
 A tap was heard—with meek submissive air
 She raised the latch—but met no harsh inquire—
That home was hers! the good, the kind stood there;
 For blessings on his head went up her fervent prayer.

Seest thou that mansion? In its halls of pride
 The young, the beautiful were grouped that night;
 Wealth scatter'd treasures with hand open wide,
 And magic scenes unfolded to the sight;
 Music led on her angel-sisters bright,
 To pay their homage at love's radiant shrine;
 A bride was there, all loveliness and light,
 For her, the song and dance their charms combine,
 And round the flying hours their brilliant wreath entwine.

Now turn we to a chamber still and drear,
The chamber of the mourner and the dead;
Grief's heavy-laden hours drag slowly here—
A blooming girl was laid upon that bed,
Now like a pale, crush'd lily droops her head.
Alas! for that lone sister! To her ear
The midnight chime hath told that day is fled,
And yet she stirs not, stirs, nor shrinks with fear,
Although the tocsin-bell is echoing far and near.
Hark to the tumult! Deep and loud,
• Sounds out that fearful cry!
And flashing on the gathering crowd,
The flames mount toward the sky.
Ah! bitter, bitter is the cold!
Man's efforts—what are they
To stem that fierce and fiery tide,
Whose course brooks no delay?
Earth, sea and air,
Now fearful glare,
With many a molten billow,
Whose burning tide
Sweeps far and wide,
Till, starting from his pillow,
That father, with a hurried step,
His princely warehouse seeks—
A blacken'd ruin meets his eye,
Where fell Destruction keeps
Her minions dire, of dusky flame,
And smoke, whose serpent-coil
Is twining here and there, to blast
The fruit of years of toil.
That widow'd mother clasps her babes
More closely to her breast;

Prayer stills her beating heart, and faith
 Whispers of peace and rest—
 But ~~all~~ that crash! that deep'ning roar,
 Re^l choing wide from shore to shore!
 The ~~voice~~ of revelry is hush'd!
 The bridegroom turns him from the bride,
 His wealth an hour hath turn'd to dust,
 His treasure's scatter'd wide.
 And that sad mourner!—As she turns
 From gazing on the dead,
 The fiery spray appears to wave
 Its banner o'er her head;
 And oft a strange and startling beam
 Illumes the sleeper's face, as with a spectral gleam.
 Ah! recklessly the fire sweeps o'er
 The holy temples fair;
 While pillar'd fane and works of pride,
 Swift sink to Ruin's lair.
 Stern ravening beasts of prey, the flames,
 Devour that noble dome,
 Where Art hath set her signet deep,
 Where Sculpture finds a home.
 Stern Desolation marks the spot his own,
 And on the tott'ring pile he rears his burning throne.

 The morning dawn'd upon the anxious crowd,
 Who stood around that mighty altar's flame;
 Its smoke hung o'er them like a heavy shroud,
 And wildly-hurried footsteps went and came—
 Throned on a cloud, a steed of giant frame
 Appear'd to Terror's wild and blood-shot eye,
 And many a head was bow'd with fear and shame;
 That steed his rider stern was bearing nigh,
 With steady hand he held the scales of Justice high.

Such was the night! Yet while God spake in wrath,
He suffer'd not the flames to dry the fount!
Where Hope was gushing, nor Despair's fell wrath
To lure its victims. Thus the soul shall mount
Above a burning world, nor Time's ~~small~~ count
Its ages of progression. She may fling
Oblivion's shadow o'er this night accursed—
But the freed spirit up to life shall spring,
And toward the Fount of Light mount with eternal wing.

A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

THE SLEEP OF NAPOLEON.

THE best portrait of the emperor is that which David painted a few hours before his patron's departure for his final campaign. "When now past midnight, instead of retiring to repose, the emperor sent for David, to whom he had promised to sit, and who was in waiting in an apartment of the Tuileries. 'My friend,' said Napoleon to the artist, 'there are yet some hours to four, when we are finally to review the defences of the capital; in the mean time, *faites votre possible* (do your utmost) while I read these despatches.' But exhausted nature could hold out no longer; the paper dropped from the nerveless hand, and Napoleon sank to sleep. In this attitude the painter has represented him."

Canst thou slumber while on high
Hangs the gathered thunder cloud,
Hiding all thy native sky
With its black appalling shroud?
Hear'st thou not the sound of fear,
Whispering low of tempest near,
Mighty strife and ruin drear,
Through thine empire proud?

II.

Thou hast smiled when tempests low'ered,
 And thou sleepest calmly now ;
 While full many a heart hath cowered,
 Paling many a lofty brow,
 Through thy heart to danger steeled,
 Through thy hand that well can wield
 Battle-blade on stricken field
 ' Calm life's currents flow.

III.

Calm as when at Austerlitz
 O'er the war-clouds shone thy star,
 Now obscured, and bright by fits,
 Meteor of the stormy war,
 While thy haughty eagles flew
 Lurid smoke of cannon through,
 And no glimpse of heavenly blue
 Glimmered from afar.

IV.

Slumber ! man of Destiny !
 Thousands watch o'er thy repose—
 Gallant thousands vowed to thee
 When thy banner first arose.
 On their hopes and thine shall fall
 Soon, too soon, a funeral pall.
 Rallied by the trumpet-call,
 Gather all thy foes :

V.

Like the ravens darkly winging
 To their banquet and their prey,

Sullen soaring, hoarsely singing,
 When the lion stands at bay.
 Canst thou sleep serene and calm,
 While the drum, in rude alarm,
 Summons thy foes to arm
 For the fatal fray?

VI.

Scarce canst thou thy foemen number—
 Yet no dreams of death and pain
 Pour upon thy peaceful slumber
 Visions of the tented plain.
 All thy mighty heart is still—
 Yet that heart can rouse at will,
 When Destruction's trumpet shrill
 Rings above the slain.

VII.

Hero! warrior! scourge of God!
 Sleep, while yet the space is given,
 'Ere the green and fragrant sod
 By the cannon's wheel is riven;
 'Ere thy rowels urge the speed
 Of thy fierce and frantic steed
 O'er the plain where thousands bleed
 'Neath a lurid heaven.

VIII.

Sleep! 'tis well thou canst not know
 All the horror of thy fate,
 All the wretchedness and wo
 That upon thy future wait.
 He who sits thy throne above,
 In His mercy and His love,

Hides the knowledge that would prove
Madness to the great.

IX.

Sleep! and dream of laurels won
On old Europe's battle-field,
Of a race in glory run,
Of a lofty truth reveal'd.
Thousands of the proud and free,
Slaves and bondmen but for thee,
In the trying hour will be
Thy defence and shield.

X. •

If thou didst to empire stride
Over plains bedew'd in blood,
 wooing glory as a bride,
That must sword in hand be woo'd,
Thou didst only seek to stand
Foremost of a noble band,
Liberator of a land
Once in servitude.

XI.

Sleep—and wake renew'd in might.
Once again thy blade shall shine,
Through the horrors of the fight,
All along the blazing line.
Though thou liest with the slain,
Though thou dragg'st a captive's chain
Thou wilt not have lived in vain,
Glory will be thine!

BILLY THE BOWL.

I DOUBT if you ever heard of Billy the Bowl; yet his was a choice spirit, and well worthy of being remembered. Ah! time is a great equalizer! Forty years ago, not a wedding or a wake, not a barn-raising or cudgel-playing could be complete without his enlivening presence; and now these things all go on, and his dust has long been mingled with duller clods—his absence unnoted, his memory departed. There are none who now think of Billy, save the old chronicler of past events. Be it then mine to rescue, for a passing moment, his memory from oblivion.

Billy Kavanagh was a cripple from his birth; his bulky and misshapen form was set upon two miserable, shrunken little legs, quite incapable of bearing the smallest weight, and rendered perfectly useless by their disproportion to his body. Born of that class of people who depend so materially on the strength of their limbs for subsistence, the unfortunate formation of the poor lad was no slight cause of sorrow to his parents, as they consulted together, after their daily labours, on the future fortunes of their offspring.

“Carroll’s a stout gossoon,” said Mrs. Kavanagh, looking towards the straw pallet where lay her children; “and its he can bate the world runnin’, and has the grip of a giant. Och, it’s Carroll has the strong pair of hands, and the well-

made leg, and will make for himself decently, so his life be spared. And little Pat, the crathur, sure he's the darling of the world, wid his rosy cheeks and eyes like two beads; then he's my white-headed boy, any way, and the very moral of my ould fayther—troth there's no better he could follow, for it's the ould man could do the work of three. Och, there's small fear for Pat, under a blessing always. But it's thinking of Billy I am, and it's that's killing me wid grief and wid fretting. What's to come of the poor bit of a thing whin ourselves is taken? Sure we can't live and work for ivir; and never a hand's turn can the crathur do for himself, wid his donny bits of legs and weasand face. Thin it's a lord he ought have been, let alone a poor man's child."

"Whisht, Biddy, woman," was her husband's answer; "don't be timpting of Providence! Haven't we two as fine childer as the sun ever shined upon? There's not the likes of Carroll and Pat in the entire county—sure the neebors don't deny that, and it's murmuring ye are, after all, that the t'other one isn't their aqual. It's nobody's luck to be widout crosses, and this is ours: but myself will spake to the priest the morn, and may be 'tis he can give us the good advice, and put the right mind in us what to do for the poor gossoon."

Accordingly Father Rooney was spoken to, and under his judicious management the condition of little Billy was greatly ameliorated. A bowl was made of a kind of light wood, in the form of a large bread-tray, into which the boy was strapped with thongs of thick leather, his useless legs folded under him, and two strong oaken crutches placed in his hands. In this manner he was enabled to hop from place to place at will, much to his own relief as well as to his mother's, who had hitherto been obliged to lift him in

her arms, or on her shoulders, when he wearied of his chimney corner.

Billy's temper was kind and cheerful. He bore patiently the deprivations his infirmity subjected him to, carefully avoiding giving more trouble than his helpless state actually required. He would hop out, of a fine morning, after sharing with his brothers in their homely meal of potatoes and buttermilk, and seat himself by the wayside, beneath the spread branches of a stunted oak, there amusing himself for hours either by the construction of some implement of sport—now a trap for rabbits, and now a net for the speckled trout or much-prized salmon—or more frequently in jests and laughter with the passers by; for Billy had no morbid sensitiveness with regard to his own deformity, but, on the contrary, was the first to give himself the appellation by which he afterwards became so well known.

Thus time rolled on—his situation remaining externally the same, with the simple variety that a new bowl was provided for him each succeeding year as he advanced to manhood. Although unequal himself to any bodily labour, his parents found it easy, with the aid of his brothers, (now both sturdy young men,) to supply his simple wants. A larger bowl, a new suit of corduroys, a scarlet waistcoat, for Sundays and holidays, was his yearly expenditure. The good frieze coat that defended him from the winter blast, was the donation of the charitable Father Rooney, who commiserated the helpless lot of the poor boy, and, as far as his slender means permitted, contributed to his comfort. These kindnesses he repaid by all that was in his power: constant good humour, gayety and ready sympathy. Tranquilly he passed his days for many a year, and in possession of his oak in summer, his chimney nook in winter, poor Billy enjoyed a peace and happiness to which the favoured sons of

fortune are often strangers. But the lowliest lot is not exempt from the alternations of joy and sorrow, and a time of trial had arrived to try the spirit and call forth all the energies of the crippled lad. One of those fatal fevers which so often desolate the homes of the Irish peasantry, attacked his father's household. The old man and his two manly hardy sons were soon its victims, and the mother, with a heart crushed by grief, and a frame emaciated and diseased by privation, lay stretched upon her couch, a poor bedridden creature. Poverty and its attendant train of evils followed the loss of those who had hitherto made their home one of peace and plenty. Debts had been incurred during their trouble, and demands followed in upon them which they were utterly unable to answer. In the midst of this came quarter-day—that day of wo to the unprepared tenant—and the hard under-agent ordered them off the little farm, claiming great credit for allowing them the respite of a single day—time, as he said, to seek a shelter elsewhere. On the afternoon of that sad day, poor Billy, seated near his mother's bed, watched with the calmness of despair the wasted form of the sufferer, as she tossed and moaned on her uneasy couch. The last of their small stock of provision had been exhausted in the yesterday's meal, and he had not the means of procuring a single crust.

"My poor mother, what will come of her?" murmured he, suddenly arousing from the deep revery in which he had been plunged.

The whistling of the rising blast from without, warned him that another drop was adding to their cup of wretchedness, and as he gazed on the setting sun surrounded and almost hidden by the dark clouds that foretold the coming storm, he felt that with it the light of hope and happiness was for ever departing. The keen winter wind penetrated

the walls of the ill-built cottage and pierced the delicate frame of the poor little cripple, and he instinctively turned towards the broad chimney, where late a blazing fire and a group of happy faces had greeted his sight; but all was dark and cheerless there. The extinguished embers lay upon the hearth, half buried among the cold ashes—cold as those dear forms whose kind voices had been wont to call him to their side, and whose cheerful labour had provided for the poor old mother the comforts which now she so much needed. The thought of that mother, and his utter incapacity to aid or sustain her, pressed with added heaviness upon his mind, and he covered his face with his hands and wept in utter bitterness of spirit.

Amid all the ignorance and foibles of the Irish peasantry, (and, poor people, they have enough to answer for, thanks to the cold-blooded policy which has been for ages striving to uproot every germ of good and virtuous feeling from amongst them,) there is yet a vein of true piety, pervading and ennobling their minds, a dependence on the goodness of Providence and a submission to his will, which would do honour to the practice of their superiors in birth and station. This feeling sustained the bereaved lad in this trying hour—his heart had been relieved by tears, those kindly ministers of grief, and hope revived within it.

“Sure heaven will not forsake us,” he mentally exclaimed; and, as if in answer to his pious trust, the little latch was suddenly raised, and the kindly and familiar face of an old woman, a gossip of his mother’s, presented itself before him.

“Och, Billy, oh hone! is it so I see ye’es?” was her first greeting; “and myself had no word of your new distress till the day. They telled me ’twas Mister O’Brien would turn ye’es off the farm—(bad luck to him, any way, the

nagur!) and she in that pass: and so I had it in mind to step over and see would ye stop a bit wid us, till ye would purvide better for ye'rselves. Never vex ye, nor fret about the mother," pursued she, interpreting his anxious and disheartened glance at the couch, "myself has contrived it all—it's but taking the loan of his door, (small thanks to Mister O'Brien for the 'casion of that same,) and there's Tim Reilly and Darby M'Cormick widoutside, (troth 'tis thim's the kind-hearted lads,) forbye my own boys, will lift her as easy as if 'twas a coach itself"

The offer so kindly made was accepted with heartfelt gratitude, and a revulsion of feeling as delightful as it was unlooked for. A home, at least for the present, was provided for his houseless mother, and time given him for thought as to their destiny, and with a lightened heart he assisted his good neighbour in the arrangements for their departure. The door was soon taken off its hinges by the stout young men old Norah had brought to aid in her kind errand, and laid by the side of the invalid's couch. Then, by the direction of Norah, the bed with its pale inmate was gently lifted on to it, and the frieze coats of the young men, who all averred they could walk better without them, thrown over the litter, setting at defiance the cold wind, and snow which had then commenced falling in large flakes.

In this manner they set out on their little journey, and ere the night had fairly closed in, Billy had the joy of seeing his poor mother placed in the warmest corner and on the best bed in Norah Dolan's hospitable cabin. And now did he set himself seriously to considering the means of support for his mother and himself. Remain a burthen on the kind people who harboured them they could not, for Billy knew that old Norah and her sons laboured hard for their daily bread, and had, beside, their tithes and their dues

to pay to stern, unyielding masters. But what to do? His weak and crippled state precluded all possibility of work; and bitterly did he sigh, as he looked down on his withered, useless limbs.

"Och! why was not I taken in lieu of Carroll or Pat?" he half uttered. Checking however the murmur, which he deemed ungrateful, he appealed to old Norah for advice.

"What for no ask the gentry and great folks for a thrifle of a morning? sure they'd never miss it out of their heaps, and in the ind won't the blessings of the poor be of more worth to them?"

Acting upon her suggestion, Billy the next morning strapped himself into his bowl, and taking firm grasp of his crutches, set out on his first venture. It was a new thing to Billy to ask charity from high or low, and his heart oft-times failed him as he approached the portals of wealth, or extended a beseeching hand to the passer by, but the thought of his helpless mother gave him new strength in his endeavour—and, for the honour of humanity be it said, there were few who refused an alms to the crippled boy. At the close of the day Billy returned to Norah's cabin, and reported to the kind old woman his success, urging her at the same time to take a fair portion of all he should receive, as some remuneration for lodging his mother and himself. To this arrangement, after some generous objections, she consented, and Billy entered regularly on his trade of asking alms. Each morning's rising sun saw him on the road to one or other of the little towns in the vicinity, and its setting beam beheld him returning to his sick mother with the pittance he had received, to which was often added some little comfort—a warm garment or a drawing of tea wherewith to cheer and solace her. As time rolled on, and Billy became reconciled to his new mode of life, his natural gayety returned, and

his wit and good humour were of no small advantage to him in attracting the kindnesses of the people among whom he dwelt—for though a portion of the world may give “for charity’s sweet sake” alone, the major part, like at least an equivalent for their benefits; and often when appeals to their sympathy failed, a jest or an amusing tale would open to him alike their hearts and purses. In truth Billy was no common beggar; his was no whining every day cant—no unvarying tale of sorrow, pain or sickness. Begging with him was no occasional resource, nor did he wish that it should seem so—it was his occupation, his profession—by it he made his living and supported his mother, and he followed it in a true business-like manner, devoting to it all his talents and all his time. A thriving trade he found it; his fame spread far and near, and it soon became his interest to make longer journeys from home than his bowl enabled him to perform, to attend the fairs, horse-races, and merry-makings of all descriptions, with which Ireland in that day abounded. Billy had a true mercantile spirit of adventure, and inheriting an honest name—a great advantage, by the way, in any land—he found no difficulty in procuring the conveyance he had projected. A low, rude vehicle, scarce worthy of the name of wagon, constructed of a light kind of wood, to which was yoked a little shagged mountain pony, was the height of Billy’s ambition. As I said before, his honest name here stood him in stead, and he obtained his desire upon part payment of their value and his bond for the remainder.

Billy might now be said to do business in style. There was not a city, a town or a village of the green island, but at one time or another was enlivened by the visits of the gay little cripple. The kitchen of the great man, the parlour of the farmer, the clay cottage of the labouring peasant,

were alike thrown open to him, and his presence welcomed as the signal of general mirth and frolic. He could not come amiss. The best seat and deepest flagon in the servant's hall seemed his prescriptive right, and was most cheerfully accorded him. The kitchen damsels crowded round him, to learn their future fates—for he told most true fortunes by the tea-cup—and with good-natured foresight shaped their destinies to their wishes. Even my lady's maid, all beflooned and 'beringletted as she was, would forget her affectations, in listening to Billy's merry prophecies: and where could the old crones find such another gossip. He would talk of murders and witchcrafts, portents and omens dire, till their very hair stood on end, and the blood crept more icily through their aged veins, giving them that painful yet pleasurable excitement, which it is one of the contradictions of our nature to delight in. For news there was no gazette equal to Billy; the changes of politics, the country quarrels, the rows and the risings were discussed with gravity, mirth or sarcasm, as best befitted the subject, to the great edification of the men, to whom Billy was the blithest of boon companions, drinking with them, jesting, taking jokes and merry gibes in good part, and returning them with compound interest. The young heir of the house too, was never happier than when, escaping for an hour from his tutor's vigilance, he could plant himself at Billy's side, and listen to his wondrous tales of fairies "who tread the moonlight ring," and the little Cobbler Clurricane, the Plutus of Irish mythology, or the Phooka who, in the shape of horse or goose, misleads the unwary, particularly after a glass too much, beguiling them into weary and ludicrous mishaps. Then his legends of saints and heroes, from St. Patrick downward, were never exhausted, and the sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks of his

young auditors attested the delight they afforded. Ah! those were merry days!—why does one grow old?

Billy rarely remained more than one night in the same place; at the morning's dawn he resumed his wanderings, followed by the kind good wishes of the menials, and bearing with him silver tokens from the master and the mistress. Then—did he visit the farmer's dwelling!—what joy! what welcomes! and if he chanced at wedding-time or christenings, nothing more was needed to complete the feast. Even though sorrow were in the house, there was a welcome and a place for Billy; for his unfeigned and friendly sympathy brought to grief, at least, alleviation. But in the peasant's cabin was Billy most himself; there his presence diffused the greatest happiness. They were what might be termed his own people. Intimately acquainted with their wants and their trials, their pains and their pleasures—he was one of themselves, and his hilarious temper always taught them to look on the brightest side of life. He raised their sinking hearts, and awakened within them that spirit of mirth which sorrow and oppression may for a time smother, but can never eradicate from an Irishman's breast. There Billy was the dispenser of kindness, for of the favours received from the rich he gave what he could spare, and that with cheerful voice and laughter-moving jest. He was beloved in proportion: the chubby, half-clothed children would spy him from afar and run joyously to meet him, sure of receiving some remembrance in the form of sugar-plum or toy, and in gleeful anticipation of the tale and song the Bowl would amuse them with at eve; their mother spread the board with the best the house afforded, and the weary father, when returned from his toil he heard the merry voices of his guest and family, felt his heart grow lighter, and joined the circle with a cheerful face.

Billy was a successful speculator, and by a prudence and thrift unusual to one of his vagrant profession, soon cleared himself of debt, and continued business on a more independent footing. Prosperity attended him, and a few years from the commencement of his career saw Billy the lessee of a comfortable cabin; his old mother restored in some measure to health, and capable to govern matters within doors, warmly clad and well cared for.

Billy was unchanged by Fortune's favours; cheerily had he borne her frowns, and, unaltered in the outward or the inner man by her smiles, he jogged merrily on in his ancient style, with his little rough pony, that seemed to have caught a portion of his master's spirit, so gentle and kind was he, yet so gamesome. They were welcome guests wherever they might stop, and not the less so since the whisper prevailed of the Bowl's good luck. Still he levied contributions from the wealthy, but his poor friends had ample proof of his advance in fortune, in the added value of the tokens he brought them. A scarlet mantle for the granddame, and perhaps a pound of tea and snuff, a winter garment for the baby, or a bright new scythe for the industrious father.

A great fair was held in the town of Kilross, and the country people, in their holiday garbs, were thronging towards it from all directions. Here the substantial farmer, with his well-laden cart, anticipating a good sale for the produce of his farm—there the hard-working peasant, driving before him his last cow, that by its price he might be ready with his tithes, for the support of the haughty churchman, who was not his pastor but his oppressor. Now a group of laughing merry girls came bounding along with their hanks of yarn or knitted hose, the winter's industry, which they hoped to dispose of to their advantage, whiling

the way with jest or story, or bright imaginations of the gifts their bachelors would bestow upon them :—and further on the stout young men might be seen, exchanging practical jokes, and brandishing their shilelaghs as yet in sport and amity. Stragglers of all descriptions crowded the way—paupers and idlers, mountebanks and jugglers, all eager to share in the pleasures and profits of the day. But not the least conspicuous figure on the road was Billy the Bowl, snugly seated in his wagon, his pony sleeker and fatter than of old, going on an easy trot, slow enough to allow his master to exchange gay salutations with all he met, for all were old acquaintances, and from the roars of laughter attending every sally, and the brightening faces as he drove along, one might deem him not an unfit representative of the mirth-provoking god, the merry Momus.

Pass we now the bustling intermediate hours ;—the business of the fair was almost concluded, the sun was descending to its side, and some, the quiet and peaceable, and those who lived at a distance, were leaving for their homes. Crowds were collected around the shebeen houses, those banes to poor Ireland, or in the temporary sheds erected for their accommodation, and the power of their potations was already visible, in their flushed cheeks, raised voices, and now and then prostrate forms. Clubs were grasped, and threats uttered, between jest and earnest, and vaunts and challenges given and returned, but as yet they were not quite infuriated,—as yet the demon was not in his might. Apart from this was a gentler scene : a pretty, modest-looking girl had just sold the last of her little store, and with the silver tied in the corner of her white kerchief, was bending her steps towards her home ; but she proceeded not far unattended, a tall and handsome youth disengaged him-

self from one of the groups and joined her, drawing her arm within his own, with the air of one who knew it would scarce give offence; and had he harboured a doubt, the sweet confiding smile that parted her lips, and beamed in her blue eyes as she looked up to him, would have dispelled it at once.

"You are lavin' us airly, Kathleen," said the youth. "Why wouldn't ye stay to the dance at Dame Ryan's? Sure myself would see ye safe home, and if ye are away there'll be no call for me there—small heart would I put to the dance without ye."

"My mother will be looking for me these two hours, Niel, and I promised not to stay to the dance."

"Oh, the mother is it?" said Niel, impatiently, "no friend of mine is the mother; but for her wouldn't ye this minute be my own wife, instead of slaving it, as ye do, night and day. Thin I could a most wish your mother—"

"Wish no ill to my mother, Niel, if you love me," said Kathleen, tears filling her eyes; "put all evil thoughts away from your heart, dear Niel, and wait patiently till I can be your own wife; sure, for your own sake, you should rather have me a dutiful child, for how can I be a good wife otherways?" A blush crimsoned her cheek, and she smiled through her tears as she spoke.

The words, or the blush, or the smile, or perhaps all three, were irresistible—the lover felt them so—and, "You're an angel, Kathleen," he exclaimed with ardour, "and I love you betther ten thousand times than ever, and for your sake not a word more will I say agin your mother, though she is crabbed, and not a bit my friend. Thin it's Mister O'Brien I may thank for that same. Him I may hate, and wish him ill too—and small blame to me—yourself wouldn't deny me

that comfort—for if he hadn't set his two ugly eyes on you, and jingled his money-bags in your mother's hearing, she wouldn't turn the deaf ear to me."

"Mister O'Brien is no friend to us indeed," said Kathleen, with a sigh; "but do not hate even him, Niel, for curses, they tell, may fall on the head that asks them. May the saints guard you, dear Niel, and keep you from evil."

"Thin it's asking too much of me, Kathleen. Troth, v'hin I see that sour puckered-up face of his, doing its best to look sweet on you, and see him as he did the day, take this very little hand into one of his griping claws—my blood's up—and it's great credit I take to myself that I don't send him away before his time. Oh thin if you *had* taken the bead collar he proffered you, the villain, I *must* have done it; 'twas you saved him thin, with your grave looks, and your 'no, Mister O'Brien, thank ye;' but didn't I laugh to see him go off, looking so mane, and so small, and so spiteful, and the beads clutched in his hand. He that minds a shilling as much as another a gould guinea, to be at the expinse, and all for no use in life; and that minds me I've a riband for you, Kathleen aroon; 'tis just the blue colour of your eyes, and for that rason I chose it of all others."

"Oh Niel! Niel!" said Kathleen, half reprovingly, yet receiving with a bright smile his gift, "what will I say to you to keep you asy? Sure you know that not all Mister O'Brien's wealth, nor twice it, would change my heart. What need to think of him at all?"

"One way there is, Kathleen, to keep me asy," answered Niel, his eyes sparkling at the thought, "one way, would ye but try it: step over with me to the priest yonder and be my wife this minute; thin I'd snap my fingers at Mister O'Brien, and wish him no worse luck, the weasel."

"Niel Dolan, is it sarious you are?" said Kathleen,

shrinking from him, and looking fearfully in his face—his expecting countenance, half hoping, half fearing the answer to his bold suggestion, gave her little comfort. The blush of indignation rose to her cheek, and she continued, “thin you’re not the boy I took you for, Niel. Is it lave my ould mother, wake and sick as she is, to work out the rint by herself? is it fly in her very face you’d have me do? Oh Niel! Niel! I did not expect this of you; I thought you loved me betther nor that.”

“And I do love you, Kathleen,” cried the impetuous Niel, “and it’s because I do love you, that I can’t be any longer in this way. If it was for good that your mother stopped us; but when I know, and you know it too, Kathleen, though you won’t say it, it’s tasing your heart out she is all the while, to make you marry that ould griping villain; why thin, myself thinks, ’twould be no sin, but the contrair, to lave her all out—the priest himself couldn’t blame ye.”

“’Tisn’t good for me to talk with you, Niel Dolan,” said Kathleen, walking quickly on, and endeavouring to check the tears which, in spite of her efforts, were streaming down her cheeks, “’tisn’t good for me to listen to you; best lave me to myself now, Niel, for it’s evil counsel you give me. Oh Niel!” she added, with an imploring look, “’tis hard enough to wrastle with my own heart, without your urgings to back it: and a weary life you’d lade if I did consint. A poor crather of a wife I’d be with such a sin on my shoulders. Niel Dolan, ’tisn’t you ought to misguide me.”

“Thin, Kathleen dear,” said her lover, now quite repentant, “you’re the best girl in life; sure I must own it, though it’s agin me, and I’m sorry to grieve or fret ye. Every drop of my blood would I give to spare your tears. Look up thin, Kathleen darling, and smile like your ownself, and I’ll never vex ye more.”

Kathleen did look up, and his pardon was sealed. They walked on cheerfully, till near the stile that separated her mother's cottage from the road—and there, with mutual vows of love and truth, they parted. •

Niel bent his way back towards the town, from which the sound of uproarious merriment, mingled with the tumult of battle, was heard every moment increasing. Accustomed to the national usages, Niel scarce noticed the warlike sounds, but went quietly on, enjoying his own reflections, which were all of a pleasing nature; for although Kathleen had refused his wild proposal, the steady principle she had shown, united with her gentleness and affection, gave him the best assurance of her truth, and he felt her a thousand times more dear to his heart, than had she yielded to his temptation. He paid little attention to the different groups that passed him, on their way from the fair; but within a short distance of the town, the cheerful voice of Billy the Bowl aroused him. •

“Ye find yourself mighty agreeable, Niel Dolan, looking so pleasant, and no company but your ownself; thin if it's sport you like, it's yonder at the town: the M'Carthys and Callahans hard at it.”

“Ah Billy!” answered Niel; “is it yourself laying the fair, and the sun scarce down yet?—troth, it's not like you.”

“Tis a long way home, Niel, and the mountain road, (no so asy in the daylight itself,) in the night is the divil's own carriage-way. A good evening to you, Niel; my sarvice to the mother of you, it's a kind one she is, and myself has rason to know it;” and, giving a shrill whistle, his pony started on a round pace that carried the Bowl briskly off.

“Is he so rich as they tell of?” said a bystander to Niel.

He looked at the speaker, a tall, strong-built man, with a

countenance marked by dissipation and unbridled passions ; but not recognizing a friend, nor too well pleased with the result of his scrutiny, answered shortly—"And if he is, there's none deserves it better, for there's the heart of a prince within him."

"Rich did you say?" rejoined a third, "troth he could buy us out, all three. They say he has heaps buried in his corner ; thin I'd think myself well off wid what he's got in his waistcoat-pocket."

Of the last speaker Niel had some slight knowledge. He was commonly called Tim the tailor, and universally disliked : avaricious and envious, he had but little of the Irishman about him, except the love of pleasure and frolicking, which he indulged in whenever and wherever they could be procured at another's expense.

"Does he carry so much about with him?" asked the other, in reply to Tim's last observation.

"Not at all times sure," said the tailor ; "but he's just returned from his rounds the day, and myself saw the big purse in his own fist, when he took out an awmous for ould blind Nelly. Thin isn't it a quare thing to see a beggar give awmous like a gintleman?"

"Quare enough, faith," replied the stranger, "but it's ill talking with dry lips ; wouldn't ye now step wid me to Pat Phelan beyant us, and drink to our better acquaintance."

"Much obleeged to ye," said the tailor, quite delighted with the proposal ; "I'm your man for that same, and plased will I be to make your friendship any day in the year."

The two shook hands in token of companionship, and walked briskly off towards the shebeen-house, leaving Niel to pursue his way alone. He sauntered on, trying, but in vain, to regain the pleasant train of thought he had been awakened from, for constant interruptions occurred, and at

length, meeting a gay party of friends, he was easily induced to stop with them at Pat Phelan's, where a juggler showed the wonders of his art to an admiring crowd. Surprising were the magic feats he displayed, and Niel was giving himself up, heart and soul, to the enjoyment of the moment, when the gruff tones of the stranger, in earnest conversation with Tim the tailor, again arrested his attention. The Bowl was still their theme, and a dark surmise flashed across his mind, as he listened to the queries respecting Billy's route and mode of travelling. They were just behind him, and conversed in a low tone, but Niel had the presence of mind not to turn round. Looking steadily at the juggler, and to all appearance deeply interested in the performance, he lost not a word of their discourse, and heard, with confirmed suspicion, the tailor engage to conduct his comrade by a short cut to the lonely mountain-pass through which lay Billy's homeward way. The tailor, by his voice and language, was evidently intoxicated, but his companion, either less easily affected, or having been more prudent in his libations, seemed perfectly self-possessed, and his cold and almost savage tones thrilled to Niel's heart, as he thought of the helpless and unprotected state of the kind-hearted little cripple.

"We must be off thin, this minute, for he has a full quarther of an hour's start of us," was the last observation distinctly audible to Niel.

The tailor muttered something in reply, and the two moved off together, making their way through the crowd to the door.

Niel's resolution was instantly taken; there was no time even had he thought of it to engage an assistant, or mention his suspicions, so, grasping his shilelagh more tightly,

he followed at a distance the rapid steps of the tailor and his comrade.

"Sure," thought he, "if I'm wrong, there can be no harm in walking the same way with them; and if I'm right, Billy sha'n't want for a friend in his need."

The pass towards which they were hastening, was part of a lonely and but little travelled road, that turned off from the highway about six miles from the town of Kilross. It wound by the side of a rugged mountain, and at the pass I have mentioned was shadowed by trees, clothed in all the luxuriance of the spring, and overhanging rocks whose huge masses threatened to crush the venturesome traveller. The short cut taken by the tailor, led direct from the town across the fields into the wooded country which skirted the mountain, through which foot-paths had been formed by the peasantry for the easier herding of their cattle; one of these opened near the pass, making the distance at least two miles shorter than the carriage-way. Niel walked at a good round pace, keeping the two in sight, but not approaching so near as to make his proximity known to them. They speedily crossed the fields and plunged into the wood; here Niel quickened his footsteps and drew closer to them, the increasing darkness added to the thick shade of the trees, rendering it both easy and necessary. In this manner he followed them, treading with stealth and wariness, and scarce rustling the boughs which overhung his path.

Meanwhile, Billy the Bowl was cheerfully pursuing his way, dreading no other danger than the ruggedness of the mountain-pass might subject him to. He was later on the road than he had intended, for after parting with Niel, he had met with several detentions from the kindly-meant greeting of his many friends, all wishing to have a word

with Billy; then there were one or two cabins by the way side, whose chubby little inmates Billy had promised to gladden by the fairings he would bring them, and his word was certain as a bond. Wishing a gay good night to the happy group collected in front of the last of these, Billy buttoned his frieze-coat more carefully round him, and gathering up the reins, urged the little pony to its utmost speed, for the night had fallen, and many miles lay before him. The gloom had however small power over the mercurial temperament of the Bowl, judging by the snatches of merry songs with which he whiled away the moments, and if there was a shadow on his mind, it was dispelled at once by the moon, rising bright and clear from the dark clouds that had belted the horizon, and hitherto impeded its light.

"Och, long life to you for a bright-faced crature!" said Billy aloud; "I'm needing your light this blessed minute, if iver I did in my life;" and he turned off on the mountain road.

Here, in compassion to his pony, he drove more slowly, still continuing at intervals his cheerful song. At every step the road grew wilder, and though a lover of the picturesque would have delighted in its frowning rocks, their dark outlines presenting a thousand fantastic shapes, and the tender light of the moon sparkling through the young green leaves, it must be owned that Billy was quite insensible to the romance of the scene, and would gladly have exchanged it for a good matter-of-fact turnpike. Nevertheless, the worst part was nearly accomplished in safety, and another quarter of a mile would bring him to a more open and level road. He had reached the pass, and was in the act of urging his pony to a greater speed, when his course was suddenly checked—a man rushed from the concealment of the trees and seized the horse by the bit, at the same

instant that a whizzing sound at his ear caused him to turn his head. By his side stood an athletic figure, with a huge oaken club brandished over him. The moon shining full on the face of the stranger, showed a fierce, determined countenance that forbade all hope.

"God help me!" ejaculated the poor little cripple, comprehending with a glance the whole of his danger.

A shout arose from one side, a rustling of leaves, and Niel Dolan sprang from the shelter of a projecting rock, and his well-aimed crabstick descended heavily and truly on the head of the stranger. The uplifted club wavered for an instant, and then fell harmlessly at the side of its owner, who, as if stricken by a cannon-ball, had sunk motionless on the earth. Niel's next impulse was to secure the tailor; he, however, on seeing his comrade's fate, dashed into the wood, and was soon concealed from pursuit. Relinquishing so fruitless an attempt, Niel turned to Billy, who was pouring out with all the vehemence of his nature his warm expressions of gratitude. Grasping his hand kindly, he wished him joy of his good luck, and proceeded to tell him in what manner his suspicions had been excited. Their attention was then directed to the fallen man, who, still without sense or motion, lay extended on the ground. Niel raised him partially, and turned his face to the moonlight.

"Did ye ever see him afore, Billy, and do you mind of any grudge agin you?"

Billy looked long and earnestly at the ghastly countenance ere he answered—

"I have seen that face afore, Niel Dolan, though at first I could not mind where it was, but now it's as clare as the day to me. Whin I was last in the north, it's a year agone come next Michaelmas, at the time of the great burnings

ye heerd tell of, this same man was taken wid a great many more, and thried for being consarned in 'em. 'Twas an awfu' time, for an ould bedridden woman and two young childer died in the blaze, and the people were mad wid grief and anger, and sure I seed this man myself going to the thrial, and the sodgers all round him. But somehow it couldn't be proved agin him, or he made his escape, troth I don't ricollect which, it's all one now. As to having a grudge agin me, I doubt it intirely, for I never seed him from that hour to this; it must have been for the purse that ne'er-do-weel of a tailor tould him of."

"Thin," said Niel, letting the body drop, "my mind's asy altogether, even if it's dead he is; sure the man that for dirty lucre would do the thing *he* intended, deserves no better. So come, Billy, it's best be going forward. I'll stop the night with you if ye've no objection."

"Objection is it?" said Billy, "thin what do ye take me for? an ungrateful baste or a Chrishtian man? Sure, wouldn't I be a hathen, if me and mine wasn't every inch at your service?"

"Now don't be talking in that away, Billy, but take your reins here, and keep Paddy Whack on a slow trot, the rogue! so that I may walk by your side without running." Niel handed him the reins as he spoke, and dragged the body to the side of the road, out of the way of vehicles, adding, that "he'd just give the villain a chance, if the life was in him." Then, rejoining Billy, they pursued their journey in safety, and reached his humble but comfortable cabin without further interruption.

The next morning Niel, accompanied by several neighbours of the Bowl's, returned to the scene of the last night's rencounter, but to their astonishment the body had disappeared, and no other trace was at first observable, than here

and there a clot of blood, and the heavy loaded club which had so nearly ended Billy's mortal career; but upon examining more closely, impressions of footsteps of different sizes in the damp earth beneath the trees, and broken branches and lacerated leaves, as if a litter had been hastily formed, made it clearly evident that either comrades or chance friends had borne the wretched being from the spot. Billy's indignant friends would have proceeded to search for Tim the tailor; at his earnest request, however, the matter was dropped without farther investigation; "the creature being," as he said, "crazed with dhrink and maneness whin he consinted to the thing."

Billy's gratitude was not of the kind to evaporate in words. He drew from Niel Dolan, almost without his knowing it, the dearest wish of his heart—his love for Kathleen, and the bar that fortune opposed to their union: and not many days from the eventful one we have described, on a bright May morning, the Bowl's little wagon was seen stopping before Widow Moragh's door. Two or three little urchins stood by Paddy Whack, ostensibly to keep him quiet, but in reality patting his sleek sides, examining his teeth, and encouraging him by all possible means to bite and kick. The Bowl staid an unusual time, but when he appeared, the smiling countenances of those who accompanied him to his wagon, bore testimony that his presence had, as usual, conferred happiness. The old widow, with her pale sickly face lighted by unwonted smiles, and behind her Kathleen, her cheeks glowing and dimpled with the joy, while the downcast lids forbade her eyes from beaming forth too fully. But she did raise them once, as Billy, settling himself in his wagon, called out—

“Good day—Kathleen, mavourneen; 'tis another guess visiter ye'll have ere the sun sets, I'm a false prophet else.”

She did raise them, and the bright tear that glistened in those blue and smiling eyes, spoke, more forcibly than words could do, her gratitude and happiness.

Some magic surely Billy must have used, to soften the inflexible Widow Moragh. A few well-informed gossips affirmed that a marriage-portion was settled on Kathleen, with conditions thereto. Others contended that Billy had chosen an heir, and confided his choice to the widow. Whatever the cause, certain it is that Niel Dolan was seen the same day to knock boldly at the door, and was admitted with a kindly welcome, by the widow herself. Stranger still, ere a week had elapsed, the neighbours were bidden to a merry wedding, and a prettier bride than Kathleen Moragh, or happier bridegroom than Niel Dolan, never stood before the good old priest. Billy the Bowl was there, the gayest of the gay, singing and joking and telling his merriest stories. One tale he told with less of mirth, but with a deep and contagious feeling. It was the story of his rescue from a fearful death in the lonely mountain-pass; and, filling a bumper for himself, he called on all present to drink health and long life to his preserver and his bride.

"Sure," said Niel in reply, "don't I owe you more, Billy, than I could ever repay, should I live a thousand years?" and he looked fondly at Kathleen, now his own wife. "But 'tis Kathleen ye must thank, if any one. If she had been guided by me that same night, it's little I should have known of your danger. She was bettther nor I wished her thin—God bless her for it now!"

THE SNARE.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

"WELL, now I have bent this sapling right,
'Tis small and lithe, and I'll soon make tight
This cord, and the noose I'll cunningly fix,
And the rabbit will find I'm up to tricks.
He'll not be the first that's seen my trap,—
The spoils of many are in my cap!
'Tis sport—yet something sometimes stings.
When I think of the gentle, timid things:
How carelessly I've contrived their death.
As if I'd a right to stop their breath.
I wish I knew of a way to take
The varlets alive, for Sally's sake;—
She often begs me to save her one
To be her pet and share in her fun."

Thoughtless, and simple, and happy boy!
A lesson learn from thy rural toy. "
Others are busily toiling as thou,
Snare are artfully woven now!



A. Lawson

TIME SNARE.

The earth, the air, and the smiling sea
• Are full of gins and nets for thee.
Beware of folly—for should'st thou sip,
The rose from thy cheek, the dew from thy lip
Would quickly pass, and the cruel dart
Of keen remorse would pierce thy heart.
In vain in the sight of any bird
Is the net prepared, and thou hast heard!
Oh! look in thy youth to heaven in prayer,
And He that's strong will save from the snare.

Philadelphia.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SEA.

BY ROBERT WALSH, JUN.

ONE who is not sick at sea, and whose heart is as difficult to be moved as his stomach, must enjoy no little amusement the first day of a voyage, when the uninitiated begin to discover what effects are produced by the motion of the vessel. Seated at table, how he must laugh in his sleeve, at witnessing the desperate efforts of the nauseated wretches to combat their sensations, each one determined not to encounter the jokes of the rest, by being the first to acknowledge the victory of the waves over his inward man. With what strenuous resolve does that sour-looking gentleman, into whose countenance all the vinegar of the castors seems to have been infused, thrust a bit of beef-steak down his throat, after gazing at it for a while, as if he would rather be at another sort of *stake* than that! How many times does that afflicted dame, whose face doth cream and mantle like a standing-pool at every plunge of the ship, lift a spoonful of somewhat greasy soup to her mouth, the odour of which, as it salutes her olfactory, causes it to return to the bowl far more rapidly than it was taken up!

How each one casts an occasional sly, penetrating glance around to see whether there is not some fellow-sufferer so far gone as to be on the very point of giving up! At length one pusillanimous individual sneaks quietly away, deeming discretion the better part of valour, and seeks consolation in his berth; incontinently another jumps from his seat, rushes up the cabin-stairs, and is leaning over the bulwarks almost before his companions are aware of his departure, and then in quick succession the residue decamp, leaving the board to solitude and him—him, the monster, the only one not discomposed, who had been revelling the while in the miseries of his neighbours and friends.

“Steward, bring me some brandy and water.”—“Yes, sir.”—“Steward, a glass of lemonade, if you please.”—“Coming, ma’am.”—“Steward, fetch me some hot water, I’ll try what that’ll do.”—“Directly, sir.”—Steward this, steward that, is shouted, groaned, screamed, murmured in every tone of the diapason from the various berths. No sinecure has that same steward. Not poor Francis, when those rogues, Prince Hal and Poins, made him repeat “Anon, anon,” until his bewildered brains whirled—not Figaro when, with “Figaro ci, Figaro là,” in his ears, he uttered the pathetic prayer, “*Un alla volta per carità,*” could have had more reason to abandon themselves to despair, from the multiplicity of simultaneous calls upon their attendance, than has the steward of a packet at the outset of a voyage. But he knows too well what he is about; he has seen too much of the *maladie de mer* to feel much sympathy for it; he has undergone too many scenes of the kind, to suffer himself to be at all discomposed by these assaults upon his ears. With the most stoical composure he hears the commands, and complies with each one in due.

order, receiving such vituperations as are bestowed upon him by those he keeps waiting, with exemplary patience.

The third or fourth day what a different spectacle is presented! what joyous, happy, though somewhat pallid faces are saluting one another on deck!

Smiles on past misfortune's brow,
Soft reflection's hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace.

Certainly for a time after recovering from sea-sickness, if it has not been inordinately severe and protracted, it is impossible to experience more buoyant sensations of physical well-being. The system seems to have been, as it were, oiled—all the bad humours are removed—and the contrast to the agony which has just been ended, is perfect bliss. But alas! like all the bliss of this mundane sphere, whether on land or water—maritime or terrestrial, it perfectly realizes the simile of Burns of the rainbow, “evanishing amid the storm”—literally, indeed, for the first storm which is encountered is a fatal foe, in most instances, to its continuance. “*Infandum tempestas, jubes renovare dolorem.*”—A storm! How I wished to see one of those magnificent spectacles during my first passage across the Atlantic, regardless of Cicero's wise remark: “*In tranquillo mare tempestatem adversam optare dementis est.*” But my desire was not gratified, smooth weather having continued without interruption. On my return, however, I witnessed a sample which considerably allayed all craving for such exhibitions, our top-mast being carried away and one poor fellow, engaged at the time in reefing, precipitated with it into

the raging billows, from which every effort to rescue him proved futile. By the way, what amazement is excited in a landsman at first beholding that operation of reefing! and what horror, too, for he can scarce believe it possible that the sailors so occupied can escape destruction. There they cluster about the sails, like so many bees, clinging to the yard with one hand, whilst the other is employed in the duty, with no other support to their feet than an uncertain rope, swinging to and fro with the motion of the vessel, which threatens at every instant, as she makes a plunge that buries her bowsprit beneath the waves, or rocks on her side, until the very canvass they are arranging almost touches the water, to hurl them into the abyss that seems gaping to receive them. And yet, half the time, they seem to consider it excellent fun. Verily, thought I to myself, what may be sport to you would be death to me. The mere idea of such a position made my brain whirl; but there appears to be nothing, however perilous or revolting, to which the indian-rubber nature of man cannot extend or contract itself—Paddy, after a while, became accustomed even to hanging, which indeed would seem scarcely less difficult than to get used to reefing. I have never seen any exhibitions of intrepidity and recklessness which struck me as such conclusive evidences of the marvellous degree to which mortals may be schooled by habit to bid defiance to danger. If every tar were as loath at first to encounter the peril in question as was one of the crew of the good ship N——, who had just set out on his naval career, the marvel of the matter would be not a little increased. Various were the efforts he made to ascend the ladder of ropes, which the second mate, who had a reasonable antipathy to him on account of his awkwardness and apprehensions, compelled him to attempt as often as the slightest excuse was offered;

but his heart and hand would always fail him, and down he would come in despite of the sneers of his comrades and the objurgations of the officer. I believe he never achieved the enterprise until near the conclusion of the passage, when the proximity of terra firma probably braced his nerves.

On my second voyage, both going and coming, whatever appetite for storms remained, was abundantly satiated—may I never be edified by any more sublime sights of the kind! For seven days and nights, almost immediately after losing sight of land, were we at loggerheads with 'winds and waves, whose various blows so completely staggered at times our gallant bark, as to render it seemingly impossible for her to continue the struggle. But she did so bravely and successfully, suffering no other damage in the conflict than the loss of the boat attached to the stern. This was carried off by the sea's overtaking us in consequence of the unskilfulness of the man at the helm. It was on the sixth day of the gale. We had just taken our seats at the dinner-table, every one gloomy enough at what appeared to be a determination on the part of Neptune to destroy us—as if he had again been besought by Juno to gratify her vengeance upon some unlucky wight on board, as she prayed him in times of yore, "*æternum servans sub pectore vulnus*," to overwhelm Æneas—we had just, I say, taken our seats at table, and the first spoonfuls of soup were about touching our lips, when a tremendous crash was heard against the stern. Down splashed the spoons simultaneously into the bowls—pale turned every visage at once—up jumped all incontinently and rushed upon deck.

"I hope it a'n't the rudder gone!" involuntarily ejaculated the captain, in a tone that did not restore the blood to our cheeks.

When we reached the deck, we beheld the boat spinning at a short distance upon the top of a foamy wave, and alas! a goodly portion of the vegetables provided for the voyage which had been there stowed away, swimming about in all directions, "in surgite vasto." Fortunately, the rudder was safe. A more experienced steersman was placed in requisition, and we returned to our repast—with what appetites the reader may judge. "Qui prend le gouvernail, doit connoître l'ecueil," says the Gallic poet. It is quite as necessary for him, one would think, to know how to manage it, especially when the sea is running after the ship with all the ferocity of a bloodhound.

There was one night of this storm, during which I confess my nerves were considerably jangled out of tune; and those of the other passengers did not appear to be in a more harmonious state. We were laying to with nothing but the storm-sail set—the last hope in the way of canvass. The gale was at its height. None of the descriptions I had ever read in ancient or modern verse—neither Virgil's nor Falconer's tempest—had prepared my mind for such a sensation of awe rather than dread, as I then experienced. As I lay in my berth, pitching from one side to the other with the motion of the ship, the blows of the infuriate billows against the plank which alone separated us from them, seemed at every moment irresistible—the vessel fairly reeled beneath their power—whilst the tremendous roar of the winds, with the hideous creaking and straining of the masts and cordage made the blood run cold to the very heart. All at once the voice of the mate on watch was heard crying out to the captain, who was in the round-house, worn out with fatigue, and trying to snatch a moment's repose—"The storm-sail's gone, sir!" I never shall forget the answer of the captain, or the effect which

its tone produced :—" Good God, you don't say so ! " All whose ears it reached gave themselves up for lost. It seemed to say " all's over. " Fortunately, however, he did not think so, for not long afterwards another sail of the kind was rigged up and shivering in the blast ; but the plunges of the vessel in the interim, with nothing to steady her, were absolutely maniac. It was vain to hope for sleep, so I rose and made my way to the round-house whence I could look out upon the elemental strife. The night was not entirely dark. Dense, jagged masses of black cloud hung heavily on the heavens, but at intervals the glimmer of the moon would struggle forth to render visible the darkness and horrors of the scene. What a contrast did her placid countenance, when ever and anon it would look out upon the tumult below, present to the fearful warfare in which we were involved : it seemed at one time an emblem of the virtuous man in the poet Young's most beautiful picture, seated on a lofty eminence, and calmly regarding the turmoil of human passions, as they bluster and rage beneath him—but at others, I could almost have cursed it as a mockery of our situation, so immovable, so pitiless, so cold, like the look of unsympathizing, flint-hearted selfishness upon misery and despair. As every now and then a ray would glance upon the summit of some mountain wave, and exhibit it hanging over our very heads, as if the next instant we should be buried beneath its terrific volume, was it not the act of that cruelty which would delight in revealing his peril to the wretch about to be sacrificed, only to madden him, without affording the merest glimpse of escape ?

" The back of the gale's broken," was the first sound I heard the next morn, on waking from a short and troubled sleep, and a pleasant sound it was. It came from the

steward's lips, in answer to a question from an occupant of the adjoining state-room. By the way, what a running fire of interrogatories is kept up every morning on board ship, when the passengers first open their eyes. "How's the wind, steward?" is repeated as often as there are mouths in the cabin, and what a groan succeeds to the response—"Dead ahead, sir!" which is often given even when the reverse is the case, in revenge for the troublesomeness of the inquirers. This morning, however, the worthy in question was in too good a humour at the prospect of better weather not to be willing to communicate his cheering information. It was with a lightened heart that I mounted upon deck to see the broken back; but old Æolus did not appear to my unpractised eyes to care much for the dorsal injury he was said to have received. All the knowing ones, however, were satisfied that the storm had done its worst, and would soon be at an end. Fortunately they were right. Before evening closed, all the terrible portion of it had been removed, and the next day a goodly display of canvass was again allowable. How exhilarating was the song of the sailors, as they gave the sails once more to the wind! Ocean still continued for some time "to heave its tempestuous billows to the sky," under the influence of the upturning of its inmost depths which it had experienced, but the *præruptus aquæ mons* had now no longer any horrors in its aspect. It rather brought amusement in its train, when every now and then a luckless wight would be furnished with "a cold duck" to stay his appetite, by the shipping of a sea. An illustrious poet sings:—

"Two things relieve the monotony
Of an Atlantic trip—
You sometimes ship a sea,
And sometimes see a ship;"

and of the first kind of relief we had an ample abundance. Of the second also we were in no want. Next to Regent Street and the Boulevards, the Atlantic is about the most crowded thoroughfare in the world. You are jostled at almost every turn. The sight of another ship in a storm, creates a much more appalling impression of the terrors by which you are environed, than aught connected with your own vessel can do. You then behold, in all its awfulness, the contrast between the diminutive fabric and the surrounding immensity, and deem it impossible that so apparently weak and insignificant a work of human hands can battle, with a chance of success, against the multiform power of infuriate nature. "There, she's sunk!" is your exclamation, as you behold the bark, which had just been riding on a sky-touching wave, suddenly plunged into what seems an unfathomable abyss, her topmast spars scarce lifting themselves above the waters which appear to be madly rioting over their victim. "No! there she is again!" escapes the next instant from your lips, as you see her rising to the summit of the next billow, to take another leap, as it were, into the jaws of destruction yawning beneath her.

There is certainly no spectacle better calculated to give a vivid and inspiring idea of the superiority of mind over matter—of the predominance of man over all the soulless part of creation, than this conflict which he wages with the united fury of winds and waves.

"Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll!"—toss thy lowest depths to the heavens, put forth thy direst strength, assume thy most fearful shapes—and ye, ye pitiless elements, rage on with all your virulence, there is that within the contemptible object against which your fury is bent, which may defy your fiercest efforts. That feeble bark is animated, so to speak, by what most assimilates the created to the Creator. Far-reaching, all-combining thought

is mightier than ye—nearer than ye may ever approach to Omnipotence!

In these fearful contests which I witnessed, the ship always reminded me of a noble animal assailed by a crowd of foes, bellowing and ravenous for his blood—now rearing to trample upon this, now plunging his horns into that, and meeting every onset with unyielding spirit and determined front. 'Tis a wondrous sight!

For one prone to psychological investigations, an interesting field of study must be offered in a packet-ship during a storm. The various modes in which the fears of the passengers are manifested, are curious enough, and at times not a little amusing. The endeavours, particularly of some, to conceal their apprehensions under an air of carelessness, might put the laughing philosopher into a "right merrie" mood, even though imminent peril were staring him in the face. I candidly confess that I often felt by no means comfortable when the demons of the air seemed leagued and eager for our ruin, but being rather addicted to cachination, the elongated visages which would ever and anon catch my eye, were too ludicrous to be resisted. At such times the poor captain has no sinecure with his congregation. How they pester him with questions about coming events, of which, often, he can no more descry the shadows than they themselves. "Captain, do you think this blow will last long?"—"Captain, what's your opinion of the weather?"—"Captain, do tell me, are we in any danger?" are sounds which salute the unfortunate man at every turn; and what a group for a painter is afforded, when he comes down to the dinner-table, and is interrogated by the uneasy assemblage. What various and nicely discriminated shades of anxiety are visible on the different countenances bent upon him, from the unveiled terror of the pallid female, to

the affected unconcern of that whiskered lord of creation. "Conticuêre omnes, intentique ora tenebunt."

On my last return, I had an excellent opportunity of witnessing fear in some of its most extravagant shapes. The great majority of the passengers were a troupe of Italian opera-singers, who were going to try their fortunes in the land of liberty, but alas! not of song, as the poor devils found out to their cost. None of them had ever previously been out of sight of terra firma, and most of them swore, after they had been a few days at sea, that they never would be such fools again as to trust their valuable carcasses to the tender mercies of old Ocean, not even to get back to *la bella Italia*.

"Corpo di Bacco!" ejaculated one of them, in the intervals of his first sickness, "a pretty considerable" squall making music the while; "Corpo di Bacco! che bestia sono di lasciare la mia cara patria per questo diavolo di bastimento; vivro sempre fra le selve ed i salvaggi pria di re-venire per mare."

They were all abominably tortured by the motion of the vessel, and when the winds would get up a grand *crescendo* movement for their edification, and the waves would make a magnificent *cadenza*, they were as much horrified as if they had not had a jot of music in their souls. Such a sublime chorus as they would then chant forth, of exclamations, vituperations, and all other *ations* of the sort! But fortunately, though we were favoured with a quantum of storm during the passage, we had also a goodly portion of fair weather, in which the *artisti* were excellent company. Concerts were abundant and admirable, and every calm afternoon we turned the deck into a ball-room, and danced most energetically to the sounds of a first-rate orchestra. There was one instrument, an iphyclide, which emits a

tremendous roar, that became quite an object of superstitious dread among the sailors. They vowed that regularly the day after a hop or a concert in which its blasts were sent forth, there was a gale, and they naturally inferred that this was the effect of the way in which it "raised the wind." If it could only have performed that feat upon land, in the same remarkable manner, its owner would doubtless have been very much obliged to it.

A calm! Of all contrasts none can be more striking than that which is presented on a morning after a storm has raged for several days, when a dead calm is reigning around. The night before, you retired with the roar of the winds and the rush of the waves in your ears, and your mind—heavy and dark with the funeral clouds which pallid the heavens—now every thing is hushed—silence how great, and stillness how profound! No sound is heard save the lazy flapping of the sails against the masts, which brings the universal quiet into full relief. Then the listless roll of the vessel in the swell of the sea, the result of the lashing which the billows have undergone—like the indolent rocking of an ancient dame, as she crones over bygone days—produces as narcotic an effect as that occasioned by the previous pitchings and plungings was the reverse. Gradually the swell subsides, and the ocean is one unruffled, motionless sheet of glistening glass. Yesterday,

The waves o'ertopp'd the mast,
And the bounding galley flew
Like an arrow before the blast;

Now, she lies upon the sleeping waters, as if enthralled by an enchanter's spell—devoid of motion and life.

It is a singular fact that a storm, even an adverse one,

with all its discomforts and terrors, is less unwelcome to most persons than a calm. There is something so vexatious in the circumstance of standing entirely still when one is all eagerness to reach a destined point! Accordingly the longest and most wearisome days at sea are the quietest. How various the methods to which the passengers resort to kill time. There is one group confabbing away in that interesting mode in which no one thinks himself called upon to heed what his neighbour says, or be perfectly awake even to his own sagacious and amusing remarks. Here another, playing at shuffleboard with laudable vehemence. Down in the cabin a whist quartette are looking cross or pleased in harmony with the vicissitudes of the game; two or three couples are casting glances of imperturbable wisdom, with finger upon queen or pawn, on as many boards with chessmen paraded in battle array; whilst near each particular party are individuals stretched out with due regard to comfort, leaning upon their elbows, one eye closed, and the other watching with intense interest the games, with which Morpheus threatens every instant to bring their heads into unruly contact, from the style in which he is bobbing them up and down. From a state-room comes the cheerful sound of "Home, sweet home," or the Dead March in Saul, which a melancholy youth is extracting from a flute that cannot be said to rival the instrument of Nicholson or Tulon.

The monotony of this day was relieved by a tête-à-tête with a ship which in the morning had been descried upon the horizon, and which we gradually neared, until, in the afternoon, we were close enough to send a boat to her. She proved to be the packet which had sailed from New York the same day we had left Havre; but she had been more favoured by the winds than we, as scarcely one-third of our distance was accomplished, although our ship was the finer

of the two. Great was our rejoicing at this rencounter, by which we were to get such late news from home; anxiously did we watch the progress of the little boat as it caracoled upon the waves, until it was again at our side—and many were the eager hands extended to snatch the papers which were brought. Our very wishes give us not our wish, sings the Christian poet, and good reason had I then to acquiesce in the remark. I had deemed myself fortunate in obtaining at once one of the papers, and opened it with hands almost trembling with delight—the first thing on which my eyes fell, was an obituary notice of a friend, than whom I looked forward to meet no one out of my immediate family, with greater pleasure. Melancholy was the change of feeling, and active was fancy forthwith, in conjuring up possibilities of evil to those I held most dear. So we go through life, ever sighing for what is to render us miserable, ever grasping at the rose and clutching but the thorn. Wisely has he who made the vanity of human wishes the theme of his song, warned us against “the secret ambush of a specious prayer.” Merciful, indeed, is the denial of most of our supplications.

It was some time before I could shake off the load which this incident placed upon my breast; but my efforts to do so were materially aided by a beautiful breeze which sprang up towards evening. Dr. Johnson may laud as much as he pleases the exhilaration occasioned by rolling in a carriage on an excellent road—your Nimrods may vaunt the glorious excitement of darting through the air on a gallant steed—I doubt whether any feeling of the kind can be compared with that which is experienced when, after the chances and changes of storm and calm, your vessel is bounding swiftly and blithely over a placid sea, with auspicious gales behind. How beautiful are those white sails, curving with such ex-

quisite regularity and proportion. How inspiring the motion of the ship, as she proudly courses along, dashing the foam from her sides and the spray from her prow, as if in disdain of the element whose direst strength she had defied and foiled—triumphing in the consciousness of supremacy, and the buoyant recollection of victories oft achieved. Well might the untutored Indian conceive her to be a thing of life. How gracefully the masts ever and anon bend their heads in grateful homage to the favouring angels of the air. How sparkle the waters around ! How glorious the aspect of the immeasurable expanse ! “Merrily every bosom boundeth” at such moments. Home is in every leap of the vessel—in every wave about to be overcome.

“Land ahead !” There is a goodly number and variety of sweet sounds in this world of ours :—sweet is the carol of the morning lark, sweet the warble of the nightingale, sweet the lullaby of the crystal rivulet, sweet the whisper of the perfume-breathing zephyr, sweet, oh sweet, the vocal transports of Miss Amanda Sophonisba Fitz-Squall after a whole company have been conjuring her for a couple of hours to pour forth her divine enchanting ravishment ; but nor carol of morning lark, nor warble of nightingale, nor lullaby of crystal rivulet, nor the whisper of zephyr, nor bravura of Miss A. S. Fitz-S., is sweet as the sound of “land ahead !” bellowed out in the roughest tones of a sailor’s voice, falling upon the ear of one to whom the sea and all belonging to it have become matters of detestation, execration and disgust—and to what land-lubber do they not so become before the termination of the voyage ? “Sparkling on deck is every eye,” as soon as the sound is heard—“where ? where ?” shouts every lip. Where, indeed ! The practised optics of the tar at the mast-head descry appearances of mother-earth ; but as for the ignoramuses on deck,

“the Spanish fleet thou canst not see, because it’s not in sight.” That cloud before them may be very like a weasel or a whale, but it certainly bears no resemblance to land. The captain, however, assures them that there the land lies, and there, to their infinite joy, they at length discover that he *lies* not. When the shore is fully revealed in palpable, plain form, what a change comes over their spirit and appearance. Vinegar looks, and vituperative exclamations, and antiquated habiliments, are all thrown aside, and smiling countenances, pleasant remarks and spruce attire are the order of the day. What delight in the anticipation of once more beholding “the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth,” however much they may have been previously abominated; of standing firm upon one’s legs, with no apprehension of being pitched about like a foot-ball; of sitting tranquilly at table, unmolested by incursions into one’s lap of plates and pitchers, scalding soup and refrigerating water; of—but the list would be as long as Leporello’s famous *catalogo*, so let the rest be imagined. The poet Gray never made a voyage, or he would certainly have alluded, in his ode upon the pleasures of vicissitude, to the transition from maritime to terra firma sensations. It may all be true what he says about the feelings of the wretch who has been long tossing on the thorny bed of pain, when he gets again into the open air; but the exhilaration of such a change cannot be greater than that attendant on the one in question: *Aud inexpertus loquor*. I must have been turned into gum-elastic when I jumped upon shore, especially on my first arrival at Havre, for it seemed to me that I fairly bounded from the earth at every step I took.

Philadelphia.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

HYMN IN HARVEST-TIME.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

'NEATH summer's bright and glorious sky,
While proudly waves the golden grain,
And through the falling fields of rye
Comes on the joyous reaper train—
While nature smiles, and hill and plain
Are tranquil as the sleeping sea,
And peace and plenty brightly reign
By homestead hearth and forest tree—
God of the seasons, unto thee we raise
Our hands and hearts in melody and praise.

There is a sweet breath from the hills,
The incense of the mountain air,
Which from a thousand flowers distils
Its odours delicate and rare—
We feel its balm—we see it there
Among the bending wheat-blades move,



Kissing their tops in dalliance fair,
• As if its very life were lov.—
God of the harvest, whence its breezes blow,
Receive the humble thanks thy creatures owe.

Our loaded wain comes winding home—
Then let us rest beneath the shade
Of this old oak, our verdant dome,
And watch the evening shadows fade—
O'er mount and meadow, lawn and glade
They spread their deep'ning tints of gray,
Till all the scene their hues pervade,
And twilight glories melt away—
God of the world, who round thy curtain throws,
Thanks for the time of quiet and repose.

How still is nature all around !
No song is sung, no voice is heard—
Save here and there a murmuring sound,
As if some restless sleeper stirr'd—
The grasshopper, night's clam'rous bird,
Chirps gay, but all is hush beside—
And silence is the soothing word,
Whose spell diffuses far and wide—
God of the universe, by night and day,
We bless thee for the gifts we ne'er can pay.

Philadelphia.

MRS. CHALONER'S VISIT.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

"I HAVE pleasant news for you, my dear," said Mr. Gilmore to his wife, as he came in to dinner; "your old friend, Mrs. Chaloner, is in town."

"What, Cornelia Adderley that was?" exclaimed Mrs. Gilmore. "We were certainly intimate enough when girls, our families living for several years next door; but since Cornelia married and removed to a remote part of Virginia, we have lost sight of each other. We corresponded for awhile at first, but our letters gradually became less frequent, and at last ceased entirely, for you know I was married myself soon after Cornelia, and then I lost all inclination for letter-writing; as is generally the case, I believe, with women that are settled in life, and have no longer any thing to write about."

"Well," said Mr. Gilmore, "you will no doubt be glad to renew your friendship with the ci-devant Cornelia Adderley, whom I recollect as an uncommonly fine girl. You

know we heard of the death of Mr. Chaloner eight or nine years ago. She has been spending most of the winter at Washington, having had business with congress on account of a claim of her late husband's against the United States. She is here with some friends from the south, and they leave town for Boston in a few days."

"But who told you all this?" asked Mrs. Gilmore.

"Herself," was his reply; "I stopped in at the United States Hotel, to inquire if Mr. Atkinson had yet arrived, and I saw her name on the book. So, believing it to be that of our old friend, I made her a visit and introduced myself;—Mrs. Chaloner and her party have a private parlour at the hotel. I was glad to find that she recognized me even before I mentioned my name, notwithstanding the lapse of more than sixteen years. You know her marriage took place about three months before ours."

"How long will Mrs. Chaloner remain in town?" asked Mrs. Gilmore.

"Only two or three days. Of course you will call and see her this afternoon, and show her all possible kindness during her stay in Philadelphia."

"I am just thinking how that is to be managed. What a pity she did not arrive in town a month ago, and then I could have had her at my party."

"That would have been nothing," said Mr. Gilmore.

"Nothing—my dear, how can you talk so? What better could I have done for Cornelia Chaloner, than to invite her with all my other friends?"

"Friends," exclaimed her husband; "why will you persist in calling a crowd of several hundred people your friends?"

"So they were," said Mrs. Gilmore. "You know very well it was not a general party."

"Is it possible you were acquainted with even the names of all the people I saw here that night?" asked Mr. Gilmore. "I know not what you call a general party if that was not one."

"Well, it was *not*," resumed the wife. "A general party is when we ask every body with whom we are on visiting terms: and invite by families, even when some of the members are not exactly such as we like to show to the élite of our circle. For instance, I did not ask Mrs. Lilburn's sisters, though they live in the house with her, nor Mrs. Laidley's neither; nor Mrs. Wilkinson's cousin Margaret; nor Mrs. Bramfield's two step-daughters, though I had all three of her own; nor the Miss Herberts' aunt; nor Mrs. Danby's sister-in-law; nor Mrs. Ashton's neither; also, I invited nobody that lives north of Chestnut Street. Now, if I had not taken care beforehand to have it understood that I was not going to give a *general* party, I should have been obliged to invite all these people."

"In other words," observed Mr. Gilmore, "a general party is one in which the feelings of all your acquaintances are respected: whereas they may be offended with impunity if your crowd is designated as select."

"Well," resumed Mrs. Gilmore, "I am sure there was crowd enough; notwithstanding that I left out every body whom there was no advantage in having. Not half the ladies even *saw* the supper-table; at least no more of it than the tops of the sugar temples and pyramids. And when the dancing commenced, there was only room for half-cotillions of four people in each. And the sleeves were all pressed flat, as every body was jammed into one mass; and the blond of some was torn to tatters by catching in the flowers of others. The heat was so great that all the real curls came out, and hung in strings; and num-

bers of ladies caught violent colds from passing nearly the whole time on the stairs and in the entry, for the sake of coolness."

"And you regret that your friend Mrs. Chaloner was not here to enjoy all this?" said Mr. Gilmore.

"Enjoy?" returned his wife. "Was it not a splendid party? Think of the sum that it cost."

"You need not tell me that," said the husband. "Rather too large a sum to be expended by persons in middle life for one evening of pain—pleasure I am sure it was not to any human being."

"Middle life!" repeated Mrs. Gilmore; "you are always talking of our being in middle life, even before strangers."

"So we are. And even if we were to expend five times the sum on one evening of foolery and suffering, I doubt if we should still be admitted into what is termed high life."

"You know well enough," replied Mrs. Gilmore, "that I have friends at whose houses I have met with people of the very first rank and fashion—people, who treated me so politely when I was introduced, that I did not hesitate to call on them previous to my party, as a preparatory step to sending them invitations."

"But did they come when thus you called on them?" asked her husband, smiling.

"Nonsense, Mr. Gilmore," replied the lady, "they all sent very reasonable excuses and sincere regrets."

"Well," resumed Mr. Gilmore, "we have discussed this subject often enough. But what is it all to the widow Chaloner?"

"Why, I don't know exactly what to do with her—I cannot give another party this season."

"Heaven forbid you should!" ejaculated her husband.

"Well, as to inviting a small select company to meet Mrs. Chaloner, as some people would, that's quite out of my way. I give one great party every season, and then I have done my duty, and my conscience is clear till next season: having paid off my debts to all that have invited me to their parties, and laid a foundation for future invitations next winter."

"Notwithstanding all this," said Mr. Gilmore, "my advice is that you invite Mrs. Chaloner for to-morrow evening, and ask fifteen or twenty agreeable people to meet her."

"Well then," replied Mrs. Gilmore, "we must light up the parlours, and have ice-creams, and other such things, and hire Carroll to help Peter hand them round. All this would cost as much as one of Vanharlingen's new style pelerines, and I am dying for another of them. There is one that is worked all round in a running pattern—"

"Never mind the running pattern," interrupted her husband, "but endeavour to devise some way of evincing your pleasure at meeting again with one of the most intimate friends of your early youth. I remember her as a very handsome and agreeable girl, and she is now a most agreeable woman, and handsome still."

"Have you any idea what her circumstances are?"

"Not the least."

"How was she drest?"

"I did not observe."

"That is so like you. I am sure if I were to buy all my things at the cheap stores, where they keep nothing but trash, and have them made up by cheap mantuamakers and milliners, you would be none the wiser. I do not believe you would know the difference between a bonnet from Gaubert's or Pintard's and one made in the Northern Liberties."

"I am certain I should not," replied her husband; "but let us now postpone this discussion and go to dinner."

In the afternoon, as they proceeded together towards the United States Hotel, the subject was renewed by Mrs. Gilmore saying—"As to my troubling myself with any extra evening company after having given my party, that is entirely out of the question."

"Then invite Mrs. Chaloner to dinner," said Mr. Gilmore, "and ask the Roxleys, and Hermans, and Lysters to meet her; they are among the pleasantest people we know."

"I cannot undertake all that," replied the lady; "the trouble and expense of the dinner would far exceed that of a small tea-company."

"In this instance I am willing to pay the cost," said Mr. Gilmore, "for I expect some gratification in return for it."

"You talk of your own gratification," said Mrs. Gilmore, "and yet you refuse to make poor Mary Jane happy by giving her the superb silver card-case that she saw at Bailey and Kitchen's the day she got her last ear-rings, and that she has been longing for ever since. But, to make an end of all this arguing, the cheapest way of entertaining Cornelia Chaloner is—"

"Cheapest!" said Mr. Gilmore, indignantly.

"Yes, to be sure," pursued his wife. "Is it not our duty to consult cheapness in all unnecessary expenses. You know that we have a large family, and now that Mary Jane has come out, our bills for articles of dress and jewellery are of course very much enhanced."

"I know that perfectly," replied Mr. Gilmore; "she ought not to have come out for at least two years,—seventeen would have been quite time enough."

"There was no possibility of keeping her in," remarked Mrs. Gilmore. "But, as I was saying, the cheapest way is

to invite Cornelia Chaloner to stay at our house while she is in town; and she will no doubt consider it a greater compliment than if we made a dinner or tea-party for her. It will look as if we desired only the pleasure of her society, and were unwilling to lose any part of it by sharing it with others."

"I am not certain though," said Mr. Gilmore, "that she will find *our* society (if we give her nothing else,) a sufficient compensation for what she will lose by resigning that of the friends with whom she is staying at the hotel."

"How you talk!" replied Mrs. Gilmore. "Have you no idea of the delight of calling up recollections of our days of girlhood, and of discussing once more our former lovers?"

"It will not take *you* very long to get through your old sweethearts," observed Mr. Gilmore,— "myself and the two midshipmen make three."

Before the lady could reply, they had reached the door of the United States Hotel, and were immediately conducted to the parlour occupied by Mrs. Chaloner and her party. They found her alone, and expecting them, as Mr. Gilmore had told her he would bring his wife to see her that afternoon. She received Mrs. Gilmore with open arms, and both ladies seemed very glad to meet again after so long a separation; for they had been extremely intimate at so early an age that the characters of both were still unformed.

Mrs. Gilmore examined the dress of her friend with a scrutinizing eye, and wondered how a woman could look so well in a plain black silk; and wondered, also, why any one with such a profusion of fine hair should wear a cap, and why it should be a little close cap simply trimmed with white riband. Yet she now felt rather glad that Mrs. Chaloner had not come to town a month sooner. "After all," thought she, "poor Cornelia would not have been much of

an ornament to my party; for I can easily see that her style is always very plain. To be sure, as it was not a general party, I need not have asked her. Yes, yes—I see clearly that it is not worth while to invite any of my friends to meet her either at dinner or at tea.”

However, Mrs. Gilmore earnestly pressed Mrs. Chaloner to remove to her house, and pass with her the two days she was yet to remain in town. Mrs. Chaloner, who, though she was very pleasantly situated at the hotel, imagined that she might spend two days still more agreeably with one of the most intimate friends of her youth, was soon prevailed on to accept the invitation. She was engaged to go with her party to Fairmount that afternoon, and to the theatre in the evening; and it was arranged that she should remove to Spruce Street at an early hour next morning. All being satisfactorily settled, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore took their leave.

By the evening post Mr. Gilmore received a letter requiring his immediate presence in New York on some business of importance, which would most probably detain him there several days. He was therefore obliged to set out next morning in the early boat, lamenting that he was thus prevented from participating in the pleasure of Mrs. Chaloner's visit, and desiring his wife to do all in her power to make it agreeable to that lady; so that she would have no occasion to regret leaving the hotel, and her own party.

“I shall treat her just as I would a sister,” replied Mrs. Gilmore;—“but make haste, my dear, or you will be too late for the boat.”

“Mamma,” said Mary Jane Gilmore, who was not yet fifteen, “a’n’t you going to dress yourself and sit in the front parlour all day with Mrs. Chaloner?”

“Not I indeed,” replied Mrs. Gilmore; “you know as I am

never at home to morning visitors, it is not my way to sit up dressed in the parlour, and therefore, as of course I would not put myself out of my way for so old a friend as Cornelia Chaloner, she must take me as she finds me; that is in the nursery, where I can be at my ease in a wrapper. As for having such parlours as ours littered with sewing, that is quite out of the question. And besides, they are so much darkened by the window curtains that there is no seeing to thread a needle, or to read a word even in the annuals that lie on the centre table."

"But she might look out of the window," observed Mary Jane.

"She could not see much through the muslin blinds," replied Mrs. Gilmore, "they are worked so closely all over; and I won't have them rumpled by drawing aside."

"It is well pa's not at home," remarked the daughter.

"I am very glad he is not," resumed Mrs. Gilmore. "He and I have such different views with regard to entertaining company, and he is always so hard to counteract. However, Mary Jane, you must constantly bear in mind that it is the duty of all children to consider their father superior to every man in the world."

"Yes, mamma," replied Mary Jane; "but you know very well that pa' has a great many queer notions."

"Undoubtedly he has," answered the mother; "and he is in every respect the reverse of myself. But remember always that it is your duty as a child, to be blind to his faults, however great they may be."

About eleven o'clock, Mrs. Chaloner came to the door in a carriage, with a small trunk containing a change of clothes. "Dear me!" said Mrs. Gilmore, "who would have thought of her being here before twelve, at the earliest. When I urged her to come directly after breakfast, I

had no idea that she would take me at my word; nobody ever does. Run down, Mary Jane, and show Mrs. Chaloner into the back spare bed-room till she gets her bonnet off, and then bring her into the nursery. I shall not put myself the least out of my way. If visitors *will* come, they must take me as they find me."

Accordingly Mrs. Chaloner was ushered into the nursery; a long narrow room in that part of the house denominated the back building; with a low ceiling, low windows, and a door opening into a sort of balcony or veranda. This apartment always presented a most disorderly appearance, and the furniture (which was very plain) had been much abused by the children. But though it was the constant abiding place of the successive Irish nurses, it was in the nursery that Mrs. Gilmore spent most of her time; there she sat in the full enjoyment of extreme déshabille, except when in an exuberance of finery she went out for the purpose of shopping, or of making visits by leaving her card; her professed devotion to her children never preventing her, during the season, from spending the first part of every evening at her toilet, and the last at a large party.

"My dear Cornelia," said Mrs. Gilmore, "I am delighted to see you. But how late you are; Mary Jane and I have been anxiously expecting you ever since breakfast. Do take a seat on the couch. Nelly, shake up the pillows,—the boys have been on them with their feet. You find me just going to dress the baby; a thing I always do myself, before Nelly carries her out walking. You were right to bring your sewing. You must make yourself quite at home, and neither use ceremony nor expect any. Mary Jane, are you going out this morning?"

"To be sure I am," replied the daughter, "I shall begin dressing immediately."

"Well then, I must get you to leave cards for me and yourself at Mrs. Warden's, and at Mrs. Morley's, and at Mrs. Clarkeson's, and at Mrs. Simmons's; and to stop at Madame Pintard's and hurry her with my bonnet."

"Pintard won't be hurried," said Mary Jane. "Besides, I have visits of my own on hand, and no time to stop at all those places."

"Mildness of voice and deportment, my dear Mary Jane," proceeded Mrs. Gilmore sententiously, "and strict compliance with the wishes of a parent are peculiarly becoming to all young ladies who desire—"

But before her mother had time to finish the sentence, Mary Jane had flounced out of the room, shutting the door violently.

"A perfect child of nature," observed Mrs. Gilmore. "She is, as yet, incapable of self-control, and is considered *brusque*. But *brusquerie* sometimes succeeds quite as well as manner. Mary Jane takes extremely. The other night at Mrs. Dellinger's, she was constantly surrounded with gentlemen. She is but fifteen, and her father thinks I brought her out too soon. But there was no such thing as keeping her back."

"So I should suppose," thought Mrs. Chaloner.

"Come now, Nelly, give me the baby," proceeded Mrs. Gilmore; "I have all her things ready. You see, my dear Cornelia, (for I make no stranger of you,) Nelly washes and dresses the baby every morning; but when she is to be carried out, I always prepare her myself; and while I am doing so, we can talk of old times, quite at our ease. Do you remember Maria Wilford's Christmas ball?—Nelly give the baby a pincushion. Hush baby—hush."

"I remember it very well," replied Mrs. Chaloner. "It was eighteen years ago."

"I wore a *crêpe lisse* looped up with daffodils, over a primrose-coloured satin," pursued Mrs. Gilmore.—"There now, baby, hold still till I pin its petticoat; hush, darling, hush.—She always cries when I dress her.—Yes, as I was saying, I wore that night a pale yellow *crêpe lisse*; the sleeves were in *bouffants* divided with *rouleaux* of primrose-coloured riband, finished with *rettes*, and Frank Edwards said to me very gallantly—Baby you must not cry so.—Be quiet now till I put your frock on.—What was *your* dress, Cornelia?"

"Indeed, I have no recollection," replied Mrs. Chaloner; "but I remember that the ball was a very pleasant ball, and that a very amusing incident occurred."

"I found nothing there that amused me so much," said Mrs. Gilmore, "as seeing Mrs. Denham in the same eternal black velvet that she had worn every where for three winters. But, as I was telling you, Frank Edwards said to me—Baby hush, or mother will whip her.—See now, stop crying, and look at its pretty pink cloak."

The baby did stop; and did look at its cloak, which was of embroidered merino, lined with white silk.

"And, Cornelia," pursued Mrs. Gilmore, "don't you remember the day when a large party of us went down to the Navy-yard to see a ship or something, that there came on a sudden rain all in a moment; and before we could get to the carriages, my chip hat was completely ruined? It was perfectly new, and you know it was trimmed with pearl-white riband, and a wreath of cape jessamine.—There now, baby's quite ready.—Come, darling, shake a day-day before it goes."

After the baby had shaken a day-day and departed, Mrs. Gilmore went to the glass to arrange her disordered wrapper, to smooth her still more disordered hair, and she had

thoughts of putting on a clean cap, but concluded that as her husband was not at home to insist on it, and as she should see nobody that day, it was not worth while. She talked all the time to Mrs. Chaloner, sometimes of her children, and sometimes of what she called old times, but in reality these reminiscences adverted only to the dresses she had worn on certain occasions in her girlhood, and to the compliments paid her by the persons she denominated her beaux. And such was her volubility, that Mrs. Chaloner, though a woman of excellent conversational powers, had seldom an opportunity of speaking at all.

Mrs. Gilmore, (who, notwithstanding her passion for dress and parties, professed to be *au-fait* to all the petty details of housewifery, and was one of those very common characters that exercise the closest economy in some things and the most lavish extravagance in others,) sat down to piecing together some very old calico for a servant's bed-quilt, saying to Mrs. Chaloner "this is not very pretty work to bring out before a visiter; but you know I do not consider you as a stranger."

In a few minutes the street door was thrown violently open, and a "rabble rout," was heard ascending the stairs. Presently in rushed five boys just from school, and shouting for bread and molasses. But they all stopped short, and stared at the sight of Mrs. Chaloner.

"Never mind, my dears," said their mother; "it is only Mrs. Chaloner, an old friend of mine. My dear Cornelia, I am sorry you have no children,—you know not the pleasure of them."

The boys, having recovered from their surprise, now clamored with one accord for the bread and molasses; and Mrs. Chaloner thought that, like Mary Jane, they certainly wanted *manner*. Mrs. Gilmore mildly requested them to

go and apply to Phillis for it. "You know very well," said one of the boys, "that Phillis always drives us out of the kitchen, and says she won't be plagued while she's getting dinner. We are afraid of Phillis."

"I wish you were half as much afraid of me," murmured their mother. However, she went down to supply their demands, saying as she left the room, "I do not ask you to take any thing by way of luncheon, my dear Cornelia, lest it should spoil your dinner."

The boys all ran down after her, and in a short time returned; their faces and hands very much smeared with molasses. From that time till dinner, the nursery and the balcony resounded with noise and riot; the mother sometimes raising her voice in vain attempts to check them, but generally contenting herself with remarking to Mrs. Chaloner that "boys would be boys,"—an indubitable truism. "Their father," said Mrs. Gilmore "inclines to be rather strict with the children: which is the reason that I am rather indulgent. And therefore, when he is away, they always break out. But I like to see them natural, and I have no idea of cooling their affection by abridging their little pleasures. And I must say they all absolutely dote on me. Come here, Willy."

"What for?" said the urchin, who was just then busily employed in unwinding and tangling one of Mrs. Chaloner's cotton-pools.

"Come, and kiss mamma."

"No, I won't," was the reply.

Mrs. Chaloner now endeavoured to give a turn to the conversation, by inquiring after one of their former friends, Helen Harley.

"Oh! she married William Orford," replied Mrs. Gilmore.—"Only think, her wedding dress was a plain brown

gros des Indes; some said it was a *gros de Suisse*. Just imagine, a bride in brown. But Helen was always eccentric. My dear boys, let me request that you will all go down and play in the yard."

Her dear boys took no heed of the request, but persisted in acting naturally by scampering in and out of the balcony, (sometimes through the door, but generally through the windows,) prancing on the couch, and throwing its pillows in each other's faces, upsetting chairs and stools, and trampling on their mother's sewing. One of them being pursued by another with the hearth-brush, fell over Mrs. Chaloner, and seized her silk dress in his molasses-daubed hands to assist himself in rising. Another, with similar hands, snatched her reticule to pelt his brother with, and scattered its contents all over the floor. But it were endless to relate their pranks; none of which were the least amusing, though all were extremely annoying. They played at nothing, and there was no meaning in their fun. It was nothing but senseless running, shouting, and scrambling. Beside which, they were all ugly, and had remarkably foolish faces. Mrs. Gilmore said that all her children took after herself; and Mrs. Chaloner saw no reason to doubt the truth of the assertion.

Dinner was at last announced; Mary Jane made her appearance, and the ladies descended to the dining-room, where they found the boys (who had run down *en masse* before them) already squabbling about their seats.

Mrs. Gilmore requested Mary Jane to place herself between James and Joseph, to keep them apart; but, that young lady refusing, her mother said to Mrs. Chaloner "My dear Cornelia, will you oblige me by taking a seat between those two young gentlemen, who are apt to be a little unruly when they sit together." Mrs. Chaloner com-

plied; and the boys were all the time striking at each other behind her back.

"We have a very plain dinner to-day," said the hostess. "When Mr. Gilmore is at home, he and I, and Mary Jane, do not dine till three; and the children have an early dinner by themselves, at one o'clock, on account of their going to school again at two. But as he is absent, and I do not consider you as a stranger, I did not think it worth while to have two dinners prepared.—What shall I help you to?"

The two youngest boys now cried out to be helped first, and as their mother knew they would persist, she complied with their demand, saying "My dear Cornelia, I am sure you will excuse the poor little fellows. Children are always hungry, and we can have no comfort with our dinner unless we pacify them first. Any thing, you know, for peace and quietness."

The children soon devoured their meat, and while the ladies were still eating theirs, the pudding was called for and cut, and the juveniles were all served with it by way of keeping them pacified. Little Willy, thinking that his brother George had rather a larger piece of pudding than himself, fell into a violent tantrum, screamed, and kicked, and finally by Mary Jane's order was carried from the table by the servant-man. And the mother rose up, and begged to be excused while she went out to quiet the poor little fellow; which she did by carrying with her a much larger piece of pudding.—Mrs. Chaloner silently wishing that the children were less natural, or rather, that their nature was better, or that she was considered more of a stranger.

"It is always so when papa is away," said Mary Jane. "But mamma is rightly served, for not having two dinners as usual."

When the uncomfortable repast was finished, and peace restored by the boys going to school, Mrs. Gilmore retired to her chamber, having informed her guest that it was her custom and Mary Jane's, always to take an afternoon nap in their respective rooms, and "I suppose," said she, "you would like to do the same." Mrs. Chaloner was not inclined to sleep, but she had no objection to the quiet of her own apartment, and she expressed a desire to take a book with her.

"Except a few annuals," said Mary Jane, "we have no books but those in papa's library; (neither mamma nor myself having any time to read,) but I will take you there and choose one. I believe he has the Waverly novels and the Cooper's, and others that I hear people talk about."

When they reached the library, they found the door barricaded by a table, on which a woman was standing while she cleaned the paint; and looking in, they saw another scrubbing the floor, half of which was floated with water. The books were all in disorder, having been taken down to be dusted; and it was found that Mrs. Gilmore had seized the opportunity of her husband's absence to have his library cleaned. "To go in here is impossible," said Mary Jane, "but I will bring you one of the annuals from the centre-table in the front parlour."

The annual was brought, and Mrs. Chaloner retired with it to her apartment: but having read it before, she did not find it very amusing.

In the evening it rained, and Mrs. Gilmore said that she was glad of it, as now she need not dress; and as her husband was away, there could be no danger of any of his ~~visitors~~ dropping in. Also that it was not worth while to have the parlours opened, as they had been shut up all day. So they spent the evening in the eating-room; and Mary

Jane wisely went to bed immediately after tea; longing, as she said, to get her corsets off. The younger boys slept about the sofa and carpet, and screamed when any one touched or spoke to them; the elder ones racketted over head in the nursery. The baby was brought down, and kept worrying about the table, in the arms of Nelly, till nine o'clock, that it might sleep the better during the night. When the justly-fretting infant could be kept away no longer, either by wafting it up and down, showing the lamp, jingling a bunch of keys in its ears, or shaking a string of beads before its closing eyes, it was impressed on the spot, crying all the time, having been thoroughly wakened in the process; and it was finally carried off by Nelly, whose dismal chant as she rocked and sung it to sleep, was heard from above stairs for half an hour.

Mrs. Gilmore now seemed so very tired and sleepy, that her guest (who was tired also,) took her leave for the night, and repaired to her chamber. This apartment, though called a spare bed-room, was used by every member of the family as a receptacle for all sorts of things; and Mrs. Chaloner being (unfortunately for her) considered no stranger, nothing had been removed with a view to her accommodation. While she had sat there reading in the afternoon, at night when she was preparing for bed, and in the morning before she was up, and while she was dressing, her privacy was continually invaded by the nurse, the other servants, and even Mrs. Gilmore and Mary Jane coming to get various articles from the closets, bureaux and presses. This chamber was unhappily on the same floor with the dormitories of the boys, who began their career at daylight; chasing each other along the passages, and enacting a general wrestling-match so close to Mrs. Chaloner's

door that they burst it open in the *melée*, and fell into the room while she was engaged at the washing-stand.

There was another spare bed-room, superior in every respect to this; but Mrs. Gilmore did not think it worth while to be so ceremonious with her old friend Cornelia Chaloner as to place her in the best of the two chambers.

As soon as the mother and daughter met in the morning — “Mary Jane,” said Mrs. Gilmore, “I have been thinking of something—Miss Nancy Risings has not yet made her weekly visit, and as we may be sure of the infliction by to-day and Sunday, suppose we kill two birds with one stone, and have her to-day with Mrs. Chaloner.”

“Never were two people more unsuitable,” replied Mary Jane; “Miss Nancy is the most stupid woman on earth.”

“No matter,” said Mrs. Gilmore, “am I responsible for her stupidity? It will be a good opportunity of getting at once through the bore of her visit; at least for this week. Mrs. Chaloner has seen too much of the world not to know that she must take people as she finds them; and as she does not seem the least hard to please, I dare say she will get along well enough with Miss Nancy, who *must* be tolerated, as your father, in his foolish kindness, will not allow her to be affronted away. So we will send for her to come to-day, and no doubt the poor old thing will be highly pleased with the compliment, as I dare say it is the first time in her life she ever was *sent for* by any body.”

Miss Nancy Risings was an old maiden lady who lived alone, on a very small income derived from a ground-rent; and to make it hold out, she was in the habit of visiting round in seven or eight families with whom she had long been acquainted. After the death of Mrs. Gilmore’s mother, whom she had visited once a week for twenty-five years, Miss Nancy transferred her visits to the daughter,

and as it was really an object of some importance to the old lady to spend every day from home, Mr. Gilmore insisted on her being received by his family; and she was not in the least fastidious as to the mode of reception.

Accordingly Miss Nancy Risings was sent for, and by time breakfast was over, and the boys prevailed on to school, the old lady arrived; and she and their other were ushered into the back parlour; Mary Jane big protested to her mother that it would be too bad to turn Mrs. Chaloner to another day of the nursery, particularly as she had Miss Nancy in addition.

The two visitors were now left alone. Miss Nancy had her knitting, and Mrs. Chaloner her sewing. Mrs. Chaloner kindly endeavoured to draw her into conversation, but in vain; for Miss Nancy had no talent for talking, or for any thing else. She had read nothing, seen nothing, heard nothing, and she knew nothing; and her replies were little more than monosyllables. Mrs. Chaloner, as the morning was fine, had intended going out; but down came Mrs. Gilmore and Mary Jane full-dressed for shopping and card-leaving.

"As by this time, my dear Cornelia, you must feel quite at home here," said Mrs. Gilmore, "I need make no apology for leaving you with Miss Nancy Risings, who is a very particular friend and a great favourite of mine. Make yourselves happy together till dinner-time, for I doubt if we can get home much before." And out they sallied, leaving Mrs. Chaloner to feel very much as if caught in a trap. But her good-nature prevailed; and having by this time learned to consider her visit as a salutary trial of patience, she proceeded with the heavy task of entertaining the unentertainable Miss Nancy.

At noon, the boys rushed home and behaved as usual. Mrs. Gilmore and her daughter, being very tired with running about all the morning, put on undresses to come to dinner in; and the dinner-proceedings were the same as the day before. Early in the afternoon Mrs. Chaloner took her leave, and terminated her visit; having, as she truly said, some purchases to make previous to leaving town next morning for Boston. Mrs. Gilmore professed great regret at the departure of her dear Cornelia, and hoped that whenever she came to Philadelphia, she would always make a point of staying at her house. Mary Jane expressed much disappointment at Mrs. Chaloner leaving them before evening; and she really felt it, as she knew that it would now fall to her lot to get Miss Nancy through the remainder of the day.

We need not inform our readers with what satisfaction Mrs. Chaloner found herself that evening again at the hotel, and in the society of the refined and intelligent friends with whom she was travelling to Boston to visit a brother who had married and settled there.

Mr. Gilmore did not return for three weeks, having extended his journey to the far east. The first thing he told on his arrival at home, was that he had been at a wedding the evening before he left Boston, and that the bride was Mrs. Chaloner.

Great surprise was expressed by Mrs. Gilmore and Mary Jane, and they were still more amazed to hear that the bridegroom, Mr. Rutledge, was a southern gentleman of large property, and of high-standing in every respect. Having become acquainted with Mrs. Chaloner at Washington, he had followed her to Boston, as soon as congress broke up, (it was one of the long sessions,) and had there prevail-

ed on her to return with him as his wife. They were married at her brother's, and were going home by way of the lakes, and therefore should not pass through Philadelphia.

"How very extraordinary, Mary Jane," said Mrs. Gilmore to her daughter, as soon as they were alone; "who could have guessed the possibility of that plain-looking little woman making a great match. I remember hearing when she married Mr. Chaloner that he was by no means rich; and I knew nothing about the people she was travelling with, therefore I did not see the necessity of putting myself the least out of the way on her account. Still, if I had the smallest idea of her so soon becoming Mrs. Rutledge, the wife of a rich man and a member of congress, I should certainly have dressed myself, and received her in the front parlour instead of the nursery, and had nice things for dinner, and invited some of my best people to meet her in the evening—"

"And not sent for Miss Nancy Risings," interrupted Mary Jane. "Well, mamma, I think we have made a bad business of it, and, to say the truth, I was actually ashamed more than once to see the way things were going on. As to the boys, I am glad papa is going to send them all to that Boston boarding-school; the farther from home the better for themselves and us; it will be such a relief to get rid of them."

In the next private confabulation between the mother and daughter—"Only think, Mary Jane," said Mrs. Gilmore, "your father tells me that the family Mrs. Chaloner was travelling with, is one of the very first in Boston, quite at the head of society, immensely wealthy, and living in almost a palace—such people as we never had in our house. What a pity we did not know who they were; we might have derived so much *éclat* from them. What an opportu-

nity we have lost! if Mrs. Chaloner had given me any reason to suppose that *her* friends could be persons of that description, I would have invited them all in the evening, and strained every nerve to get some of our most fashionable people to meet them; and I would have had Carroll and Truelar both; and ice-creams, and blanc mange, and champagne, and all such things—but how was I to suppose that little Mrs. Chaloner, with her plain gown and cap, was likely to have had such acquaintances, or to make so great a match. I wish I had not treated her *quite* so unceremoniously; but I am sure I thought it could never be worth while to put myself the least out of the way for *her*.”

“You see, mamma,” said Mary Jane, “in this, as in many other instances, you have over-reached yourself. Your plans never seem to come out well.”

“I believe,” replied Mrs. Gilmore, “your father’s notions of things are, after all, the best, and I shall pay more regard to them in future. Mary Jane, be sure you tell him no particulars of Mrs. Chaloner’s visit.”

Philadelphia.

FLUSHING OAKS.

A SKETCH.

BY MILO MAHAN.

Just at the entrance of the little village of Flushing, the traveller may have noticed two large spreading oaks on the road side, commonly known by the name of the "Flushing Oaks." Tradition, (in this case truth,) says that it was under the shade of their protecting branches that the immortal Fox first declared his faith and opinions to the admiring colonists; and the quakers in the vicinity, with a praiseworthy respect for the memory of their founder, have always cherished these trees as a sacred and inviolable trust. But were there no such pleasing association around these venerable survivors of the forest, their beautiful situation would in itself arrest the passing traveller to gaze on the lovely landscape around him. The village of Flushing, with its pleasant variety of trees and houses, slopes down gradually to the bright sheet of water which goes by the name of "Flushing Bay." In front a gently waving country, beautifully varied with hills and dales, with woods and sunny

plains, stretches out towards the shores of East River, whose bright waters may be occasionally discerned in the distance, as they are lighted up by the slanting rays of the sun, or revealed by the snowy sails of the thousand little craft that ply on its bosom. Add to this the broad silver expanse of the bay, bounded on one side by the blue outline of the coast of Long Island, and stretching away in the distance, till the sky becomes blended with the blue of the water, and some idea may be formed of a scene too lovely for description. The two giant oaks form a suitable foreground to this picture—and along with a venerable old mansion on the opposite side of the road, which lays claim to the same early origin, are the most prominent objects. This house is built in the good old-fashioned style of our fathers. A low moss-covered roof, in shape not unlike to the broad brims of its unpretending inhabitants, descends, with a bold declivity in the rear, until its eaves rest on the ground, while in front it appears to have halted half-way in its descent, and to have contented itself with more moderate dimensions. This, with its old-fashioned porch and windows, gives it an air of wonderful comfort and respectability. Indeed, everything around is full of the venerable marks of age and service. Even the plain old fence around the closely shorn plat of ground in front has the charm of antiquity, and to a fanciful imagination the very fowls seem to strut about these favoured dominions with the lordly airs of aristocratic consciousness of lofty descent.

This old-fashioned mansion has long been the favourite abode of successive colonies of quakers, who have in turns ruled over its privileged dominions with a quiet and gentle sway, as rare as it is desirable. But none, perhaps, ever exercised their privileges with a more praiseworthy mildness than the venerable Joshua —, who reigned sole lord

and master about half a century ago. This worthy man was as different from the busy generation of our days, as the light is from darkness. Like a true philosopher he conceived that the only way to avoid the dangers of life is to stay out of the current; and accordingly the stream of his existence flowed on with a quick, gentle motion, without even a ripple to disturb the calm of its surface, or a pebble to obstruct its straight-forward direction. He had just enough of eccentricity to render life pleasant to himself, without his appearing unamiable to others. He felt within himself no need of excitement, and he courted none. But content with the society of the little kingdom of domestic animals over whom he exercised a kind and beneficent sway, he left the world to itself, too wise to mix in its schemes, and too amiable to exult over its follies. He had but one companion in his solitude. Hardly a day ever passed without the company of the worthy old Dutchman, Jacobus Van Hoffman, between whom and the quaker a strange but unshaken friendship had sprung up, without any apparent cause. Indeed, nothing could be more singular than the meetings of this worthy couple. They seemed to have no idea of the idle delights of conversation, but, wrapped up in the profoundest silence, they would bask for hours in the warm, fragrant atmosphere of a summer's eve, with no further interruption to their long meditations than a short remark from the quaker, and a guttural "humph!" from the Dutchman. Connected by some mysterious bond, they never deemed their happiness complete unless in each other's company, and seldom could the traveller pass that lowly porch without seeing them together, the one with his hands meekly folded over his breast with an air of profound speculation, and the other enveloped in a dense wreath of smoke, which ascended slowly and deliberately

above him. In this calm state of listlessness had they lived on for many long years, while a young generation sprung up and matured around them, and the whole world seemed changing with a rapidity that baffled all calculation. The quaker, quiet, cheerful and composed, had a smile for every thing and every body—fond of home, he seldom ventured beyond his own hospitable domain, and always preferred the quiet competency left him by his fathers, to any ideal gains that the world might offer. The Dutchman, equally quiet and inoffensive, had none of the stern nature of the stoic; possessing all the phlegm of his nation, he adhered to the ungainly dress and simple manners of his ancestors with the utmost pertinacity, despising the weak generations of changelings around him, and looking with an air of silent contempt on all that seemed to oppose his deep-rooted prejudices.

Such had been the life of these worthy friends for many a long day of calm pleasure, until it was disturbed for awhile by one of those accidents to which all human plans of enjoyment are subject. It was on a midsummer evening that the two friends were at their usual stations in the little porch of Joshua's house, enjoying in their ordinary way the calm delights of listless meditation. A gentle breeze floating up from the waters infused a delicious coolness in the atmosphere, and wafted along with it the pleasant odours of summer. The last rays of the sun struggled with a faint golden light through the jessamine festoons of the portico, and lit up the sparkling waters of the bay, and the snowy sails of a little cluster of sloops on the very verge of Reikar's Island, with the smiling meadows and sparkling foliage of the country around Flushing. It was a scene of exquisite beauty, but the worthy Jacob seemed to have little perception of its charms. Indeed, there was a restlessness about

the worthy old Dutchman, as unusual as it was unaccountable. He seemed to be desirous of speaking, but something prevented it. Twice he removed his pipe from his mouth, and twice the emphatic "humph!" issued forth from the smoke—but again he closed his lips upon the words that he had designed to utter. At last with a doughty effort he laid his pipe upon the bench at his side, and after clearing his throat with a few more abortive efforts to speak, he announced his thoughts in the emphatic words—"Joshua—Joshua—humph!—I'm going, Joshua—to get a wife!" He had concluded his declaration, and, with the air of a man alarmed at his own rashness, he again began to puff the smoke in dense rolls from his pipe. Joshua looked up in quiet astonishment, but thinking that his friend was only dreaming, he merely replied, "Thee is going to do what, Jacob?" The Dutchman's courage had by this time somewhat abated, and an inarticulate "humph!" was the only answer that he gave to the question. Joshua devoutly wished that his friend was not going crazy; but seeing that there was not much chance of a further disclosure, he said nothing more, and they both sat in silence for the rest of the evening.

Several days had passed since the above-mentioned incident, without bringing with them the customary visits of the Dutchman. Joshua in vain looked out day after day with all the impatience of a man tired of his loneliness, but at length, shrewdly suspecting that no man who could do without, would take to himself the useless encumbrance of a wife, he began to fear for the sanity of his friend, and after sundry doubts and deliberations, determined to visit him in person. With this charitable object in view, Joshua one fine summer evening grasped his cane, (not the pany thing so called in modern days, but a good stout oaken

cudgel,) and started for the dwelling of the missing Dutchman. Jacob's cottage was about three miles distant, on the banks of East River. The narrow path that led to it lay for the most part through the woods, and it was often hidden by the shades of the foliage through which the silent moonbeams vainly endeavoured to enter. A light breeze rustled faintly among the leaves, while the lonely whip-poor-will sent up her melancholy notes, and the bat flitted like a dim spectre above the winding foot-path. Joshua was not given to superstition, but there is a spell in silence and darkness, which few can resist; and, as the worthy quaker listened to the faint moans of the breeze or cast up his eyes towards the silent stars, a slight feeling of dread began to gain possession of him. The momentary waving of the branches across the path, the dim distorted form of some blasted tree, the strange shapes of the clustering foliage, even the moonbeams occasionally streaming upon the pathway, and the sudden spring of the toad at his feet, were all so many aids to fancy to conjure up imaginary forms of terror. In spite, however, of these various obstacles, the good quaker walked stoutly on until he arrived at the home of the worthy Jacobus. But here all was silent and lonely; every window and door was fast closed, and there was, in the whole neighbourhood, that indescribable air of desertion which chills the heart of the beholder. Joshua in vain repeated his efforts to gain admission at every accessible part of the building. There was not a soul within to answer his summons. Satisfied at length that further efforts would be useless, he resolved to leave it to chance and time to solve his doubts, and for the present to return home and quietly wait the issue. But again his intentions were doomed to be disappointed. The little woody path between the houses of the two friends,

frequently touched on the beautiful waters of the East River, and at one of these lovely spots the quaker, fatigued with the length of his journey, stopped for a moment's repose. The wood here ended in a few straggling trees on the top of a bold little promontory. The birch, with its graceful foliage trembling with every breath of air, formed a fine contrast to the gloomier forms of the cypress and pine; and the rays of the moon lit up the wide-spreading waters of the river, barely revealing the dark shadows of the shores of West Chester, and throwing a silvery tint on the sheet of water that lay beyond the low coasts of Reikar's Island. The current of the river faintly murmured along, sweetly blended with the music of oars from a boat concealed by the shores of the opposite coast.

But Joshua's eyes were turned in another direction. Immediately below him was a dark ravine, through which a hidden brook murmured along in its way to the river. But its dark bottom was now lighted up by the flaming of torches, and the wild faces and singular dresses of about a dozen strange figures were every now and then revealed by the glare. Their employment seemed mysterious, for in spite of their swift movements not a word was passing between them. Their dresses were of the most outlandish description—most of them wore masks, and the glare of their torches frequently revealed pistols and dirks in their belts—this, with their wild gestures and cautious silence, showed that they were somewhat in fear of discovery, and that of course it would not be safe to oppose them; but Joshua's curiosity here proved too strong for his habitual caution—"Come what may," thought he to himself, "thee must see the end of this, Joshua;" and with this doughty resolution in mind, he crept cautiously along the brow of the hill, stepping as lightly as possible to prevent noise,

and trembling from head to foot at his own boldness. The men in the hollow moved on in the same unbroken silence. Their torches glaring among the trees in the ravine, their unearthly silence, with their wild features and dress, gave them the appearance rather of fiends than of men; and this unfavourable impression was in no wise improved by the mysterious hour and nature of their occupation. The glen in which they were moving, grew wilder and wilder as it went further up into the country; the mazes of vegetation became more intricate, the trees grew larger and larger, and the tall rank weeds in various parts of the hollow grew in all the luxuriance of a swampy soil. Joshua still followed, partly through curiosity, but chiefly because he was under the impression that one of the figures in the glen bore a striking resemblance to his old friend Jacob, though the likeness was not strong enough to warrant him in making any nearer advances to the strangers. At last however his progress was suddenly checked. The band beneath him, as if taken with a sudden panic, extinguished their torches, and at the same time the astonished quaker was raised up by two powerful arms and carried off at a rate of fearful rapidity.

The further adventures of Joshua during that night are not known; his own account of the matter contains dreadful but confused descriptions of the swiftness with which he was carried, of fiendish forms hurrying to and fro in the pale moonlight, and rough voices in suppressed conversation around him. But the truth is that the good Joshua seems to have had few of his senses about him after his capture, and we may safely treat as apocryphal every thing that occurred until the next morning he found himself reclining on the verdant lawn of his own giant oak trees.

Leaving the worthy quaker to recover himself there as

well as he could, we will tell in a few words of the little lapse in the history of his friend the Dutchman. Jacob had not delayed long to carry into effect the desperate design that he had revealed to Joshua. On that very evening when this last mentioned worthy was encountering such unheard of woes for his sake, Jacob was quietly smoking a pipe in celebration of his own marriage which was to take place that evening to a rich little damsel of Holland. The parlour in which they were assembled, was decked off in a style of true Dutch magnificence. Rows on rows of burnished pewter dishes, piles of crockery-ware, rare profusion of trays as white as the burnished snow, and unequalled displays of clothing, which the prosperous industry of some generations had accumulated, were there to ravish the heart and capture the senses of the unwary beholder. Then the mighty stove in the centre, blazing away in spite of the summer's heat and the crowded apartment. The gorgeous table spread out with a charming array of home-made delicacies. And last not least the youthful bride herself, enveloped in a number of robes that would have honoured the bride of the richest burgher of Amsterdam, came courtesying and smiling into the apartment, flanked by two venerable aunts, like spring between the fires of summer and the deadly cold of winter. Jacob looked on all this goodly display with a softened heart, thinking that perhaps after all marriage was not so bad a thing as some folks represented it; indeed so great was the satisfaction in the worthy Dutchman's heart, that some shrewd observers had reason to declare on a subsequent occasion, that a smile was seen on his features, glimmering out from the clouds of tobacco-smoke, like the rays of the sun through a morning fog-nay, that his complaisance extended so far as to induce him to lead

down a country-dance with a smiling widow of forty, whose life had been usefully spent in the accumulation of a number of garments almost unrivalled in the records of colonial history. But these are probably slanders, and the candid reader will make due allowance for the misrepresentations of malice.

At length the hour of marriage arrived. The bride all smiles and dimples came forward to the acquiescent though silent bridegroom—the guests stood around in mute expectation—the servants of high and low degree thronged about like bees in a hive—and Jacob thought that now his fate was to be decided. Short-sighted man that he was! little did he count on the freaks of that fickle dame fortune. Hardly had the ceremony begun when a terrible confusion was heard in the yard. The loud voices of men in angry contention, the violent opening of the doors, and in another moment the screams of the female part of the assembly joined together in terrible chorus: at the same time, by some unseen hand the lights were extinguished, and, if we may credit some stories, the whole room enveloped in a dense cloud of brimstone. The guests were separated in every direction, and Jacob himself vainly endeavoured to struggle with the ruffian grasp of a stranger who bore him off quickly from the field of contention. The scene that followed, it would be useless to attempt to describe. But it appeared afterwards that all escaped in safety, with an endless variety of accounts of the disaster that had befallen them. According to some, a hurricane burst through the house and broke up the wedding. Others, thinking this version of the story rather improbable, inasmuch as there was not even a cloud in the sky that evening, said that it was all the work of a party of spirits who infested the

neighbourhood, and who had most probably taken this evening for one of their marauding excursions. It is but justice to say, that this latter account is warranted by the venerable authority of a little Dutch parson, who took much glory to himself for having kept off an ugly little imp by the potent exorcism of one of his sermons—a fact which his parishioners silently assented to. The worthy Jacobus himself has given in his testimony to the fact that he was himself carried off by a party of fiends into a region of midnight darkness, lit up only by the lurid blaze of the torches, and smelling powerfully of brimstone—that after they had carried him there, they cruelly left him alone to find his way to the regions of light, which he could only accomplish with much toil and hard travelling; and that, after many hard bumps against the trees and tedious turns in the wood, he came out into “terra cognita,” near the venerable oaks of his old friend Joshua, where he found that worthy himself just rubbing his eyes and looking around in silent amazement.

It may be added, in conclusion, that both of the silent friends on this occasion so far overcame their usual taciturnity, as to relate their adventures of the preceding evening, and having come to the firm conclusion that it was all the work of Satan, (a fact proved, as Joshua shrewdly hinted, by his friend’s intention of marrying,) they sat down in their old seat on the porch, and the Dutchman for ever gave up his notions of burthening himself with a wife.

The same conclusion, with regard to the causes of the two friends’ disasters, was adopted by the whole neighbourhood, with the exception of one or two hard-thinking persons, who ventured to suggest that an explanation of the mystery might be found in the subsequent marriage of the young

lady to a dashing young blade of the neighbourhood, and in the large number of smugglers who frequent the coasts of Long Island. But these sophists were held in well-deserved contempt, and no one has since presumed to doubt the truth of the general opinion.

Flushing, L.

AD IGNOTAM.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL. D.

I HAVE seen thee!—'twas a minute,
But an age of thought was in it;—
A sunny flash, a glorious ray,
A beam too bright, too fleet to stay,
A cynosure of Beauty's sheen,
Like what in my youth's dreams had been,
Robed in a veil of gorgeous light,
Peculiar, as a star, and bright.

I know thee not—may never know
Who thou canst be hast charm'd me
May never meet thy smiles again,
Among the crowded haunts of men,—
May never see thy speaking glance,
Or whisper of the song, the dance,
As in that brief, sweet hour, when I
Drank in thy voice's melody.

I scarcely guess thy name,—but yet,
Methinks they called thee MARGARET
—It matters not! why should I seek
Again to see that roseate cheek,

Thine ebon-dark and graceful tresses,
Thine eye that beams, thy lip that blesses,
Thy happy innocence of mind,
Where all of virtue seems enshrined.

No! deep within this stricken breast
Thy fadeless memory will rest,
Amid the thoughts of brighter years,
Ere sorrow dew'd my heart in tears,—
There let thy memoried image lie
Amid these spells that never die,
As something seen but once, and yet
So bright, the heart can ne'er forget.

We met—may never meet again!
I'll think of thee in joy or pain,
Though thou already may'st forget
That thou and I have ever met.
Well, be it so!—it is my lot
To live, to love, and be forgot,
Nor should I dare to hope that thou
Shrinnest one memory of me now.

Then, fare thee well.—I pray that thou
May'st still throne thought upon thy brow,—
That Mirth may wing the lightsome dart
Thy glad voice flashes from the heart,—
That tears may never dim thine eyes,—
Thy heart ne'er throb with sorrow's sighs,—
That, unlike mine, thy life may be
One cloudless, bright festivity.

Liverpool, Eng.

SLEEP TO THE CAPTIVE.
•

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

“ Like the scent of a flower in its folded bell,
When eve through the woodlands hath sighed farewell ”

MRS. HEMANS.

STILL let me dream! those happy days
I seem to live again,
Once more I feel the sun's warm rays
Upon my native plain.

Still let me dream! familiar notes
Come to me sweet and low,
Music, long hushed around me floats,
Ah! now that voice I know.

Still let me dream! I start to hear
My children's joyous glee,
It's ecstasy too great to bear,
It's heaven too bright for me.

Still let me dream! my father's hands
Are clasped about his son,
And now he asks of other lands
Where the cruel deed was done.

Still let me dream! my mother's kiss
Is warm upon my brow,
And all again is changed to bliss,
And I am happy now.

"

Oh let me sleep! I would not wake,
To find such joys all flown,
Else let my soul its exit take,
Ere th' hours of night are gone.

Boston.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND,

Who denounced poetry, the muses, and the moon, and declared his determination to worship the sun, as the inspirations of genius could only be drawn from such a source.

I would bid you now gaze on this half-silver'd wave,
Where the moon in soft radiance so tremblingly gleams,
Whilst she seems to implore of the dark surge a grave,
To rest from her toils and encradle her beams.

But you tell me, sweet poesy ne'er had a charm
To soothe, or awake you to sympathy's glow—
That e'en Byron's wild numbers your mind cannot warm,
(Like the star of the north, on the deep polar snow.)

That this planet, whose influence we Cantabs all love,
Was not form'd with such potent attractions for you;
O'er the sun's gaudy splendours your eye loves to rove
And like the young eagle, you worship it too.

When youth's vivid touch gave my fancy full play,
And enraptured, I view'd each mysterious ball,

The crescent which told the departure of day,
I hail'd as the loveliest orb of them all.

But those visions which life's early being made mine
Are lost in the view of eternity now—

And I love the sun's glow—for the moon's chasten'd shine—
Whilst bow at the feet of their Maker—I bow.

ANONYMOUS.

THE END.

